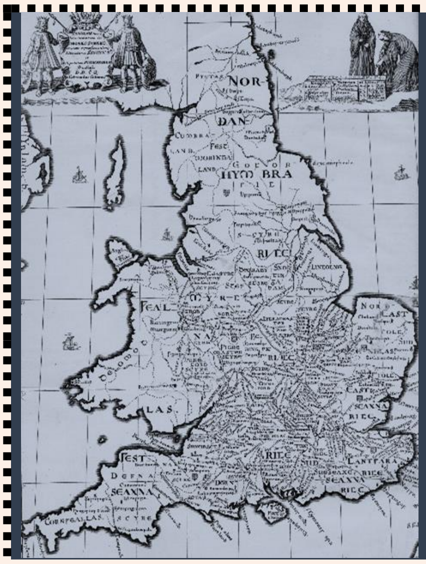
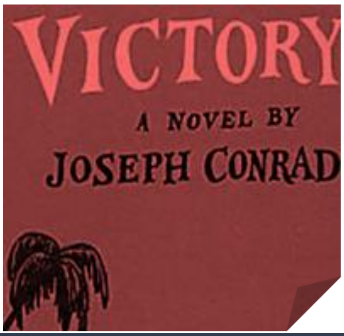
Frederick A. Laing

Elementary History of English Literature

1873







Drive your cart and your plough over the bones of the dead.

W. Blake: Proverbs of Hell

gentlewriter!

Finnegans Wake 063.10

Edited by
George Sandulescu and Lidia Vianu

Contemporary Literature Press

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The University of Bucharest. 2016

Press Release

Monday 1 February 2016

Frederick A. Laing

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Edited by
George Sandulescu and Lidia Vianu

Langue et civilisation

In this "Shakespeare Year", *Contemporary Literature Press* has chosen to revive an old book that revolves around the author of *Hamlet* in many ways. It was published by Frederick A. Laing in *Collins' School Series* almost 150 years ago, in the year 1873.

This book is — as Laing himself describes it — an "elementary" history of literature, in the sense that it is meant to provide "the junior pupil with tasks he will find easy to prepare, and the teacher with lessons he will find easy to examine".

Since the book appeared quite a while before the end of the 19th century, the necessary distance from Victorianism is absent. The subsequent writers are inevitably absent, too.

During the last 40 years, fewer and fewer histories of literature have been written. One possible cause is the contemporary need to

În acest "an Shakespeare", *Contemporary Literature Press* readuce în atenția cititorilor o carte în care autorul lui *Hamlet* este foarte prezent. Ea a fost publicată pentru prima dată în *Collins' School Series* cu aproape 150 de ani în urmă, în anul 1873.

Aşa cum ne spune autorul însuşi, această carte este o istorie „elementară" a literaturii, în sensul că "elevii de şcoală vor găsi în ea teme pe care le vor pregăti cu plăcere, iar profesorii lor vor avea la îndemână lecții cât se poate de accesibile."

Întrucât cartea a apărut cu un sfert de veac înainte de sfârşitul secolului al XIX-lea, lipsesc din ea distanța critică față de epoca victoriană şi, inevitabil, toți scriitorii de după acea perioadă.

De cel puțin 40 de ani încoace nu s-au mai scris istorii de literatură. Unul din motive este, probabil, nevoia contemporană de

specialize in a particular field. The old approach to a foreign language as *langue et civilisation* sounds irritatingly old-fashioned to present-day teachers.

Laing uses that approach. Rather than offer detailed information, he prefers to make his pupils read excerpts taken from the English writers themselves. We certainly hope that these writers' *langue* will, once again, whet the appetite of young readers for the English *civilisation*.

Follow this travel in time. You will realize that, in spite of the advent of computers, cell phones and fast cars, Shakespeare's mind is here, with us!

specializare. Vechea metodă de predare a unei limbi străine ca *langue et civilisation* s-a demodat...

Ei bine, Frederick A. Laing o foloseşte. În loc să dea informații detaliate, el alege să se adreseze elevilor prin fragmente scrise de înşişi scriitorii englezi. Avem convingerea că limba engleză aşa cum este ea folosită de aceşti scriitori va stârni din nou interesul tinerilor cititori pentru civilizația engleză de-a lungul timpului.

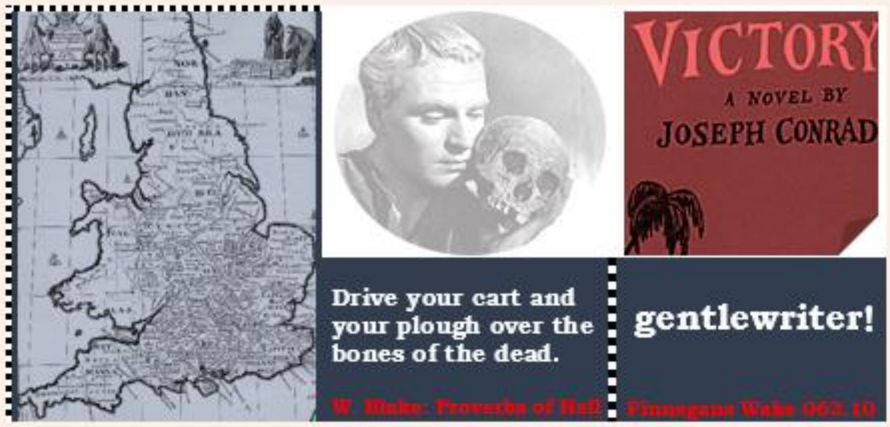
Cartea lui Laing este o călătorie intelectuală în timp. Ea ne facem să vedem că astăzi, în ciuda calculatoarelor, a telefoanelor mobile şi a maşinilor de toate felurile, gândim în esență la fel cum gândeau eroii lui Shakespeare acum 400 de ani.

Lidia Vianu

Frederick A. Laing

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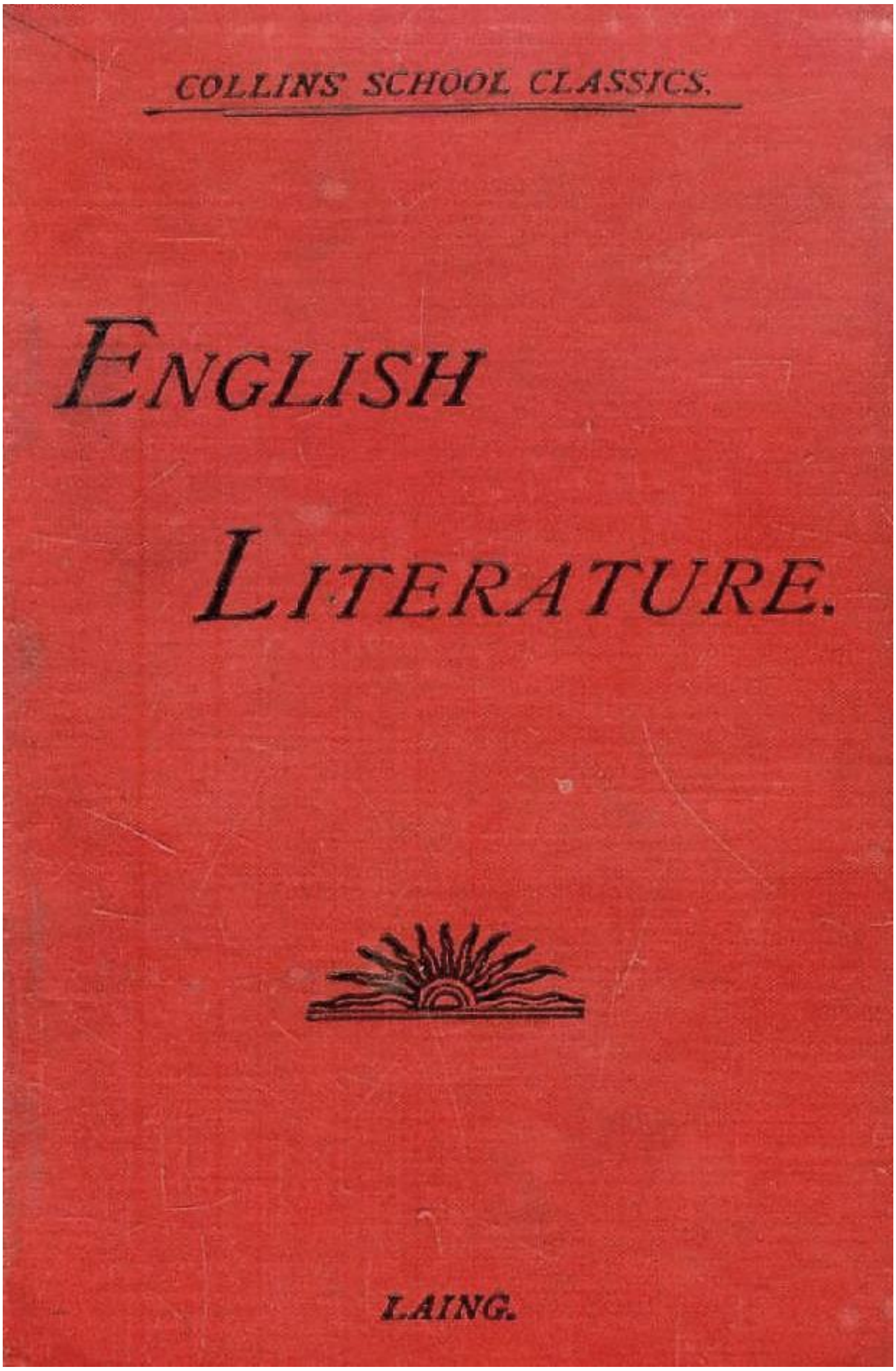
Preface.

This book is an attempt on the part of its Author to supply an acknowledged want. It is true that class-books on the subject of English Literature are both numerous and important; but they are usually of such a character as to render them all but unintelligible to any except the most advanced classes. There are others, indeed, which are wonderfully picturesque in style; but which, for that very reason, are unsuitable for the work of the school-room, since the space usually allotted to description is greatly in excess of that which is devoted to facts, and such books are extremely difficult to examine upon. Now, as it seems to the Author, there is no good reason why **English Literature** should not be made available to **junior classes**, so that in the end their grasp of the subject may be rendered more complete and satisfactory than can be the case with the present text-books. **In this book, therefore, by studied simplicity of treatment, it is sought to provide the junior pupil with tasks he will find easy to prepare, and the teacher with lessons he will find easy to examine.**

In the arrangement of the periods of literature, the best authorities have been followed; and, in dealing with authors, the plan adopted has been to give, first, a brief biographical sketch; then, when feasible, a short analysis of a principal work; and, lastly, a few observations on the leading characteristics of style. It will be found that more attention has been paid to the works than to the life of an author, additional information on the latter subject being left to the discretion of the teacher.

The Extracts have been selected with the double object of illustrating the text and of interesting the pupil; and, in the belief that the teacher has a right to expect in a new publication some relief from quotations which have become wearisome by reason of frequent repetition, the author has inserted as many new passages as the circumstances admitted.

F. A. L.



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Chapter I.
The Origin and Early History of the English Language and Literature.

The Ancient Inhabitants of Britain; the Romans; the Saxons and their Language; the Anglo-Saxons and their Literature; the Norman Period; Semi-Saxon; Early or Old English.

The ancient inhabitants of the British Islands belonged to the Celtic race. They spoke a language similar to Welsh or Gaelic, and only a few of their words, and these chiefly geographical, remain in the language now spoken by the English people. When Cæsar and his Roman legions occupied the land, they were principally engaged in military affairs, and left behind them memories of their camps, roads, and military colonies in such words as Doncaster (from *castra*), street (from *strata*), and Lincoln (from *colonia*). After the departure of the Romans, the country was invaded by the Saxons—a wild, fearless, and venturesome race, who were tempted to come over to Britain in the hope of gain and glory. They came in hordes from the eastern shores of the German Ocean, drove the native Britons to the hills of Wales and the wilds of Cornwall, settled down in the land they had conquered, and became the forefathers of the people of England. The language they spoke was something like modern Dutch, and consisted almost entirely of short, expressive words, which we still use in our simplest forms of speech, although time has made changes in the way of spelling them. The poetry written in the pure Saxon tongue was, like the Saxons themselves, rugged and warlike, and full of references to warriors and heroes. The most notable of these ancient poems is the *Lay of Beowulf*, which tells how a king was delivered by a warrior of renown from a horrible monster, that had destroyed several heroes as they lay sleeping in the palace hall.

The Anglo-Saxon Period. A.D. 450-1150.



The best remembered of the Anglo-Saxon poets is **Cædmon**, a

cowherd, who, we are told, was visited by an angel while he slept in the stable. The angel commanded him to sing (that is, to write poetry), and gave him the "Creation" as his subject. Cædmon immediately set to work, and produced a long, tiresome Bible poem, which, however, was at that time thought very good indeed; and there are some passages here and there throughout the poem which are even now considered excellent. Anglo-Saxon verse was peculiar—not in the least like ours. It had neither rhyme nor rhythm. It had no regular number of syllables for its lines as ours have. It was only necessary to have two or three words in every two lines beginning with the same letter. This is called *alliteration*, and here is a specimen of it from Cædmon—

He aerest ge-scéop	He first created,
ylda bearnum	for the children of men
*h*eofon to *h*rófe	heaven as a roof,
*h*alig scyppend	the holy Creator.

Previous to the sixth century the Anglo-Saxons were heathens; but when the missionaries from Rome arrived, vast numbers forsook their gods and embraced the Christian religion. Monasteries sprang up over the country, and became schools of learning, where the monks and friars taught the boys Latin from the very few books which were then to be had; for every book was written with a pen, from beginning to end by the monks themselves, and he was a rich man who could boast of a library of a dozen such volumes. There were, as yet, no Saxon books of any consequence. The learned missionaries from Rome wrote in Latin, and taught their native pupils to read and write that language. Nearly all the early works belonging to the literature of this country are Latin books. In the monastery of Wearmouth (Durhamshire) a boy, named **Bede**, was educated by the monks. Ere long he became a monk, and proved himself to be cleverer than his masters, for he wrote no fewer than forty-five books. The most of them were theological (about divine things), but there were also histories, grammars, and books of science. His most famous work is the *Ecclesiastical History of the Anglo-Saxons*, which gives an account of church matters in England. He died in 735, while in the act of dictating the last words of a Saxon translation of the Gospel of St. John. In the following century we find the great **King Alfred** anxiously trying to spread education among his subjects. He did not begin to learn Latin himself until he was forty years old; but he studied so diligently that he was soon able to translate several works into Anglo-Saxon, and to add besides many excellent notes of

his own. Bede's great *History*, and religious books for the guidance of the clergy, were among his translations. When it is remembered how the Danes tormented the land during his reign, and how, also, he was himself suffering from a severe disease, the perseverance and energy he exhibited in study can never be sufficiently admired.

In the tenth century the great scholar was **Ælfric**, an Abbot of Devonshire, who translated the Books of Moses, wrote eight *Homilies* (plain sermons), and a *Latin Grammar*.

In Anglo-Saxon prose literature, the principal work of any length was the *Saxon Chronicle*, begun in Alfred's time, and continued till the middle of the twelfth century. It contains a record of all the events from 55 B.C., whether important or unimportant. The monks were the writers, and, as they have kept strictly to facts, the chronicle is valuable to historians, although dry and uninteresting to the general reader.

The Norman Period.

In consequence of the very obstinate resistance of the Saxons, William the Conqueror introduced the Feudal System which the Normans themselves had been compelled to adopt when they settled in France. The result was that the liberty- loving Saxons looked sourly on their foes, and for nearly three hundred years refused to mix with them in any way. The Normans became the aristocracy of the time, and the Saxons the degraded and servile class, the former speaking a dialect of the French language, and the latter holding obstinately by their own expressive tongue. As the servants refused to learn Norman, their masters were under the necessity of acquiring some knowledge of Saxon, that their orders might be understood; so that Anglo-Saxon, though changed in some respects, was to become the real English language of the future.

The people of Northern France, where Normandy was situated, had a literature peculiar to themselves. Their writers were called *Trouveres*, and their works were mostly stories, in great measure inventions of their own. The language in which they wrote was a corruption of Latin—a *Roman* dialect; hence the works so written were called *Romances*. There were also learned men who wrote on learned subjects. *They* still kept by the Latin tongue. Thus, when William came to England he brought with him writers of two kinds—scholarly Latinists and story-telling Romancers. Of the former,

Lanfranc and **Anselm** were the most remarkable. They were both churchmen, and they did excellent service to education by causing the establishment of numerous schools throughout the land, and by encouraging scholars to discuss subjects which, though trifling in themselves, were helpful in sharpening their minds and in making them better thinkers than previously they had been. Then there were historians or chroniclers who wrote in Latin. The three most famous were **William of Malmesbury**, **Henry of Huntingdon**, and **Geoffrey of Monmouth**, all of whom wrote about England; but the last named is more remarkable than the rest, because he wrote the story of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Much of Geoffrey's history is known to be false, and hence there are many who doubt if there ever was such a king as Arthur. This story and all the others in connection with it were made the subjects of the *Romances* of the Norman Trouvères; but they also recorded strange stories about Charlemagne, and Richard the Lion-hearted. They wrote *Fables* too, in which they made fun of the people they disliked; and *Metrical Romances* about sea-kings and pirates.

Semi-Saxon (1150-1250). But the language was now undergoing a change. The words were being spelt differently; the nouns were dropping their case-endings; the articles were coming into use; and many words of French origin were introduced. We cannot tell what date these changes took place, because they were gradual; but, in the reign of Henry III., there was a difference so distinct, that from 1250 till 1350 (Edward III.'s time), the name of Old English is given to the language of the country. Previous to 1250, then, the language was changing. It was not Saxon, neither was it English, but it was something between, called Semi-Saxon. The best example of it is to be found in the *Brut*, or *Chronicle of Britain*, by **Layamon**. Here are four lines from it which will show that the words were getting more English-like than in the last quotation:—

"He gef seolver, he gef gold,
He gef hors, he gef lond,
Castles, and cleathes *eke*;[1]
His *monness*[2] he *iguende*."[3]

Early or Old English (1250-1350). The most notable authors during

[1] Also.
[2] Men.
[3] Satisfied.

the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were the *Rhyming Chroniclers*. They have the same stories to tell as the others who came before them, but they write their histories in rhyme. The important names are those of **Robert of Gloucester** and **Robert Mannyng.** The latter wrote in this style:—

“Lordynges, that be now here,
If ye will listen and lere
All the story of Inglande,
Als Robert Mannyng wryten it fand,
And on Inglysch has it schewed
Not for the lerid bot for the lewed.
For tho that in this lond wonn,
That the Latyn ne Frankys conn,
For to haf solace and gamen
In felawsship when they sitt samen.”

Lords, that be now here,
If you will listen and learn
All the story of England
As Robert Mannyng found it written,
And in English has it showed,
Not for the learned, but for the rude,
For those that are in this land
Who know neither Latin nor French,
For to have solace and delight
When they sit together in fellow-ship.

Even in the small quotations given above, it will be seen that French had little to do with the new language. The speech of the Normans may have had some influence in causing the changes which took place; but it must be remembered that the English language is not merely a mixture of French and Saxon as some have called it, but is essentially Saxon.



Chapter II.
The Age of Chaucer. A.D. 1350-1400.

Amalgamation of Normans and Saxons. Peculiarities of the Language at this time. Poetry. Piers Ploughman; Geoffrey Chaucer; the Canterbury Tales; John Gower; John Barbour. Prose. Sir John Mandeville; John Wycliffe.

Middle English.

The Saxons and the Normans, at first so disagreeable to each other, had at length found out that there were many matters of importance which required the attention of both. In this way they began to sympathise with each other, and as the Normans forgot or lost their old French homes, and found England to be more interesting to them than France, they joined with the Saxons, and made, with them, an English people, speaking a common language, though Latin and French were also well-known tongues.

The language, as written at this time, has several peculiarities which deserve to be noted. French words, which have since become English, had, at that period, more of a French dress. Thus, *mischance* was spelt *mischaunce*; *pity*, *pite*; *doctor*, *doctour*; and *reign*, *regne*. Secondly, words ending in the letter *e*, were pronounced as if the *e* were a separate syllable. Thus, *love* would be pronounced *lov-é*; *hope*, *hop-é*, and so on. The rhythms do not always require this pronunciation, but when the line seems to have a syllable too few, it will generally be found that an *e* has been overlooked. The following line will illustrate this; it should have ten syllables:—

"She woldé wepe if that she saw a mouse."

Here it will be seen that three words capable of being divided end in *e*; but the line requires only one of them to be sounded. Which shall it be? This is settled by the *rhythm* which requires a short syllable first, then a long one, and in that order to the end of the line. Thirdly, the syllable *ed* at the end of a word is often sounded as in this line, referring to a drunken man—

"Thou fallest as it were a stick-ed swine."

Lastly, we still find the remains of old German verbs which the Saxons

brought with them from the continent. An infinitive of this kind ends in *en*, and a past participle is preceded by the syllable *ge*. In Middle English the latter was not retained, but we see traces of it in the *y* or *i* often used in its place. Here is an example of the old infinitive—

"In hope to stand-*en* in his ladies grace."

The participle is illustrated in the line—

"His here was by his er-es round *y*-shorne."

With the aid of these explanations, the writings of the authors now to be spoken of can be read with tolerable ease.



Piers Ploughman. This is the name of the first really important poem in our language. It is *allegorical*, which means that qualities such as virtue, truth, etc., are spoken of as if they were real people. Thus, Mercy and Truth are represented as "comely maidens;" Covetousness, as a "bettle-browed, blear-eyed, babber-lipped" old wretch; and Envy, as a pale, thin man, dressed as a friar, whose words were poison, and whose chief employment was in speaking ill of his neighbours. The poem is usually called the *Vision of Piers Ploughman*, and was written by **William Langland**, about the year 1362. The principal object of its author seems to have been to chastise the priests of the time for the wicked way in which they lived. The following fines exhibit this:—

"In many places there, they be parsons by hemself at ease
Of the poor have they no pity: and that is their charity!
....
Ac there shall come a king, and confess you, Religious,
And beat you, as the Bible telleth, for breaking of your rule,
And amend monials, monks, and canons,
And put them to her penance."

This means—There are parsons who live selfishly, and who are so uncharitable that they cannot give so much as their pity to the poor. But there is a king coming who will make you confess your sins, O dwellers in convents and monasteries! *He* will punish you, as the Bible has said, for breaking your holy vows. He will mend your ways, and cause nuns, monks, and higher dignitaries of the church to do penance for their wickedness.



Geoffrey Chaucer (*b.* 1328*?* d. 1400). This is the first great poet of England; and he is, therefore, called the Father of English Poetry. He was born in London, but at what date is uncertain. His father was probably a vintner, or wine-merchant, occupying a good position in the society of the time. We do not know whether he received his education at Oxford or at Cambridge. There is some reason to suppose it may have been at both. Of his manhood's earlier years we know nothing that is authentic. If we may judge from his writings, he seems to have spent much of his time in reading, translating into English, and imitating the interesting romances of the French trouvères. When he reached manhood he became attached to the court of Edward III., as attendant on the Princes Lionel and John of Gaunt. In 1359 Edward renewed his attack upon France, in his attempt to win the French crown. Chaucer bore arms and fought bravely for king and country; but, unfortunately, the French took him prisoner. He was soon released, however, and after his return to London, pensions and gifts and lucrative situations were given him, specially through the kindness of John of Gaunt, who, later on, became the poet's brother- in-law, having married Chaucer's wife's sister, In 1372 he was despatched to Italy on royal business. In this country he very likely met the great Italian poets Petrarch and Boccaccio, who were both then alive, and whose works were the delight of the age. Chaucer, when he returned to England, remembered the soft and musical language of Italy, and endeavoured in his poems to make the rough English language of his time more agreeable to the ear. He also told over again some of those delightful stories of the authors just named, and with such power that the old tales read

like new stories. All went well with Chaucer during the reign of Richard II. until Gloucester, the king's uncle, interfered in the Government. Then the poet fell on evil days. His most lucrative offices were taken from him, and frequently we find him reduced to the necessity of borrowing money to meet his immediate wants. But he bore up against misfortune with a cheerful spirit, and it is pleasant to know that in the first year of the reign of Henry IV. he received new pensions, and his last days were free from care. He was buried in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey.

The Canterbury Tales. Chaucer wrote many poems, but the greatest of them all is the one now named. The first part is called the Prologue, which tells us that over thirty people of all sorts and conditions gathered together at the Tabard Inn, Southwark. Some were on horseback, and some afoot. They were going to make a day's journey to Canterbury, to say their prayers at the tomb of Thomas à Becket; but the road was bad, and there were thieves besides, which made it desirable that they should all keep together. To make the long road seem lightsome, it is agreed that everybody is to tell two stories going, and two in returning, and the one who tells the best is to get his supper for nothing when they come back to the inn. Now, it is in describing the pilgrims that Chaucer shows us how well he observed persons and things. What do we care about Mr. Envy or Miss Mercy, so long as we have real persons who have lived and moved like ourselves? When we read this Prologue, we are carried away back to Chaucer's time, and see what the knights, squires, merchants, etc., were like. We see the jolly Monk, snapping his fingers at religion, and going a-hunting with bells on his bridle loud jingling in the wind; we see the hearty Franklin, so hospitable that "it snewëd in his house of meat and drink;" the Clerk of Oxford, "glad to learn, and glad to teach;" the deaf Wife of Bath, going to church on Sunday with a valuable kerchief on her head, red stockings on her legs, and new shoes on her feet; and, in short, we have a set of portraits of the important characters of the time, from the "very perfect gentleman" down to the drunken Sompnour, who was so ugly that the children were sore afraid of him, and ran away when they saw him. The *Tales* themselves are, with two exceptions, written in verse. Chaucer did not live to complete the set. We should have had 128 stories, whereas we have only twenty-five. One of the most touching and beautiful of them all is the *Knight's Tale*. The story tells us that two close friends have been taken prisoners by Duke Theseus of Athens. Looking forth from their prison window one day, they behold the lovely Emily, sister of the Duke's wife,

walking in the garden. Both princes are immediately smitten with her beauty; and the friends, now rivals for the hand of the same lady, become hateful to each other. In the course of time the one prince (Arcite) is released, and afterwards the other (Palamon) contrives to escape. They meet by accident in a grove, and are fighting like wild beasts, when Duke Theseus comes suddenly upon them. The Duke at first feels inclined to put the princes to death; but, finding out the cause of the quarrel, he commands that the two shall meet and fight together at a tournament, to be held a year thereafter, and the one who shall gain is to win Emily as his prize. The day of trial at length arrives, and Arcite is proclaimed the victor. Unfortunately, however, while he is riding proudly along the lists, he is thrown from his horse, and soon lies dying at the feet of his beloved Emily. In describing the death of Arcite the poet's power of pathos is conspicuously to be seen. The suffering prince exclaims, in an agony of sorrow—

> "Alas, the woe! alas, the painés strong
> That I for you have suffered, and so long!
> Alas, the death! alas, mine Emilie!
> Alas, departing[1] of our company! . . .
> What is this world? What asken men to have?
> Now with his love, now in his coldé grave.
> Alone, withouten any company!
> Farewell, my sweet! farewell, mine Emilie!
> And softé take me in your armés twey,
> For love of God, and hearkeneth[2] what I say."

He has to tell her to take Palamon as her husband; and he speaks his old friend's praises with the kindness and lealheartedness of a true knight. But death creeps up his limbs; his heart beats more faintly; his eye becomes dim; and his breath fails him—

> "But on his lady yet he cast his eye,
> His lasté word was, 'Mercy, Emilie!' "

The characteristics of Chaucer's style are a wonderful power of portraying character, great shrewdness and wisdom, a strong imagination, rich humour, deep pathos, and a passionate, loving fondness for the beauties

[1] The parting.
[2] Hearken, listen.

of nature. Of this last characteristic the following well-known lines will afford an example—

"The busy larké, messenger of day,
Saluteth, in her song, the morrow gray;
And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright,
That all the orient laugheth of the light.
And with his streamés dryeth in the greves[1]
The silver dropés hanging on the leaves."



John Gower (*b.* ab. 1325, *d.* 1408) was the friend of Chaucer, and, like him, wrote poetry. He belonged to a wealthy family, and, having received the best education which the country could afford, was introduced at the court of Edward III. He now became the intimate friend of Chaucer, and we find the two poets complimenting each other in their poetry. Gower wrote three great works—the first in French; the second in Latin; and the third and greatest work in English. This last is called the *Confessio Amantis* (the Confession of a Lover), in which the poet tells the story of his love to a priest named Genius, whom Venus (the Goddess of Love) has sent to his assistance. After a very long and very tiresome conversation between the two, the lover is told by Venus that he is far too old to think of love, and that he should at once leave off his follies. Gower's poetry is not nearly so good as Chaucer's, but it is interesting because it shows the changes which were taking place in the language of his time. He died in 1408, and his effigy has its head pillowed on three volumes, representing the three great works of the poet.

[1] Groves.



John Barbour was the first great Scottish poet. The time of his birth is not very well known; but it is certain that he was Archdeacon of Aberdeen, and that oftener than once he visited England, and attended the University of Oxford—on one occasion as the guardian of three students. He had something to do with the ransom of David II., the stupid son of that Bruce about whom Barbour was then writing. Afterwards he received two royal pensions, and died in 1396. His great poem is the *Bruce*, which describes the adventures of Scotland's most heroic king. It is written in English and in lines of eight syllables. It is full of life, intensely interesting, and has the additional advantage of being on the whole a faithful history.

From "The Battle of Bannockburn."

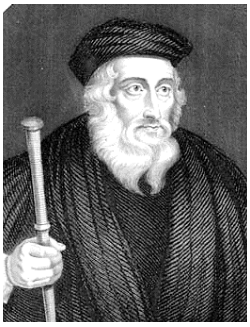
"When this was said—
The Scottismen commonally
Kneelit all doun, to God to pray.
And a short prayer there made they
To God, to help them in that ficht.
And when the English king had sicht
Of them kneeland, he said, in hy:
'Yon folk kneel to ask mercy.'
Sir Ingram said: 'Ye say sooth now—
They ask mercy, but not of you;
For their trespass to God they cry:
I tell you a thing sickerly,
That yon men will all win or die;
For doubt of deid[1] they sail not flee.
'Now be it sae then!' said the king.
And then, but langer delaying,
They gart trump till the assembly.
....
And they, with spears and swerdis bricht,
And axes, that richt sharply share

[1] For fear of death.

I'mids the visage, met them there.
There men micht see a stalwart stour,
And mony men of great valour,
With spears, maces, and knives,
And other wappins, wisslit[1] their lives:
Sae that mony fell doun all deid.
The grass waxed with the blude all red."

Prose Writers.

Sir John Mandeville (*b.* 1300, *d.* 1372) is notable as having been the first important writer of English prose. He left England when he was twenty-two years of age, and travelled in distant lands for upwards of thirty years. When he came home, he wrote a book of *Travels*, which he dedicated to the King (Edward III.). He wrote it first in Latin, that the learned might read it; next in French, that fashionable people might peruse it; and, lastly, in English, that the common class might also enjoy it. The book is very amusing, for Sir John seems to have believed all the ridiculous stories he had ever heard or read, and to have put them in his book. Thus, he tells us of the Ethiopians who had only one foot, and that so large they could use it as a parasol when they were sitting. He mentions having conversed with people twenty-eight feet long; and of having heard of women who wore precious stones in their eyes, and who could kill a man by merely looking at him. Notwithstanding these and other absurdities, the *Travels of Sir John Maundeville* was one of the most popular books of the day.



John Wycliffe (*b.* 1324, *d*, 1384) was the first to translate the whole Bible into English. He was educated at Oxford, and ere long became Master of Baliol. Being a man of observation, he noticed many things about his Church which needed to be changed; and he did what he could to effect these

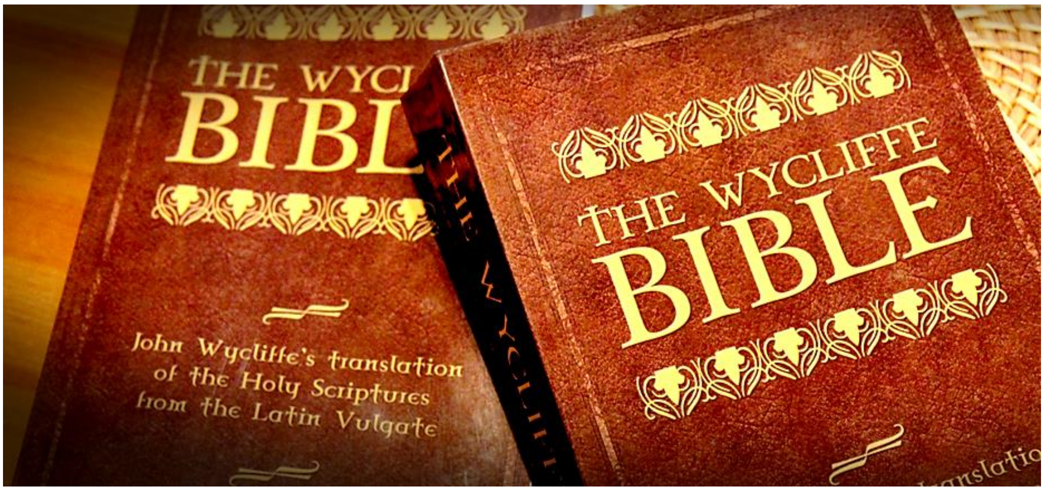
[1] Exchanged.

changes. He lectured to the Oxford students and told them what things he considered wrong; but, because he spoke against the doctrine of transubstantiation, he was removed from his office. He then retired to Lutterworth, in Leicestershire—a living he had received from the King (Edward III.) because of some State business he had satisfactorily performed. Here, with the help of several of his followers, he translated the Latin Bible into English. The work is valuable because it helped to improve the English language, and as having formed the basis or ground-work of following translations.

Wycliffe's Version of the Lord's Prayer.

"Oure fadir that art in hevenes, Halowid be thi name, Thi kyngdom come to. Be thi wille don in erthe, as in hevene.

Geve to us this day our breed ovir other substaunce. And forgeve us our dettes as we forgiven our dettouris, and lede us not into temptacion. But delyver us from yvel. Amen."



Chapter III.
From the Death of Chaucer to the Accession of Elizabeth. 1400-1558.

Progress of Literature and Introduction of the Printing Press. Scottish Poets. James I.; William Dunbar; other Scottish Poets. English Poets. John Skelton; Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey; other English Poets. Prose Writers. Sir Thomas More; Roger Ascham; other Prose Authors.

Middle English.



During the early part of the period we have now to consider, the progress of English Literature was but slow. This was chiefly owing to the Wars of the Roses, during the continuance of which men were busier with their spears than with their pens. There were but few great authors, and even these were mostly Scotsmen. But, as a set off to this barrenness, in 1474, the art of printing was introduced into England by **William Caxton**, who set up a press at Westminster, from which issued the first book ever printed in England. It was called *The Game and Playe of the Chesse*. The works printed in Caxton's press were sixty-four, and the beneficial effects of the invention became speedily manifest. The number of authors increased; each one tried to excel his neighbour in his style of writing; the number of readers was multiplied; and the desire for a better education became general. Nor ought it to be forgotten that, towards the close of this period, there was a revival of the study of Greek, Latin, and Italian authors, which had a most refining influence on the literature of the time.

Scottish Poets.

James I. (*b.* 1394). This Scottish king was the son of Robert III. While on his way to France—partly to receive his education, and partly to escape from the clutches of his ambitious uncle, Albany—he was captured by Henry IV. of England, and detained as a prisoner for eighteen years. He was nevertheless most carefully educated by the very best masters, and so, when

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he was released, he was one of the most accomplished princes of his time. He married Lady Joan Beaufort, daughter of the Duke of Somerset, returned to Scotland, and reigned so wisely that peace, order, and security were restored to his country; while his good example led to greater refinement in the life and manners of his people. Through the ill-will of certain members of the nobility, he was assassinated at Perth in 1436. His great poem is *The King's Quhair* (or Book). In it he describes how, one night, he lay sleepless in his prison in Windsor Castle. He tells how he took a book to help to while away the time; how, after a little, he laid it down again, and began to think of all the strange things that had happened to him since he left his father's palace. At length, as morning dawned, he rose, and looking from his tower window, saw the lovely garden below, heard the singing of the birds, and the breath of the morning wind whispering among the green foliage of the trees. Suddenly, a lovely lady made her appearance in the garden; and James, who had never seen any woman half so beautiful, was so delighted that his heart beat fast as he looked, and he could scarcely believe that one so pretty could be a creature of this world. This lady, however, is the Joan Beaufort whom he afterwards married, and made queen of Scotland. James was a great admirer, and to some extent an imitator, of Chaucer and Gower. His poems are written in the best English of the time, and are both graceful and musical.

The King'S First Sight of Lady Joan.

"Cast I down mine eyes again,
Where as I saw, walking under the Tower,
Full secretly, new comen here to plain,
The fairest or the freshest younge flower
That ever I saw, methought, before that hour,
For which sudden abate, anon astart,
The blood of all my body to my heart.

"And though I stoodabasit tho a lite,
No wonder was: for why? my wittis all
Were so o'ercome with pleasance and delight,
Only through letting of my eyen fall,
That suddenly my heart became her thrall,
For ever of free will— for of menace
There was no token in her sweete face.

"And in my head I drew right hastily,

And eftesoons I leant it out again,
And saw her walk that very womanly,
With no wight mo', but only women twain.

Then gan I study in myself, and sayn:
'Ah, sweet! are ye a worldly creature,
Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature?"



William Dunbar (*b.* ab. 1450). This poet was educated at St. Andrews, and on leaving college became a gray friar of the order of St. Francis. Afterwards he seems to have given up this kind of life, and to have lived at the court of James IV., waiting for rewards which he deserved but never received. He was thus, towards the close of his life, both discontented and unhappy. The date of his death is uncertain, but it is supposed to have taken place about 1520. One of his principal works was *The Thistle and the Rose*, which refers to the marriage of James IV. of Scotland to Margaret Tudor of England. The poem is allegorical. Spring coaxes the poet to write a poem; he consents, and is led into a beautiful garden where Dame Nature is calling all the beasts about her to do her reverence. She singles out the lion (which represents Scotland), and proclaims him king of beasts. The flowers, in like manner, are called before her, and the Thistle (James) receives a crown of rubies, and is commanded to be particularly attentive to the Rose (Margaret), to defend her from vicious nettles, and from malicious weeds that would tell him to prefer the Lily (France). Dunbar was a very powerful writer, and could teach very important lessons by means of his allegories.

Morning.

"When March was with variand windis past,
And Aperil had with her silver showers
Tane leave at Nature with ane orient blast,
And lusty May, that mother is of flowers,
Had made the birdis to begin their hours,

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Amang the tender odours red and white,
Whose harmony to hear it was delight:

"In bed at morrow, sleeping as I lay,
    Methocht Aurora, with her crystal ene,
In at the window lookit by the day,
    And halsit me with visage pale and green;
    On whose hand a lark sang fro the spleen,
Awauk, lovers, out of your slomering;
See how the lusty morrow does upspring."

From the "Thistle and the Rose."

Other Scotch Poets. Among the other notable Scotch authors may be mentioned **Gavin Douglas,** Bishop of Dunkeld, who was the first translator of the whole of *Virgil'sÆneid;* **Henryson,** who wrote *Robin and Makyne*, the first Scottish pastoral (a poem connected with shepherd life); and **Blind Harry**, who described in rhyme the adventures of *William Wallace*.

English Poets.



John Skelton (*b.* 14—, d. 1529). This poet, who was the rector of Diss, in Norfolk, is remarkable as having been the most cleverly spiteful writer in our language. His principal satires are directed against Cardinal Wolsey and the clergy, and he did not spare them. His style is peculiar. The lines are short, the language often coarse and vulgar, and many of the ideas unbecoming a clergyman. His works, nevertheless, are full of life and humour. In the following stanza Skelton very well illustrates his own manner of writing—

"For though my rime be ragged,
Tattered and jagged,
Rudely raine-beaten,
Rusty and mooth-eaten,
If ye take wel therewith

It hath in it some pith."

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (*b.* 1516, *d.* 1547), was brought up at the court of Henry VIII.; took part in the splendid processions of the time; fought in the wars; was wounded oftener than once; was imprisoned four times, and was at length beheaded in 1547, on a trumpery charge of high treason brought against him by the King, who had once been his own brother-in-law. Surrey is remarkable as having given a smoothness and grace to the English language such as it had never hitherto possessed. This is why he is called the first English *classical* poet, the word *classical* meaning refined or elegant, when it is used in a general sense. It was Surrey who introduced the *English Sonnet*—a poem consisting of fourteen lines of ten syllables each, with peculiar arrangements as to the rhymes. Here is an example—

"The soote[1] season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale.
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her make[2] hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs;
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale,
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
The fishes flete with new repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;
The busy bee her honey now she mings; [3]
Winter is worn that was the flower's bale. [4]
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs."

Surrey was also the first to use *Blank Verse*—so called because there are no rhymes at the end of the lines, which have ten syllables in each. By way of illustration, take the following specimen from the Earl's translation of a part of *The Æneid*:—

"It was the time when, granted from the gods,
The first sleep creeps most sweet in weary folk;

[1] sweet.
[2] mate.
[3] mixes.
[4] ruin.

Lo! in my dream, before mine eyes, methought,
With rueful cheer, I saw where Hector stood."

A striking peculiarity about this author's poems is his fondness for love subjects. He has an ardent affection for an unknown lady whom he calls Geraldine, and to her he writes some of his most beautiful poems. In one of them he declares he will ever love her—

"Yea, rather die a thousand times, than once to false my faith;
....
And, when this carcass here to earth shall be refar'd,
I do bequeath my wearied ghost to serve her afterward."

Other English Poets. In the time of Henry VII., **Stephen Hawes** wrote the *Pastime of Pleasure*. Contemporary with Surrey was his friend **Sir Thomas Wyatt**, a good poet and excellent statesman, who greatly assisted in refining the language of his time.

Prose Authors.

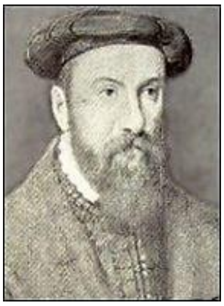


Sir Thomas More (*b.* 1480, *d.* 1535) was the son of a judge of the King's Bench. He was educated at Oxford, became a famous lawyer, and, when Wolsey fell, was made Lord Chancellor of England. He was kind and gentle in character, and the King (Henry VIII.) was very fond of him, so long as their opinions were the same. But More was an earnest Catholic, and could neither approve of Henry's proposed divorce from Queen Catherine, nor of his assumed supremacy as head of the Church. This offended the sovereign, and, after a mock trial, he was beheaded in 1535. His principal work was written in Latin, and was called the *Utopia*. This was the name of an imaginary island, where everything was so perfectly arranged that the inhabitants enjoyed unalloyed happiness and comfort. In the real world, of course, such arrangements were simply impossible; and so, when we hear of any proposal

which cannot be carried out in actual practice, we call it a *Utopian* idea. More wrote other works in English, chiefly historical; and these are considered to be the best examples of pure English prose which had yet appeared.

Description of Richard III.

"Richarde, the third soune of Richarde, Duke of York, was in witte and courage egall (equal) with his two brothers, in bodye and prowesse farrevnder them bothe, little of stature, ill fetured of limmes, croke backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right. He was malicious, wrathfull, envious, and euer frowarde. * * * None evil captaine was he in the warre, as to whiche his disposicion was more metely than for peace. Sun-drye victories hadde he, and sometime overthrowes, but never in defaulte as for his owne persone, either of hardinesse or polytike order. Free was hee called of dyspence, and sommewhat aboue his power liberall. With large giftes hee get him vnstedfaste frendeschippe, for which we was fain to pil and spoyle in other places, and get him stedfast hatred. He was close and secrete, a deepe dissimuler lowlye of counteynaunce, arrogant of heart, outwardly coumpinable where he inwardely hated, not letting to kisse whom he thought to kyll: dispitious and cruell, not for cruell will alway, but after for ambicion, and either for the suretie or encrease of his estate. He spared no mans deathe, whose life withstoode his purpose."



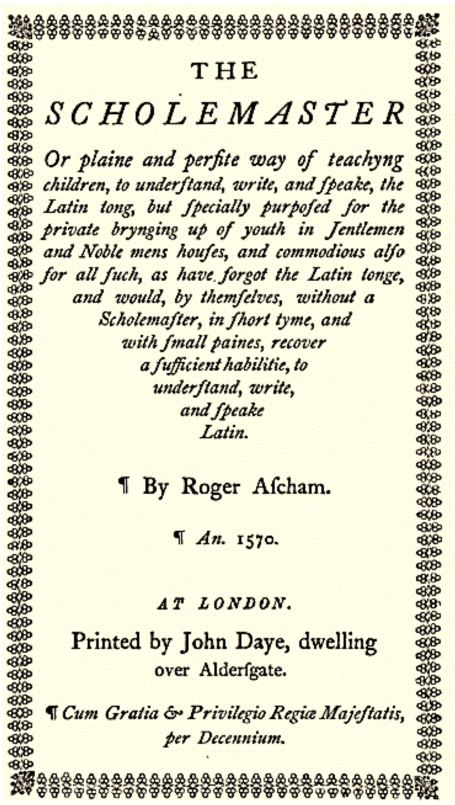
Roger Ascham (*b.* 1515, *d.* 1568) was the first English writer on the subject of education. He was tutor to Queen Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey, and taught them to read Greek and Latin with ease. He was also public orator of the University of Cambridge. His great work was the *Schoolmaster*, in which he gives many excellent hints as to the best manner of teaching. The *Toxophilus*—another of his works—discourses about archery; but it is mainly intended to show that good open-air exercise is absolutely necessary for the health of the diligent student. Ascham's style is simple, vigorous, and dignified.

Lady Jane Grey Accounts for her Love of Learning.
(*Modernised.*)

"One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharp

and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently, sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways, which I will not name for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing, whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because, whatever I do else, but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that, in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me."—*From* "*The Schoolmaster.*"

Other Prose Authors. The principal writers deserving of mention are **Tyndale,** the translator of *The New Testament*; **Coverdale**, who published a translation of the whole *Bible*; **Latimer**, notable for his clever *Sermons*; **Fox**, the author of the well known *Book of Martyrs*; and **Lord Berners**, the translator of *Froissart's Chronicle*—a book full of lively interest, relating to the times of chivalry.


THE
SCHOLEMASTER
Or plaine and perfite way of teachyng children, to underſtand, write, and ſpeake, the Latin tong, but ſpecially purpoſed for the private brynging up of youth in Jentlemen and Noble mens houſes, and commodious alſo for all ſuch, as have forgot the Latin tonge, and would, by themſelves, without a Scholemaſter, in ſhort tyme, and with ſmall paines, recover a ſufficient habilitie, to underſtand, write, and ſpeake Latin.

¶ By Roger Aſcham.

¶ *An.* 1570.

AT LONDON.
Printed by John Daye, dwelling over Alderſgate.

¶ *Cum Gratia & Privilegio Regiæ Majeſtatis, per Decennium.*

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Chapter IV.
The Poets—From the Accession of Elizabeth till the Restoration. A.D. 1558-1660.

Causes for the Rapid Progress of Literature at this time, and Classification of the Poets of the period. Spenserian or Allegorical School; Spenser; Other Poets. "Metaphysical" School; Explanation of its Characteristics; Donne; Cowley; Other Poets. Lyric Poets. Herrick; Other Poets. Historical; Descriptive; Satirical.

Modern English.

The age we are now to consider far surpasses any previous period in the number and greatness of its authors. The art of printing had produced many writers and many readers; the translation of the Bible, and of Greek, Latin, and Italian works, had refined the taste and stored the minds of authors with ideas the most elegant and beautiful; and the language itself had become full and rich, and well fitted to express the splendid thoughts of such poets as Spenser and Shakespeare. The encouragement given to eminent authors by Queen Elizabeth and her successors, is also of great importance in accounting for the literary greatness of England at this time. In the present chapter we treat of the various schools or classes of poets: I. The Spenserian or Allegorical School; II. The "Metaphysical" School; III. The Lyrical School; and IV. Other Classes of Poets; reserving the Drama and Shakespeare for succeeding chapters.

I. The Spenserian or Allegorical School.



Edmund Spenser (*b.* 1553, *d.* 1599) is the greatest allegorical poet of England. He was born in London, and is supposed to have belonged to an illustrious house of that name. His own parents, however, seem to have been poor, for we find him entered at the University of Cambridge as a sizar—that is, a student who received his education for a smaller sum than usual, and

who had to serve as a waiter on the wealthier students at meal times. While at college he got intimate with an eccentric but learned man, called Gabriel Harvey, who introduced him to the famous Sir Philip Sidney. At Penshurst, Sidney's estate, Spenser and Sir Philip became excellent friends, and the poet was soon recommended to the illustrious courtier, the Earl of Leicester, who in turn introduced him to the notice of the great Elizabeth herself. The result of royal favour was his appointment as secretary to Lord Grey de Wilton, the new lieutenant of Ireland, to which country the poet now proceeded. Afterwards he received from the queen a grant of the lands of Kilcolman, near Cork, on condition that he should live there. These lands, and the castle in which Spenser resided, had once been the property of the rebel Desmonds, and had been confiscated or taken possession of by the government. Here the poet remained for twelve years, and here he wrote his greatest poem—*The Faerie Queen*. Unfortunately for himself, he did not try to be friendly to the wild natives among whom he lived; and, when the next rebellion took place, the insurgents attacked Kilcolman Castle so suddenly and so furiously, that he and his wife had to flee for their lives from the blazing ruin, leaving behind them their youngest child, who was burnt to death. Broken-hearted and almost in poverty, the poet returned to London, where, three months afterwards, he died.

Spenser's greatest work, as above stated, is *The Faerie Queen*. The hero of the poem is Prince Arthur, who sees in a dream the Fairy Queen; and, being charmed with her beauty, he visits fairy-land, where he finds her holding a twelve days' festival. At her court is a beautiful lady with whom twelve gallant knights have fallen in love; and, in order to prove which of them is most worthy of the prize, the Queen gives each an adventure, with the promise that he who shall perform the bravest deed is to be the husband of the beautiful lady. The poem was to consist of twelve books, each of which was to contain an adventure; but of these we have only six, and it is very doubtful if the poet wrote any more. The knights were intended to represent Virtues, and in their exploits they were to show how virtue always triumphs over vice. Nearly all the persons mentioned in the poem are strictly allegorical, except the Fairy Queen and one or two others, who also represent Queen Elizabeth, Lord Grey, and other historical personages. A recent critic thus describes the kind of writing which is to be found in the first book:— "A knight 'pricks along the plaine,' among the trees, and at a crossing of the paths meets other knights, with whom he engages in combat; suddenly, from within a cave,

appears a monster, half-woman and half-serpent, surrounded by hideous offspring; farther on, a giant with three bodies; then a dragon, great as a hill, with sharp talons and vast wings. For three days he fights him, and twice overthrown, he comes to himself only by aid of a gracious ointment. After that there are savage tribes to be conquered, castles surrounded by flames to be captured. Meanwhile, ladies are wandering in the midst of forests on white palfreys, exposed to the attacks of wretches, now guarded by a lion which follows them, now delivered by a band of satyrs who adore them. Magicians work charms; palaces display their festivities; and sea-gods, nymphs, fairies, and kings mingle together in feasts, surprises, and dangers."

The most wonderful characteristic of Spenser's poetry is its richness of imagination. His knights and other characters in the poem, the lands they live in, and the heroic deeds they perform, are all the invention of the poet's fancy. *The Faerie Queen* is called *chivalric*, because it recounts the adventures of knights; *allegorical,* because its personages represent abstract qualities; *narrative*, because each book tells a story; and *descriptive*, because, besides telling us what the knights did, it describes their persons and characters, and shows us the giants, the dragons, the darksome caves, and the lovely islands so distinctly, that we think them living beings and real places.

Spenser's verse is peculiar to himself. Imitating the Italian poets, he used the eight-line stanza, but added a ninth line two syllables longer than the others, called an Alexandrine. Here is an example of the Spenserian stanza—

"A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine,
Y'clad in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
Yet arms till that time did he never wield:
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
As much disdaining to the curb to yield:
Full jolly knight he seemed, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit."

The House of Sleep.

"He making speedy way, through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters, wide and deepe,
To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth, full steepe,

And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,

His dwelling is, there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe,
In silver deaw, his ever drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

"Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one fayre fram'd of burnisht yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care, their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleepe.
By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowsie fit he findes; of nothing he takes keepe.

"And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame, from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.
No other noyse, nor people's troublous cryes,
As still are wont to annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard; but careless Quiet lyes
Wrapt in eternal silence, farre from enimyes."

From "The Faerie Queen."

Other Allegorical Poets. The principal of these were **Phineas Fletcher**, author of *The Purple Island*; **Giles Fletcher**, brother of the former, who wrote *Christ's Victory and Triumph;* **William Browne**, the writer of *Britannia's Pastorals*; and **William Drummond**, of Hawthornden, a famous writer of *Sonnets*.

II. The "Metaphysical" Poets.



Hitherto the poets have been natural—that is, they have expressed

their thoughts just as they came from their hearts; now we are to have poets who have excellent ideas to express, but they convey them in forms as strange, odd, and fantastical as it is possible to imagine. For instance, a poet wishing to say of Mary Magdalene that her eyes are exceedingly beautiful, adds that they are so delicious that a cherub comes every morning and takes his breakfast from them. An idea so extravagant is called a conceit, and the poetry of this school is full of conceits. **Dr. Donne**, Dean of St. Paul's (1573-1631), was the first to write in this style; but the most notable author whose writings were spoiled by such defects as those we have alluded to was Abraham Cowley, the last of the "fantastical poets," as they are sometimes called.



Abraham Cowley (*b.* London, 1618, *d.* 1667). This poet was the son of a stationer, and was educated at Cambridge. At the early age of thirteen he published a volume of poems, in which he states that he meant to become a great man. When Queen Henrietta was obliged to flee to France, Cowley accompanied her as secretary; and for twelve years he remained with her, busily engaged in writing and reading communications passing between Charles and his Queen; for all the letters were written in cipher—that is, in characters which none but the King and Cowley could either write or understand. When the Restoration took place, he naturally expected to be rewarded for his faithfulness to the late King, but he was miserably disappointed. The rest of his days were spent in the retirement of a country life. He died in 1667, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Cowley was an excellent translator of the works of Greek poets. His *Anacreontics* are translations from Anacreon, a poet who wrote in praise of wine and beauty. Cowley also wrote four books of an epic—a long poem containing a story. It was called *The Davideis*, and was to give a full account of the troubles which befel King David; but it was never finished.

As we have said, Cowley's writings were disfigured with conceits. Here are a few from the last-named work, which occur very near to each other—

Beneath the silent chambers of the earth,
Where *the sun's fruitful beams give metals birth*:

Beneath *the dens where unfledged tempests lie*,
And *infant winds their tender voices try*.

Myriads of spirits fell wounded round him there;
With dropping lights *thick shone the singed air*.

Other Metaphysical Poets. Strangely enough, the authors who were most guilty of fantastic writing were writers of poems on sacred subjects. **Francis Quarles** wrote a curious set of religious *Emblems*, and in one of them he compares life to a meadow which "*to-day wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay*." **"Holy George Herbert,"** as he was called, wrote a series of hymns, entitled *The Temple*, etc. In one of his matins, or morning songs, he speaks of climbing to heaven on a sunbeam. After him came **Richard Crashaw**, a very clever and learned poet, whose writings are for the most part of a religious character. Alluding to the changing of water into wine at the wedding feast, he says—"*The conscious water saw its God and blushed."*

III. The Lyric Poets.



Robert Herrick (*b.* London, 1591, *d.* 1661). After receiving his education at Cambridge, this poet was appointed to a Devonshire vicarage, where he continued to labour for twenty years. During the civil war he was ejected by Cromwell. For this he was not very sorry, being naturally a merry man, and more at home in a tavern than in a church, loving better the jovial company of the wits of his time than the rude "salvages" who had been his parishioners. After the Restoration he got back to his vicarage, and, repenting of his errors, died in 1661. His poetical works consist, for the most part, of short song-like poems, called lyrics, and are nearly all about love, wine, and

women. His imagery is very beautiful, and his language expressive and full of music. We append a little lyric by way of illustration—

To Julia.

“Some asked me where the rubies grew,
And nothing did I say,
But with my ringers pointed to
The lips of Julia.

“Some asked how pearls did grow, and where,
Then spake I to my girl,
To part her lips, and show me there
The quarelets of pearl.

“One asked me where the roses grew,
I bade him not go seek,
But forthwith bade my Julia show
A bud in either cheek.”

Other Lyric Poets. The most important names belonging to this class are those of **Carew**, **Suckling**, and **Lovelace**, all of whom were attached to the court of Charles I., and for that reason were sometimes called the Court Poets. They are also known as the Poets of Gallantry, since most of their lyrics are in praise of the ladies.

IV. Other Poets.

Historical Poets. Samuel Daniel (1562-1619) was highly esteemed as the author of *The History of the Civil Wars*, or Wars of the Roses. It is a well-written poem on a very prosy subject.

Richard the Second’s Last Morning.
(*From Daniel’s “History of the Civil Wars.”*)

“The morning of that day which was his last,
After a weary rest, rising to pain,
Out at a little grate his eyes he cast
Upon those bordering hills and open plain,
Where others’ liberty make him complain
The more his own, and grieves his soul the more,

Conferring captive crowns with freedom poor.

“ ‘O happy man,’ saith he, ‘that lo I see,
Grazing his cattle in those pleasant fields,
If he but knew his good. How blessed he
That feels not what affliction greatness yields! . . .

“ ‘Thou sitt’st at home safe by thy quiet fire,
And hear’st of others’ harms, but fearest none:
And there thou tell’st of kings, and who aspire,
Who fall, who rise, who triumph, who do moan.
Perhaps thou talk’st of me, and dost inquire
Of my restraint, why here I live alone?
And pitiest this my miserable fall;
For pity must have part—envy not all.

“ ‘Thrice happy you that look as from the shore,
And have no venture in the wreck you see;
No interest, no occasion to deplore
Other men’s travels, while yourselves sit free.
How much doth your sweet rest make us the more
To see our misery, and what we be:
Whose blinded greatness, ever in turmoil,
Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil’ “



Descriptive Poets. Michael Drayton was the author of the *Polyolbion*, which might be called the Poetical Geography of England and Wales, for it describes the scenery and tells the history of all the noteworthy places in the country. His most exquisite work is the *Nymphidia*, a delightful poem, in which the wonders of fairy-land are described with a richness of imagination and a gracefulness of language rarely surpassed.

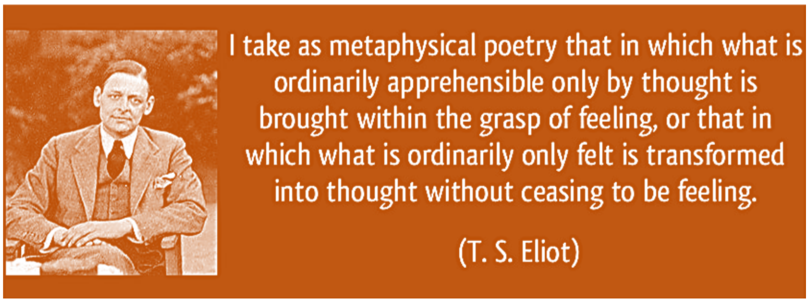
Queen Mab’s Chariot.
(*From Drayton’s “Nymphidia”*)

“Her chariot ready straight is made,

Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stay'd;
        For nought must be her letting:
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
The harnesses of gossamer;
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
        Upon the coach-box getting.

"Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excel;
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
        So lively was the limning:
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a py'd butterflee;
        I trow, 'twas simple trimming."

Satirical Poets. The principal satirists were **Donne** (already alluded to) and **Hall**, Bishop of Norwich, whose *Toothless Satires* first, and afterwards his *Biting Satires*, were directed against some of the vices of his time, and are interesting because of the pictures we thus obtain of the manners and customs of the age.



Chapter V.
The Rise and Early Progress of the Drama.

The Mystery or Miracle Play; the Morality; the Interlude; the First Comedy; the First Tragedy; the First Theatres. The Early Dramatists; Marlowe; Other Dramatists.

The Mystery or Miracle Play. This is the name of the first kind of play known in England, and it dates back to the Norman period. The common people of that time were very ignorant; and the monks, in order to teach them something of sacred history, set up three platforms in their churches, one above another, to represent Hell, Earth, and Heaven. On these they acted the stories of the Bible. Such plays were common until the end of the fourteenth century.

The Morality. As civilisation advanced, the Mystery gave place to the Morality—that is, a play by which the people were taught useful lessons, showing how the good are rewarded and the wicked punished. Instead, however, of the Adams, and Cains, and Abrahams of the Mystery, we have such characters as Wisdom, Good Counsel, Gluttony, Pride, etc. In short, the Morality was just an allegory acted on the stage. It continued to be popular till the close of the sixteenth century.

The Interlude. This was a still nearer approach to the modern drama. It was shorter and merrier than either of the preceding plays, and is supposed to have been played between the acts of the wearisome Morality, with a view to make the audience more cheerful. This is why they are called *inter-ludes*. **John Heywood**, jester to Henry VIII., wrote many plays of this kind.

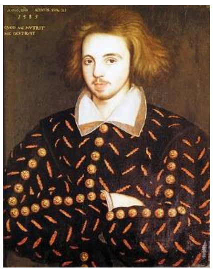
The First Comedy. The original meaning of the word *comedy* is a *merry-making song.* It now means *a play in which the little faults and failings of the people are held up to public ridicule.* The earliest English comedy is *Ralph Royster Doyster*, by **Nicholas Udall**. Ralph is a young heir, with more money than brains. He is surrounded by a set of flatterers, who help him to spend his wealth and secretly make him their laughing-stock by leading him into all sorts of scrapes. The play very clearly shows the weaknesses of middle class society in the sixteenth century. It was first acted in 1551.

The First Tragedy. The word *tragedy* comes from two Greek words, meaning a *goat song.* It was the name of an anthem sung to a heathen god, just before a goat was killed for the sacrifice; hence tragedy now means *a drama ending in sorrow and death.* The first regular play of this kind in

England was written by **Sackville** and **Norton**, and is called *Gorboduc*, or *Ferrex and Porrex*. It tells the story of an ancient British king (Gorboduc), who resigns his crown and divides his kingdom between his sons Ferrex and Porrex. They quarrel; and Porrex kills his brother, who, in turn, is slain by his mother. An indignant people slay both the king and the queen; and, finally, the land is filled with rebellion. This tragedy was first acted in 1562.

The First Theatres. Long before the existence of regular theatres, there were companies of strolling players, who had a portable stage, which they could erect in a barn, in the yard of an inn, at fairs, and at other places of public resort. It is not of such as these we mean to speak, but of the first theatres established in London. These were built, for the most part, on the south side of the Thames, because, in Elizabeth's time at least, the residents on the north disliked both plays and players. The most celebrated of the London theatres was the Globe, which was a hexagon or six-sided building, having no roof except high above the stage, for between the stage and the roof there was a gallery for the orchestra. The upper classes occupied little rooms or boxes ranged round the theatre, while the middle classes stood in the pit. There was no grand painting or gilding such as we have in the theatres of our time; nor had they any scenery except of the very simplest description. The usual way of informing the audience what the stage was to represent for the time being was to hang up a placard bearing the name of the place intended as the scene of the play. The actors were all males, the female parts being taken by boys and delicate-looking young men. In the time of good Queen Bess, the players, before dismissing the audience, knelt at the front of the stage, and offered up a prayer for the Queen. It may be interesting to know that theatrical performances did not take place in the evening, as with us, but in the afternoon about three o'clock. A flag was usually hoisted to inform the public that the play was about to begin.

The Early Dramatists.



Christopher Marlowe (*b.* at Canterbury, about 1564, *d.* 1593). Of all

the writers for the stage before Shakespeare's time, Kit Marlowe was the greatest. After leaving the University of Cambridge, where he obtained his degree, he seems to have begun a wild and reckless course of life. Having joined a company of actors, most of whom were either drunkards or gamblers, or both, the gay, witty, jovial poet speedily became their boon companion, and abandoned himself to all kinds of wickedness, frequenting the worst places in London, despising everything that was good, and even denying the existence of a God. His death was in keeping with his life. Having quarrelled with a serving man in a low gambling house, he was stabbed with his own dagger, which "pierced through eye and brain." He died of his wounds in 1593, aged only twenty-nine years.

His principal works are the drama of *Faustus* and the tragedy of *Edward II.* The former represents Dr. Faustus as a learned man thirsting for more knowledge and greater enjoyment than his studies have been able to afford him. By the aid of magic, he is made to call up the Evil One, who promises him all kinds of delight, on condition that his soul shall be forfeited to Satan at the end of four-and-twenty years. Caring nothing for the future, Faustus signs the agreement with his blood, and, under the guidance of Mephistopheles, a fallen angel, enjoys every possible kind of pleasure. In this way the years glide on until the awful moment draws nigh when he must fulfil his pact. *Then* Faustus would pray, but cannot; and, in an agony of remorse and terror, he begs piteously for another day, another hour, in order to have more time for repentance; but the fatal moment came, and when some of his friends entered his room next day, they found his body torn limb from limb.

In the tragedy of Edward II. we have the story of that poor, favourite-loving, English King, who slighted his beautiful but revengeful Queen, Isabella, and suffered in consequence a cruel imprisonment and a violent death. The last scene of the play represents the murderer, Lightborn, entering the cell of the imprisoned King, and pretending to weep at the miserable condition in which he finds him. Thinking that Lightborn really sympathises with him, Edward reveals his sufferings in these words—

> "This dungeon where they keep me is a sink
> Wherein the filth of all the castle falls . . .
> And there, in mire and puddle have I stood
> This ten days' space; and lest that I should sleep,
> One plays continually upon a drum.
> They give me bread and water, being a king;

So that for want of sleep and sustenance
My mind's distempered and my body numbed,
And whether I have limbs or no I know not.
O would my blood drop out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tattered robes!
Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France."

After a while, the king feels convinced that Lightborn has come to kill him; and yet he would fain close his eyelids in sleep—

"Now, as I speak, they fall, and yet with fear
Open again."

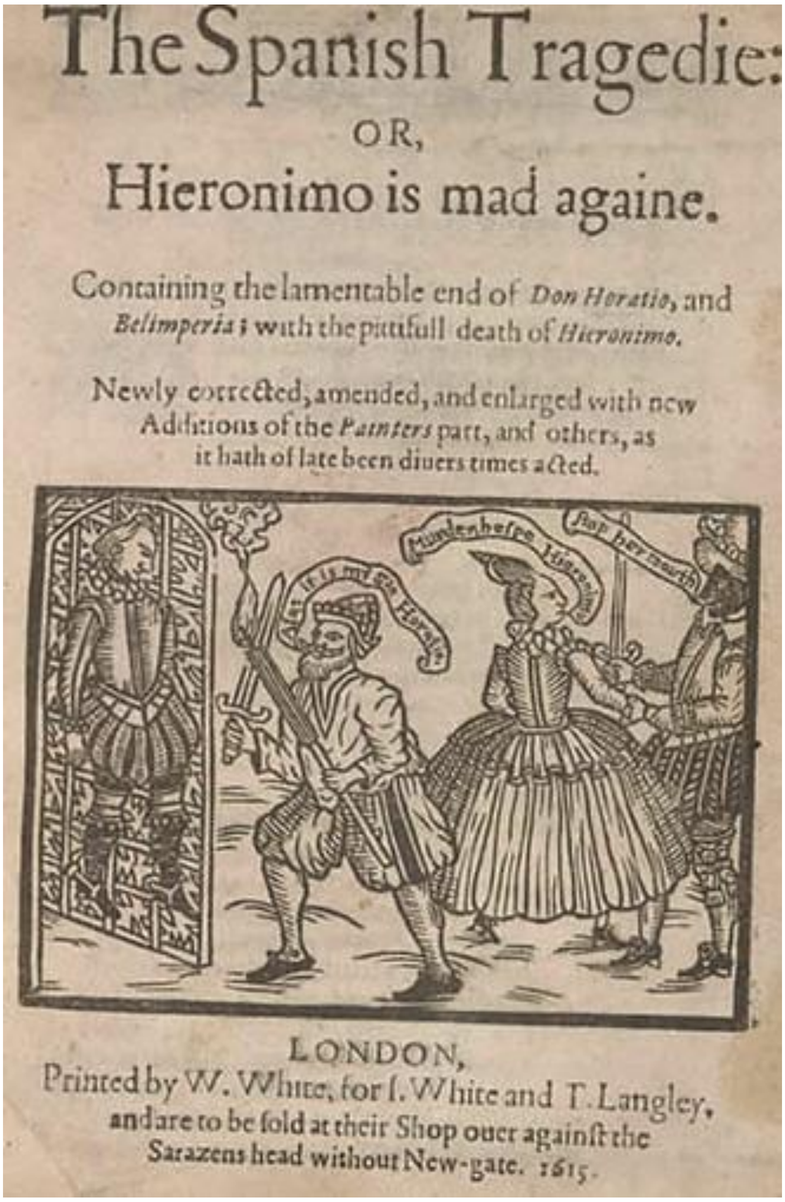
At length the murderer thinks he sleeps; but suddenly the king awakes again, and cries to Lightborn—

"Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me, if I sleep, I never wake:
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus;
And therefore, tell me wherefore art thou come?
LIGHT. To rid thee of thy life; Matrevis, come!
ED. I am too weak and feeble to resist:
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul."

In the two plays above referred to, Marlowe shows himself to possess a power as great as that of Shakespeare himself. The terrible language of Faustus in the last scene of the drama, and the touching and piteous words of Edward II. in the closing scene of the tragedy, are perhaps as fine as any similar passages in the whole range of English literature. But Marlowe wrote other plays which are characterised by excess in everything. His loves are mad passions; his angers, rages; his tragedies, massacres. In other words, he makes a lover speak to his mistress as though he would devour her; when his characters get angry, they stamp, and tear their hair, and gnash their teeth; and when they kill, they must stab, burn, drown; wholesale. In some of his shorter pieces, however, he is gentle, natural, and melodious.

Other Dramatists. These were mostly of the same set to which Marlowe belonged. They were very reckless and profligate; but their plays are so excellent that, had there been no Shakespeare, they would have stood in the

front rank of the dramatic poets of England. The most distinguished were **George Peele**, who acted along with Shakespeare, and wrote the first historical drama (*Edward I.*); **Thomas Kyd**, the author of a very popular tragedy called *Hieronymo, the Spanish Tragedy;* **Thomas Nash** and **Robert Greene**, who wrote satirical plays, but who would have abused anybody, if paid to do so; and **Thomas Lodge**, who, with Greene's help, wrote a play defending the stage from the attacks of the Puritans, for they heartily hated the theatre and everybody connected with it.



The Spanish Tragedie:
OR,
Hieronimo is mad againe.

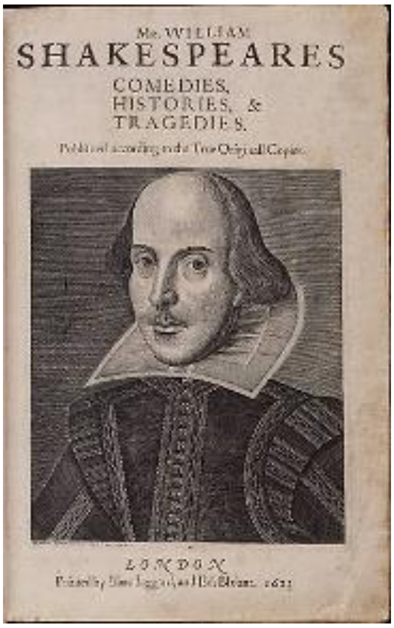
Containing the lamentable end of *Don Horatio*, and *Belimperia*; with the pittifull death of *Hieronimo*.

Newly corrected, amended, and enlarged with new Additions of the *Painters* part, and others, as it hath of late been diuers times acted.

LONDON,
Printed by W. White, for I. White and T. Langley, and are to be sold at their Shop ouer against the Sarazens head without New-gate. 1615.

Chapter VI.
Shakespeare and the Dramatists of his Age. A.D. 1558-1660.

William Shakespeare, his Life and Writings; Ben Jonson; Beaumont and Fletcher; Massinger; Other Dramatic Poets.



We have now to consider the life, writings, and leading characteristics of the greatest of all poets. William Shakespeare was born on the 23rd of April, 1564, in Stratford-on-Avon, a town in Warwickshire. His father, John Shakespeare, was a respectable shopkeeper, and dealt in wool, skins, leather, gloves, etc.; but his mother, Isabella Arden, was a lady born, and an heiress to boot. For many a year John and his wife lived happily, and things prospered with them; and we learn that he was made alderman, and afterwards mayor of his native town. Then he seems to have taken to farming, about which he knew little or nothing, and the consequence was that in his later days he was so poor that his son William had to support him. The poet was born during the prosperous part of his father's life, but, by the time he was fifteen, there was poverty in the household. William was probably educated at Stratford Grammar School. At the early age of eighteen he was married to Ann Hathaway—a woman eight years older than himself. It would not have been surprising to learn that a pair so ill-matched as to age had led an unhappy life; but there is no evidence that such was the case. All the stories we have been accustomed to read about Shakespeare's domestic misery, as well as

those about his poaching escapades on the estate of Sir Thomas Lucy, rest entirely on tradition, and are therefore regarded as unworthy of belief.

His father's poverty, and the necessities of his own increasing family, led him, at the age of twenty-two, to seek employment in London. It is probable that he was influenced in his choice of a profession by Burbage, the leading actor of the time, and himself a Warwickshire man. However that may be, he obtained employment at the Blackfriars Theatre, where he prepared old plays for public performance, acted occasionally, and, in brief, made himself so generally useful that an envious contemporary nick-named him "Johannes Factotum," or, as we should say, "Jack of all Trades." Afterwards, when his own plays began to appear, his greatness was acknowledged, and Shakespeare found himself on the high road to fame and fortune. Unlike the thriftless poets of his time, he was both careful and prudent, and, in point of fact, he was "the first man of whom our literature makes mention who was able to earn and to save money by the free use of his own genius." With his savings he assisted his old father and mother, and purchased for himself a small estate called New Place, near his old home at Stratford. He was, besides, a partner in the Blackfriars and Globe Theatres, and took a leading part in the management of the Royal Company of Players. That he himself commanded the respect of those above him in rank, is proved by the friendship of Henry, Earl of Southampton, to whom Shakespeare dedicated his *Venus and Adonis*—"the first heir of my invention."

The poet retired to New Place sometime before 1612, and here he died on the 23rd April, 1616, aged fifty-two. He was buried in the parish church at Stratford. Shakespeare's private character seems to have been that of an amiable, gentle, and generous man, beloved by everybody, except the very few who were jealous of his greatness.

He wrote *thirty-seven plays*, which may be divided into three classes—Tragedies, Historical plays, and Comedies. Among his principal tragedies may be named *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Hamlet*, and *King Lear*. The first of these contains the story of an ambitious Scottish Thane (Macbeth) who is urged by his more wicked and more ambitious wife (Lady Macbeth) to kill the king (Duncan) and others, in order to gain the crown; but, haunted by the ghosts of those he has slain, he lives a wretched life and is finallv killed in battle by an Earl (Macduff) whose wife and children he had cruelly put to death. The story of *Othello* is that of a Moor of Venice who marries a senator's daughter (Desdemona), and is speedily thereafter made madly jealous of her by an evil-minded wretch

(Iago) who so works upon the feelings of the Moor that, unable longer to endure this state of things, he kills his wife, and in the end stabs himself when he finds that she was innocent of the crimes imputed to her. *Hamlet* is the most thoughtful of all Shakespeare's plays. It tells the story of a Danish Prince (Hamlet) who is displeased because his mother, the Queen, has married his uncle (Claudius) so soon after his father's death. At midnight, the ghost of his father rises, tells him that murder has been done, that his uncle is the murderer, and calls upon him to revenge his father's cruel death. To this task Hamlet devotes himself, casting aside the lady of his love (Ophelia), who becomes a maniac, and is ultimately drowned. The last scene closes with the death of the King and his wretched Queen, although Hamlet also dies through the wicked designs of his uncle. In *King Lear* we have the story of a poor old King who was turned out of house and home, and exposed to the fury of a tempest by his ungrateful daughters (Gonerill and Regan), between whom he had divided his kingdom, foolishly believing that they loved him too dearly to be unkind to him. At length he becomes crazy in consequence of all he has to endure, and is finally rescued by his youngest daughter (Cordelia), who, he had thought, loved him least of all. The two wicked daughters died by violent deaths, and the third and only good one fell a victim to a heartless wretch who caused her to be killed in prison. This was more than the King could bear, and he laid himself down to die beside the body of the daughter who had loved him so fondly.

The most famous historical plays are *King John*, *Richard III.*, *Henry V.*, *Henry VIII.*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Coriolanus*, although some of these might more correctly be included among the tragedies.

The most notable of the comedies are *The Merchant of Venice*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*. *The Merchant of Venice* contains two stories, but so delightfully blended together as to seem like one. The first is about a Christian merchant (Antonio) who has need of a sum of money, which he borrows from a Jew (Shylock), who hates all Christians in general, and this merchant in particular. The agreement is drawn out, and the Jew adds, "in a merry jest," that if the money be not paid in three months the Christian shall forfeit a pound of his flesh to the Jew. The merchant, who expects his ships to arrive in time with plenty of money, agrees to the bond; but, as bad luck will have it, the ships are said to be wrecked, and when the three months are past, he cannot pay the Jew, who demands his pound of flesh. The second story is that of a rich heiress (Portia), whose

father's will declares that she shall marry the man who chooses the right one of three casquets made respectively of gold, silver, and lead. In making these two stories one, Shakespeare causes the merchant to borrow the money from the Jew, in order to oblige his friend (Bassanio), who wishes to get a chance of becoming Portia's husband. He luckily chooses the right casquet, and is about to be married, when news arrives that the merchant has fallen into the clutches of the Jew. A trial takes place, and Portia, disguised as a young lawyer, is the means of rescuing Antonio from the knife of the merciless creditor, who is in turn deprived of his property, and threatened with death, for his attempt on the life of the Merchant of Venice. *The Midsummer Night's Dream* contains just such a story as a poet would dream on a summer night. It is half real, half fanciful. The love tale of two young Athenians (Lysander and Demetrius), and two young ladies (Hermia and Helena), gets delightfully mixed up with a fairy tale, in which Oberon and Titania, the fairy King and Queen, have a quarrel, and in which Puck, the spirit of mischief, causes the most amusing and ridiculous mistakes to occur. The *Comedy of Errors* and *Twelfth Night or What You Will*, are both about members of families who were twins, and so like as to be continually mistaken the one for the other. In this way many very laughable incidents take place.

It would be vain to try to enumerate all the characteristics of Shakespeare's poetry, or to tell in how many respects he excels all other poets. He loved nature, and his poetry contains the most exquisite pictures; he studied the looks, the words, the actions of the men and women he met, and his plays reflect them as in a mirror; he thought deeply about the lessons we all need to learn, and his works are so full of them that they are thought to be—next to the Bible—the most instructive we have; he knew better than any other poet how to make us laugh and how to make us weep; his fancy creates fairies, ghosts, and strange monsters so life-like, that we wonder we do not meet them in the world we live in; not one of his hundreds of characters is twice drawn; and, most wonderful of all, he is able to introduce scenes and characters belonging to Egypt, Rome, Venice, etc., and to make the latter speak and act just as such persons, very likely, would have spoken and acted, not only at the particular place, but at the particular period to which the poet means his play to belong.

From Mark Antony's Oration.
"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle. I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See, what a rent the envious Casca made!
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no.
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel;
Judge, oh you gods! how dearly Cæsar loved him.
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquished him; then burst his mighty heart,
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
Oh, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! What! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded! Look you here!
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors."

Julius Cæsar.

Polonius's Advice to his Son.

"There,—my blessing with you!
And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new hatched unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear't, that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man. . . .
Neither a borrower nor a lender be.
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."—*Hamlet.*

Bees.

"So work the honey bees;
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home:
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad:
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone."—*Henry V.*

Fairy's Song.

"Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere:
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green;
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see.
Those be rubies, fairy favours,

In those freckles live their savours;
I must go seek some dew drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear."
Midsummer Night's Dream.



Ben Jonson (*b.* 1574, *d.* 1637). This poet was born at Westminster shortly after his father's death. Through the kindness of a friend, he received a good education, and was for a short time at Cambridge. He was removed from the university by his step-father—a bricklayer, who wished Ben to become a workman like himself. But Ben hated bricklaying, and soon flung down the hod, and fled to the Netherlands, where he became a soldier. In this new occupation he distinguished himself by killing a man in single combat in the presence of two opposing armies. On his return to England he became an actor and arranger of plays, just like Shakespeare. But his quarrelsome disposition brought about a duel with a fellow-actor whom he slew, and the poet narrowly escaped the gallows. In 1596 he brought out his first play, which became very popular, and, until the death of James I., all went well with him, except on one occasion, when he was imprisoned for a short time, and nearly lost his ears for writing part of a play making fun of the Scotch. He was one of Shakespeare's companions, and many a merry night they spent together at the "Mermaid " or the "Falcon." The close of his life was sad. Friends forsook him; those he had treated kindly turned their backs upon him; evil-minded scribblers made sorry jests about his writings; and, worn out in mind, body, and estate, he breathed his last in 1637, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. On his tombstone some kindly hand has graven the words, "O rare Ben Jonson."

Jonson's first and greatest work was the comedy of *Every Man in his Humour*—a play in which Shakespeare himself performed a part when it was publicly performed. The most prominent character is Bobadil—a person calling himself a gentleman, who lives in a wretched lodging, and lives on whatever he can get from those who may be foolish enough to believe in him. He is a great braggart; swears, with strange oaths, that he is a miracle of

bravery, and that no one could possibly stand before the fierceness of his wrath or the nimbleness of his sword. At heart he is the veriest coward, and by and bye submits to be thrashed like a baby. There are other excellently drawn characters in Jonson's great comedy, and they give a very good idea of the kind of life they are intended to illustrate.

Besides this comedy, Jonson wrote several others, and two tragedies, *Sejanus* and *Cataline*. These last are very wonderful representations of old Roman life; indeed, so accurate are they that Jonson has been called "a Roman author who composed in English." The heroes of both plays, however, are hateful characters, and the plays altogether are wanting in tenderness and passion. He was also a writer of *masques*—fanciful plays performed by ladies and gentlemen—sometimes even by the royal family. The conversation, interspersed with songs, was written by the best poet of the time. Music and dancing, gorgeous dresses and splendid scenery, were the usual accompaniments.

Jonson's plays are remarkable as displaying more learning, and as being more in keeping with the time, than Shakespeare's; but his characters are not so true to nature. His masques, pastorals, and lyrics are very beautiful.

Bobadil's Plan for Saving the Expense of an Army.

"*Bobadil*. I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to her majesty and the lords (observe me), I would undertake upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the State, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

" Why, thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have; and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccato, your imbroccato, your passado, your montanto, till they could all play very near, or altogether, as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts: and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honour refuse us; well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform, provided

there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood that is, civilly by the sword."—*Every Man in his Humour.*

To Celia.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise.
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

"I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee."—*The Forest.*

Good Life: Long Life.

"It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be,
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year.
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.
A lily of a day
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light!
In small proportions we just beauties see:
And in short measures life may perfect be."

Francis Beaumont (*b.* 1586, *d.* 1615) and **John Fletcher** (*b.* 1576, *d.* 1625). These were two clever gentlemen, who were such close friends that they lived and wrote together; and their writings are so intermingled that it is often difficult to tell what belongs to the one and what to the other. They wrote fifty-two plays, mostly comedies, and, at the time these were written, they were even more popular than either Shakespeare's or Jonson's. One of Fletcher's finest plays is a pastoral drama called *The Faithful Shepherdess*; and this is the story of it: Amoret and Perigot are two lovers. After they have

plighted their troth to each other, Perigot becomes suspicious that Amoret does not love him so fondly as she ought, and, in a fit of anger, he strikes her with his sword, and casts her into a well; but the god of the place heals her wound, and, so strong is her love, she seeks again the man who had wounded her. On finding him, she tells him she has forgotten his cruelty, and is ready to forgive him. Perigot, still blind to her devotion, wounds her a second time. Once more a kindly deity heals her wound; and Perigot, now convinced of her fidelity, throws himself at her feet, and is at once forgiven for all he has done.

The principal characteristics of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays are fun and fancy. They are full of mirth, and abound in bright and happy pictures; although it is a pity that they should have contained so much that is indecent.

The Fountain Deity's Speech to Amoret.
"I am this fountain's god! Below,
My waters to a river grow,
And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Through the meadows do they glide.
Wheeling still on ev'ry side,
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the even'st channel out.
And if thou wilt go with me,
Leaving mortal company,
In the cool stream shalt thou lie,
Free from harm as well as I;
I will give thee for thy food
No fish that useth in the mud!
But trout and pike, that love to swim
Where the gravel from the brim
Through the pure streams may be seen:
Orient pearl fit for a queen,
Will I give, thy love to win,
And a shell to keep them in;
Not a fish in all my brook
That shall disobey thy look,
But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly.
And to make thee understand
How I can my waves command,
They shall bubble whilst I sing,
Sweeter than the silver string."
The Faithful Shepherdess.



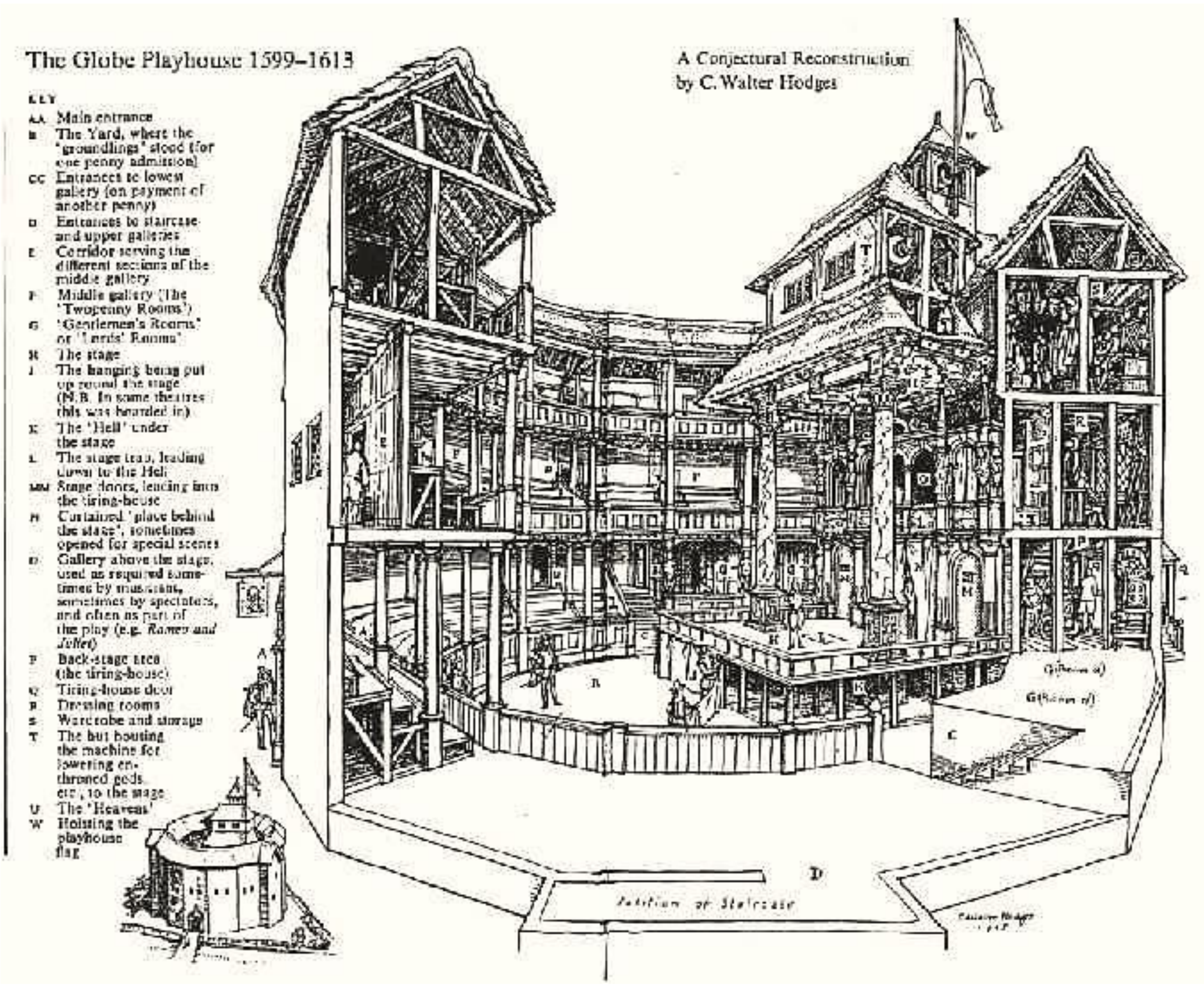
Philip Massinger (*b.* 1584, *d.* 1640). Massinger's life was a very sad one. He was born a gentleman, and was well educated; but, somehow, he was always poor. When he became a play writer he was constantly in trouble; and at one time we find him begging earnestly for the loan of a small sum to get him out of the debtors' prison. As he lived, so he died. There is a record in the parish register that there was buried "one Philip Massinger, a stranger." He wrote thirty-seven plays—as many as Shakespeare—consisting of tragedies, dramas, and comedies. The play which is considered his best is a comedy called *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*. The principal character is that of Sir Giles Overreach, who is the personification of selfishness. Massinger's works are remarkable for their representations of persons who, though poor, are made to resist temptations to do evil. His language is dignified, tender, and graceful; but, when he tries to be comic, he becomes coarse and indecent.

Sir Giles Overreach Describes Himself.

"I am of a solid temper, and . . .
Steer on a constant course: with mine own sword,
If called into the field, I can make that right
Which fearful enemies murmured at as wrong.
Now, for those other trifling complaints,
Breathed out in bitterness; as, when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbour's right, or grand encloser
Of what was common to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm,
Makes me insensible of remorse or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience."

A New Way to Pay Old Debts.

Other Dramatic Poets. Chief among these were **John Ford**, who beautifully illustrates the story of those who have been unhappy in their loves; **John Webster**, whose tragedies are full of "skulls, and graves, and epitaphs;" **George Chapman**, the translator of Homer, who wrote classical plays; **Thomas Dekker**, who "united the simplicity of prose with the grace of poetry;" **Thomas Middleton**, notable for his witches; **John Marston**, a satirical dramatist; **Thomas Heywood**, a clever and graceful writer; and **James Shirley**, whose plays give us excellent pictures of the fashionable society of his time.



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Chapter VII.
Prose Literature. From 1558 till 1660.

Sir Philip Sidney; Sir Walter Raleigh; Hooker; Bacon; Hobbes; Sir Thomas Browne; Jeremy Taylor; Other Authors.



Sir Philip Sidney (*b.* 1554, *d.* 1586). Sir Philip was not only one of the handsomest men at the court of Elizabeth, but was also a brave soldier, a kind-hearted and courteous gentleman, and one of the most splendid scholars of his age. No wonder that the Queen called him "the jewel of her court." He was fatally wounded at the battle of Zutphen, in the Netherlands, whither he had been sent to help the inhabitants against their enemies, the Spaniards. Everybody knows the story of the generosity of Sidney, in parting with the cup of cold water to the soldier whose necessity he considered greater than his own. He died shortly afterwards at Arnheim.

He wrote sonnets, as Surrey had done before him, and, like Surrey, he had a lady love to whom he addressed them. Surrey had his Geraldine, and Sidney his Stella. But he is better known in literature for two prose works—*The Arcadia*, written to amuse his sister, the Duchess of Pembroke; and *A Defence of Poesy*, against the attacks of the Puritans, who thought the reading of poetry was a sin. The former is simply a pastoral poem written in prose form, and was an immense favourite with the ladies of the court. *The Defence* is the more manly work, and shows, among other things, how the old ballads (short story-poems) about the great heroes of bygone days may stir up the reader of them to become heroic too; and how real poetry not only helps us to be good scholars, but teaches us to be noble, and honest, and true.

Sidney's prose and poetry both are disfigured by "conceits," or far-fetched ideas; but his high estimate of female character had a most excellent influence on the morals of his time.

From the "Defence of Poesy."

"Now, of all sciences—I speak according to the human conceit—is our poet the

monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first, give you a cluster of grapes; that, full of that taste, you may long to pass farther. He beginneth not with obscure definitions; . . . . but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner; and pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue."



Sir Walter Raleigh (*b.* 1552, *d.* 1618). This was the most extraordinary of all the writers of this period. He was remarkable in many ways. As a soldier, he distinguished himself both at home and abroad, both at sea and on shore; as a courtier, he was gallant and accomplished, and, like Sidney, a great favourite with the Queen; and, as an adventurer, he crossed the Atlantic, visited North and South America, founded a colony, and brought home the potato and the tobacco leaf. But, when James I. became King, he was imprisoned on a charge of being connected with a plot, with which in reality he had nothing to do. After twelve years' confinement in the Tower, he was liberated by the money-loving King, who allowed him to go to South America to look for gold to fill the royal purse. But he was most unfortunate. He failed to find the gold; he displeased the Spanish by attacking one of their settlements; and, losing his eldest son, returned to England a broken-hearted man. He was immediately placed in his old prison; and, to please the Spaniards, who had complained of Raleigh's behaviour in South America, the King caused him to be executed in 1618.

Raleigh's great book is *The History of the World*, written during his long imprisonment. It gives an account of the world from the time of the Creation till about 170 B.C., and is remarkable for the clearness of its language, its interesting style, and its great display of learning; but the reader may detect in its pages the heart sadness of the imprisoned author.

Apostrophe to Death.
(From the "History of the World.")

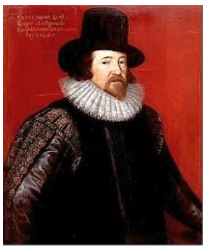
"Oh, eloquent, just and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded;

what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it over with these two narrow words—*Hic jacet*."

Richard Hooker (*b.* 1553, *d.* 1600). This was a man who, though born of poor parents, rose to a high position in the church to which he belonged. At school he was noted for his cleverness, and for his gentle and modest disposition. When at college (to which a kind bishop had sent him) he was a highly distinguished student, and when he took orders he speedily became a prominent clergyman in the Church of England. He was induced to marry a woman who was a shrew; but he did not rebel, being of a meek and quiet spirit. For some time he was Master of the Temple in London. Here he had a colleague who disagreed with him on many subjects, and used to preach doctrines in the forenoon that he (Hooker) had to contradict in the afternoon. This duty was so much disliked by the amiable Master that he begged to be allowed to have a church in the country, where he might be at peace. His request was granted; and during his quiet hours he wrote his great book—*A Treatise on the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*. This work explains the laws by which the Church of England is governed. It is considered one of the finest examples of English prose. The style is simple, clear, earnest, and free from the ridiculous ideas and far-fetched illustrations so common in the religious writings of that age.

On Law.

"Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God; her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power. Both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy."—*Ecclesiastical Polity.*



Francis Bacon (*b.* 1561, *d.* 1626). This was the son of Sir Nicholas

Bacon, a favourite at the court of Elizabeth, and Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. Burleigh, the Queen's adviser, was the uncle of Francis, who from his very childhood showed signs that he would ere long be greater than either father or uncle. He studied at Cambridge, and there he became fond of philosophy—the love of knowledge seeking. Afterwards he travelled on the continent, where he became better acquainted with men and manners; and, on his return, he was persuaded by Burleigh to study the law. This he did with such success that in a comparatively short time he became one of the best lawyers of the day. The Earl of Essex was his friend, and on one occasion gave him the gift of a fine estate to console him for a disappointment. In the House of Commons, of which he was for some time a member, he was considered a great speaker; but it could not escape notice that he used slavish and discreditable means at court in order to further his own interests. His conduct towards his kind friend Essex is an example of this. When the unfortunate earl came to be tried on a charge of high treason, the man who did his utmost to secure his execution was Francis Bacon! It is pleaded, by way of excuse, that a sense of duty to his Queen and country prompted him to do this mean thing! When James I. succeeded to the throne, Bacon courted the friendship of the royal favourites, in order to ingratiate himself with the King. In this he was successful, and ere long we find him receiving the title of Viscount St. Albans, and becoming Lord High Chancellor, the most important judge in England. He held office for four years, and might have held it longer, but that he was accused of taking bribes. To this charge he had to plead guilty, and besides being degraded from his high office, he was fined and condemned to be imprisoned in the Tower; but the King did not desert him, for the fine was greatly modified, and his stay in prison was very brief. After his disgrace he lived for five years, and died believing that posterity would do justice to his abilities.

As a writer on philosophy Bacon has no equal; and to him the world is indebted for much that has been accomplished in science and the arts since his day. He first wrote a book to show that the world, considering its age, ought to have possessed more knowledge than it then did; and that this was because its wise men had been taking a wrong way, or, at least, a slow way, of investigating nature. In his next book he explains his method of philosophy, and shows that it is only by the use of observation and experiment that we can verify the knowledge we already possess, and learn the secrets of the earth we live upon, of the air we breathe, and of the stars in the sky overhead. In

the three books that follow, he gives examples to show how his plan is intended to work, and remarks that the students who carefully use his method will speedily realise results that will command the astonishment of the world. And his prediction has come true. By the aid of the Baconian philosophy our homes have been made much more comfortable, our means of enjoyment greater, and we are now better able to take advantage of the good things Nature has in store for us.

The most of Bacon's works are written in Latin, but his *Essays* are in English. They are splendid specimens of the language of the time, and are remarkable, not only for the lessons they teach, but for their richness and conciseness. As an example of what is meant here by the word *richness*, take this sentence—

> Knowledge would be lost, if it were not kept in books, etc.

Now, this is the bare thought without any ornament. Bacon says—

> "As water, whether it be the dew or the spring, would easily scatter and lose itself in the ground, did not man make cisterns to hold it and keep it; so, the excellent liquor, knowledge, whether it come from God or man, would soon perish if it were not preserved in books," etc.

This is the same thought as before, but with the ornament of an illustration. It has a *richness* which the former lacks. By *conciseness*, again, we mean the expressing of what one has to say in the fewest possible words. Here is a well-known example from Bacon—

> "Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man: and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he hath not."

Here no words are wasted, and so the ideas are said to be *concisely* expressed.

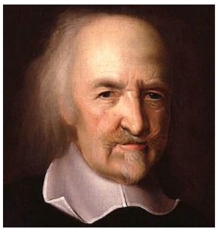
Prosperity and Adversity.

> "The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes.

We see in needlework and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground; judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly, virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed: for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue."

Libraries.

"Libraries are as the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed."



Thomas Hobbes (*b.* 1588, *d.* 1679). This clever writer was at one time secretary to Lord Bacon, and was, like him, a philosopher. Hobbes was a dogmatic man—that is to say, he believed his own way of thinking was always the right way, and that everybody who thought differently from himself must be in the wrong. During the Civil War he acted as mathematical tutor to the Prince of Wales, at that time in exile at Paris; and, at the Restoration, he received a pension of £100. He died at the ripe age of ninety-two. His principal work was the *Leviathan*, a series of essays in which he tries to prove that since it was so very difficult to make the people obey the laws of the land, it was therefore necessary that a despotic sovereign should rule over them. This kind of reasoning found favour with the Stuart kings, who all desired to be absolute monarchs. Hobbes was a great thinker, and his style is clear and exact, but wanting in those ornaments of speech which render Bacon's writings so attractive.

Emulation and Envy.

"Emulation is grief arising from seeing one's self exceeded or excelled by his concurrent, together with hope to equal or exceed him in time to come, by his own ability. But envy is the same grief joined with pleasure conceived in the imagination of some ill fortune that may befall him."

Sir Thomas Browne (*b.* 1605, *d.* 1682) was the son of a London merchant. At Oxford he studied medicine, and after passing some time in

foreign travel, he settled at Norwich as a physician. He received the honour of knighthood in 1671. Browne is usually classed among the religious writers, because his works are mostly of a serious cast, the principal among them being the *Religio Medici*, the *Hydrotaphia or Umburial*, and the essays on *Vulgar Errors*. These treatises exhibit great learning on a vast variety of subjects. They are perfectly original; the illustrations are quaint and even fantastic; and the style is so highly Latinised that persons knowing English alone must have some difficulty in understanding it. Dr. Johnson wrote Browne's biography, and imitated his style.

Of Pyramids, etc.

"Pyramids, arches, obelisks were but the irregularities of vainglory, and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity. But the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian religion, which trampleth upon pride, and sits on the neck of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity, unto which all others must diminish their diameters, and be poorly seen in angles of contingency."



Jeremy Taylor (*b.* 1613, *d.* 1667) was the son of a Cambridge barber. He got an excellent education at the Grammar School, and afterwards at the university of his native town. On the completion of his studies he entered the Church, and soon became one of the most popular preachers of the day. When the Civil War broke out, he served as chaplain to the royal army; but, when he saw that the King's cause was a losing one, he left the camp and retired into private life. At the Restoration he was made Bishop of Down and Connor, and a few years afterwards died at Lisburn, at the age of fifty-four.

His great works are three in number. The first *On the Liberty of Prophesying*, is a very powerful argument for religious toleration. The other two works are entitled respectively *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying*, and are intended to teach us how to live wisely, in order that we may die happy. Taylor has sometimes been compared to Spenser, because of his richness of imagination; and sometimes to Shakespeare, because he draws his illustrations from the most familiar objects. His works are full of beautiful ideas, and exhibit great wisdom and eloquence.

The Progress of Sin.

"I have seen the little purls of a spring soak through from beneath a bank, and soften the stubborn pavement, till it hath made it fit for the impression of a child's foot; and it was despised, like the descending pearls of a misty morning, till it had opened its way and made a stream large enough to carry away the ruins of the undermined strand, and to invade the neighbouring gardens: but then the despised drops were grown into an artificial river, and an intolerable mischief. So are the first entrances of sin stopped with the antidotes of a hearty prayer, and checked into sobriety by the eye of a reverend man, or the counsels of a single sermon; but when such beginnings are neglected, and our religion hath not in it so much philosophy as to think anything evil as long as we can endure it, they grow up to ulcers and pestilential evils; they destroy the soul by their abode, who at their first entry might have been killed with the pressure of a little finger."

Other Prose Authors.

Religious Writers. Among the most noted of these were **Bishop Hall**, the eloquent preacher; **Thomas Fuller**, the quaint and amusing writer of *The Holy War, The Worthies of England and Wales*, etc.; and **Richard Baxter**, the meek and long-suffering Nonconformist minister, who wrote a multitude of books and pamphlets full of piety and zeal. The best remembered are *The Saint's Everlasting Rest*, and *A Call to the Unconverted*. It may be mentioned here that the best English translation of the Bible was published under the auspices of James I., in 1611.

Historical Writers. The best were **Raphael Hollinshed** and **John Stow**, both of whom wrote English chronicles. The work of the former is interesting, because it was from it Shakespeare took the plots of *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, etc.

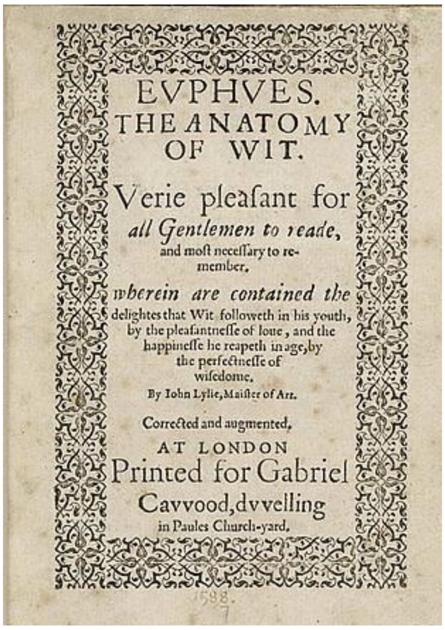
Writers on Travel and Adventure. The most prominent were **Hakluyt**, **Purchas**, and **Davis**. The two former are merely collectors of stories, the last was himself a sailor, whose name will always be identified with the straits he discovered. He writes in simple English the exciting stories of the dangers he encountered by land and sea.

Writers on Miscellaneous Subjects. Taking these, in the order of time, we have **John Lyly**, the author of the *Euphues*, a work which had the effect of making affectation of speech the fashion among the gentry of England;

John Burton, the pedantic author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*—a book in which he did his best to make a show of his learning; **Sir Thomas Overbury**, the graceful writer of a work called *Characters*, whose career was cut short by poison administered to him by Carr, one of the favourites of King James; **John Selden**, the antiquarian, who wrote a pleasant book entitled *Table Talk*; and the gentle **Isaac Walton,** whose *Complete Angler*, although written in prose, reads as if it were a pastoral poem.

Specimen of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

"It is reported by Plato, in his dialogue *De Amore*, in that prodigious commendation of Socrates, how a deep meditation coming into Socrates's mind by chance, he stood still musing, 'eodem vestigio cogitabundus,' from morning to noon; and when, as then he had not yet finished his meditation, 'perstabat cogitans,' he so continued till the evening; the soldiers—for he then followed the camp—observed him with admiration, and on set purpose watched all night; but he persevered immovable, 'ad exortum solis,' till the sun rose in the morning, and then, saluting the sun, went his ways. In what humour constant Socrates did thus, I know not, or how he might be affected; but this would be pernicious to another man; what intricate business might so really possess him, I cannot easily guess; but this is 'otiosum otium'—['careless tranquillity']; it is far otherwise with these men, according to Seneca: 'omnia nobis mala solitudo persuadet—['this solitude undoeth us']; 'pugnat cum vita sociali'—[' 'tis a destructive solitariness']."


EVPHVES.
THE ANATOMY
OF WIT.
Verie pleaſant for
all Gentlemen to reade,
and moſt neceſſary to re-
member.
wherein are contained the
delightes that Wit followeth in his youth,
by the pleaſantneſſe of loue, and the
happineſſe he reapeth in age, by
the perfectneſſe of
wiſedome.
By Iohn Lylie, Maiſter of Art.
Corrected and augmented,
AT LONDON
Printed for Gabriel
Cavvood, dvvelling
in Paules Church-yard.

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Chapter VIII.
John Milton.



This illustrious poet was born in London in 1608. His father was a scrivener or writer, and money lender, well-to-do in the world, and both anxious and ready to give his son a good education. From his earliest years Milton showed signs of becoming a great scholar and splendid poet. He wrote good verses when he was only thirteen years old; and at the age of twenty-one he produced a college exercise, the *Hymn on the Nativity*, perhaps the finest lyric poem in the language. On leaving Cambridge, where he had been a diligent student, he went to his father's house at Horton, and, during five years, read all the classical authors within his reach, and wrote four beautiful poems—*Comus* (a pastoral masque), *Lycidas* (an elegy or funeral song), *L'Allegro* (descriptive of mirth), and *Il Penseroso* (On Thoughtfulness). He next travelled on the continent for fifteen months, and while in Italy wrote several poems in Latin and in Italian, being very well acquainted with both languages. On his return to England he took part in the stirring events of the Civil War, siding with the Puritans, and writing furious pamphlets against the King. His most popular prose work is the *Areopagitica*—an address to the Parliament in favour of the freedom of the press. In 1649 he was appointed Latin Secretary under Cromwell. It was his duty to write and translate Latin letters, as the correspondence between the nations of Europe regarding State affairs was at that time conducted in the Latin language. When the period of the Restoration arrived, Milton suffered for the part he had taken against Charles I. He was fined and imprisoned, and had not powerful influence been exerted in his behalf, he might even have been put to death. In 1662 he became blind, but his "mind's eye" became clearer and brighter than ever. It was during this period of enforced retirement that Milton was busy with his greatest poem; and, notwithstanding his blindness, he completed it in 1665. He was three times married, and his last wife and three daughters survived him. He died at

Bunhill Fields, in November, 1674, and was buried in St. Giles. Cripplegate. Many years afterwards a monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

His greatest work is the *Paradise Lost,* an epic poem, divided into Twelve Books. In Book I. the poet tells us that his subject is to be man's disobedience and the consequent loss of Paradise. He next describes Satan, who was the first cause of this disaster, as rebelling against God, and as being cast with other rebel angels out of heaven. They fall into a vast unshapen place called chaos or hell. At first they are stunned, but soon afterwards recover, and Satan reminds them that there was a report in heaven that God had intended to create a new world, and a new kind of being to dwell upon it, and suggests that they might revenge themselves by making this new being commit evil. To talk over this matter, a council is held in Satan's palace of Pandemonium, which has risen from beneath as if by magic. In Book II. the council is held, and results in Satan's undertaking the perilous journey. He reaches the gates of hell, which are guarded by two monsters—Death, and his mother, Sin. With some difficulty he passes them, and after a long journey he at length comes within sight of the newly-created earth. Book III. describes God the Father beholding Satan as he flies afar in the direction of the world. The Father laments the misery that Satan will bring upon mankind; but they are not to be left to perish, for the Son offers himself as a ransom to redeem them from Satan's power. Meantime the Spirit of Evil, having assumed a disguise, arrives at the sun, where he meets Uriel, the angel of that orb, and succeeds in getting proper directions from him as to how the world is to be approached. At length he reaches it, and alights on a mountain. In Book IV. he finds his way to Paradise, where he changes himself into the shape of a cormorant, and, sitting on a branch of the Tree of Life, looks about him, and sees the beauty of the garden, and Adam and Eve retiring to rest after their evening worship. Book V. describes the events of the following morning. Eve has had a troubled dream, and Adam comforts her, after which, their morning prayers being over, they both go forth to work in the garden. The remaining part of this Book, and the whole of the three following, are occupied with a conversation which takes place between Adam and Raphael, who has been sent from heaven to warn him of Satan's approach. In Book IX. Satan, who had been driven from the garden by the guardian angels, comes back at night as a mist, and then assumes the form of a serpent. Next morning, Adam and Eve, at the suggestion of the latter, agree to work separately that day, and in this way the

serpent finds an opportunity to carry out his design when Eve is alone, the result being that Eve eats of the forbidden fruit, and Adam after her. In Book X. they receive their sentence. Sin and death prepare a road between earth and hell, and Satan returns in triumph to tell of his success; but both himself and the other fallen angels are immediately afterwards changed into serpents. Adam and Eve (Book XI.) repent and seek pardon. The Almighty accepts of their repentance, but they are nevertheless led forth from Paradise by the angel Michael, who shows Adam what fearful consequences will come of the sin he has committed, at the same time (Book XII.) comforting him with the hope of salvation. Milton wrote a sequel to *Paradise Lost*, entitled *Paradise Regained*; but although also a great poem, it does not possess the same grandeur as its predecessor.

Of the many notable characteristics of Milton's poetry, only a few can here be hinted at. He is the most learned of all the poets, and his works show how well he knew all the Greek, Latin, Italian, and English poets of any note. His language is lofty and dignified, and is quite in keeping with the sublimity and grandeur of his splendid imagination. His powers of eloquence are displayed in the magnificent speeches of Satan, and his pictures of Eden are beautiful evidences of his love of Nature. In his great poem he adopts the long majestic line peculiar to blank verse; but in writing his livelier poems, he prefers the short and sprightly rhyming couplet. The following quotations will show how much the poet was at home in both styles:—

Satan's Palace.

"Anon, out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet;
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars, overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice and frieze, with bossy sculptures grav'n:
The roof was fretted gold."—*Paradise Lost*, Book I.

From Adam's Morning Hymn of Praise

"Ye mists, and exhalations! that now rise
From hill, or steaming lake, dusky, or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise;

Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky.
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs,
Rising or falling, still advance His praise.
His praise, ye winds! that from four quarters blow.
Breathe soft or loud, and wave your tops, ye pines!
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune his praise.
Join voices all, ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to Heaven gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes, His praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and, if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."—*Ibid*, Book V

To Euphrosyne, or Mirth.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hung on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe." —*L'Allegro.*



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Chapter IX.
From the Restoration till the Year 1702.

Characteristics of the Restoration Period. Poets.; Butler; Dryden; Other Poets. Dramatists; Otway; Congreve; Other Dramatists. Prose Writers on Religious Subjects. Bunyan; Barrow; Other Religious Writers. Philosophers; Locke; Newton; Other Writers on Philosophy. Historians; Clarendon; Burnet; Other Historians.

During the Commonwealth, the Puritan Government compelled everybody to *seem* good, whether they were in reality good or bad. All kinds of amusements— dancing, the singing of secular songs, theatricals, etc.—were considered sinful. The result was that, when the pleasure-loving Charles became king, every restraint was removed, and the people plunged into all sorts of wickedness, which they called by the name of pleasure. It was as if a man mad with thirst were suddenly to find himself on a river's brink, and, at the sight of the cool, sparkling water, were to plunge into its depths, and drink, and drink, and drink, till he well nigh drowned himself. The people of England had thirsted for pleasure so long that now, at the Restoration, there was no satisfying them; and they sank so low in wickedness that many good men thought the country would be irrecoverably lost. The King, having learned the evil ways of the French when he was in exile, introduced them into England, and both himself and his court indulged in them to the fullest. The people followed the example set them in high places, and soon became shameless and indecent. This had a serious effect on the literature of the time; for, in order to live, many clever writers had to befool the good and to extol the bad, so as to suit the prevailing taste. The dramatic authors were worst in this respect; and the result is that their plays are so tarnished with immorality as to be unreadable in our day. Dryden wrote many such plays, although he said afterwards he was sorry for having done so. Towards the close of the period, however, the clever and witty pamphlet of Jeremy Collier (a dissenting clergyman), written against the immorality of the stage, had the effect of putting the most of the play-writers to silence and to shame.

The Poets.



Samuel Butler (*b.* 1612, *d.* 1680) is the great poet of the Royalist party, just as Milton was the great poet of the Puritans. He was the son of a Worcestershire farmer, and received his education in the free school of the county town. He was first employed as a clerk in the office of a Justice of the Peace, and in this way became acquainted with the law. In the service of the Duchess of Kent he had an opportunity of studying the habits of good society; and, as tutor to the family of Sir Samuel Luke, a Puritan knight, he had many chances of meeting and observing the religious fanatics of the Commonwealth time. In all these situations Butler had been "taking notes," which he afterwards embodied in his great comic poem of *Hudibras*. At the Restoration he was made steward of Ludlow Castle, but he soon afterwards lost his place. The court made many promises to do something for him, but having received nothing beyond their kind intentions, he died in poverty, and was buried at the expense of an admirer. His great work, as stated above, is *Hudibras*, a burlesque poem (one which makes solemn or grave matters seem ridiculous), and was intended to befool the Puritans. In it he describes the comic adventures of a Justice of the Peace (Sir Hudibras), and his clerk or squire (Ralph), who go forth to put a stop to the amusements of the people. They meet some persons leading a bear to a place for the purpose of indulging in the cruel amusement of bear-baiting. Sir Hudibras charges and disperses them; but they get help, and succeed in overpowering the knight, and put himself and his squire in the stocks. From this ignominious position they are delivered by a rich widow, to whom Sir Hudibras afterwards pays his addresses. When he visits the lady, however, her servants, disguised as devils, give him a severe castigation, and the enraged Sir Hudibras seeks the aid of the law to obtain his revenge. The plan of the poem is derived from the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes. As a story, *Hudibras* is nothing, but it is unequalled as

an exhibition of oddity, comicality, and wit, while the display of scholarship is not far behind that of Milton himself. The ideas are concisely expressed, and go far to prove that "Brevity is the soul of wit."

Here are examples of his oddity in rhyming:—

"The mighty Tottipottimoy
Sent to our elders an envoy."

"Those wholesale critics that in coffee-
Houses cry down all philosophy."

The following is a fair example of his style of description:—

"His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and die so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile:
The upper part whereof was whey,
The nether, orange mixed with grey.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns;
With grisly type did represent
Declining age of government;
And till with hieroglyphic spade
Its own grave and the State's were made"



John Dryden (*b.* 1631, *d.* 1700) was born of an ancient and wealthy family, and received his education at Westminster School, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge. His parents were Puritans, and so was he until the Restoration, when he became a Royalist. In 1663 he married the daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, a lady of an unpleasant disposition, and who was very likely the cause of her husband's bitter writings against marriage. On the accession of James II. he changed his religion and became a Roman Catholic, and was therefore appointed Poet Laureate, with a salary of £200 a year. At

the Revolution he was deprived of his office, but was nevertheless considered Prince of Critics to the end of his life. He died in 1700, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His great poetical works may be classified as follows:— **Two Satirical Poems**—*Absalom and Achitophel*—a political satire in which, under Bible names, he attacks several well-known personages of the court of Charles II., for the attempt they were making to exclude the king's brother from the succession; and the other, *Mac-Flecknoe*, a literary satire, in which he very severely chastises two miserable poets named Settle and Shadwell. We have next two **Controversial Poems** (containing arguments or disputes) on religious subjects—the *Religio Laici*, in which he defends the English Church from the attacks of its enemies: and the *Hind and Panther*, which was written in defence of the efforts made by James II. to restore the Roman Catholic Church. The former poem is considered the finest poem of its kind in the English language, although Dryden himself preferred the latter. *Alexander's Feast, an Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*—another of his poems—shows how well he could write lyrical verses. As a dramatist, he is principally remarkable as having attempted to introduce the rhyming tragedy; but the experiment proved a failure, for blank verse seems the only kind suitable for tragedy. Dryden wrote many plays, but none of them were very successful. Among his characteristics as a poet may be noticed his wonderful power in drawing word portraits of the personages of his time, his remarkable ability as a controversialist, his terrible strength as a satirist, and his unlimited command of musical language. The most of his works are in rhyming couplets, having ten syllables in each line.

Zimri[1]

"Some of their chiefs were princes of the land:
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was ev'rything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate."

Absalom and Achitophel

[1] Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

From "Mac-Flecknoe."

"All human things are subject to decay;
And, when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
Was called to empire, and had governed long:
In prose and verse was owned, without dispute
Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace.
And blest with issue of a large increase.
Worn out with bus'ness, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state;
And, pond'ring which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with Wit,
Cried: ' 'Tis resolved; for Nature pleads, that he
Should only rule who most resembles me.
Shadwell, alone, my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years:
Shadwell, alone, of all my sons, was he,
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest, to some faint meaning make pretence;
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.'"

Other Poets. During this period there were several poets of note. Among them may be mentioned the time-serving **Edmund Waller**, who dedicated one *Panegyric* (or praiseful address) to Cromwell, and another to Charles II.; **Sir John Denham**, author of *Cooper's Hill*, a descriptive poem; **Andrew Marvell**, the friend of John Milton and colleague of his then Latin Secretary; the **Earl of Roscommon**, the purest poet of the Restoration; and **Matthew Prior**, the author of tender love songs, and joint author with **Montague**, afterwards Earl of Halifax, in the production of the *Country Mouse and City Mouse*, a burlesque of Dryden's *Hind and Panther*.

The Dramatists.

Thomas Otway (*b.* 1651, *d.* 1685) was the son of a clergyman. After a good education at school and at Oxford, he went to London, where he became an actor; but he was a poor player, and had very soon to give up the stage. For a while he kept himself alive by writing tragedies; but, in 1677, through the influence of an earl, he was appointed cornet in a regiment of dragoons

serving in Flanders. This position he could not keep, for his life was too irregular for a military career. Returning to London he lived like Massinger, a life of perpetual poverty, and died at the early age of thirty-four. It is said that his death was caused by his eating a piece of bread too eagerly after a long fast. Otway's greatest tragedy is *Venice Preserved*, which is still acted. Its heroine, Belvidera, is remarkable for her wonderful strength of affection, and her terrible sufferings. According to Sir Walter Scott, Otway has excelled Shakespeare himself in pathos.



William Congreve (*b.* 1669, *d.* 1728) lived a very different life from that of poor Otway. He was educated in Ireland, and afterwards came to London to study the law; but he began early to write for the stage. His comedies were hailed with delight. Great men petted him, and secured for him situations which brought him plenty of money. He lived in the best society; and when he died he left £10,000 to the Duchess of Marlborough, who spent one portion of it in buying a necklace, and another in getting an ivory image of the poet, which was made to sit at table with Her Grace at meal times. She gave the poet a splendid burial in Westminster Abbey. Congreve's comedies, highly as they were esteemed in days gone by, are now all but forgotten; for, although they sparkled with wit, they were passionless and unnatural. His one tragedy, *The Mourning Bride*, is pompous and solemn, and fails to move our feelings. It contains the often quoted passage beginning. "Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast."

A Cathedral.

"How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs

And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes."

The Mourning Bride.

Other Dramatists. These were chiefly writers of comedies. The most important of them were **Wycherly**, the writer of clever but immoral comedies; **Sir John Vanburgh**, an architect, who wrote plays in which he drew very smart pictures of very bad company; and **George Farquhar,** a genial Irishman, whose gay and generous disposition is seen to excellent advantage in his plays.

Prose Writers on Religious Subjects.



John Bunyan (*b.* 1628, *d.* 1688) was the son of a Bedford tinker, and for a time he followed his father's calling. His education was so slight that he scarcely knew how to read and write. The earlier portion of his life seems, by his own account, to have been spent in wickedness; but a change took place. He became convinced of his sin, and turned to God. As a member of the Baptist Church, he eagerly proclaimed to others "the glad tidings " he had himself received. At the time of the Restoration he was convicted of holding conventicles (as religious meetings not connected with the Established Church were called), and was imprisoned in Bedford jail for more than twelve years. Here he wrote the *Pilgrim's Progress*; and, when he was at length set free, he began preaching again more zealously than ever. He caught a severe cold while on an errand of love, and died in London in 1688. A few days after, his remains were interred in Bunhill-fields burying-ground, and a handsome tomb erected to his memory.

His great work is the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The following epitome of its contents is given by M. Taine: "From highest heaven a voice has proclaimed vengeance against the City of Destruction, where lives a sinner of the name of

Christian. Terrified, he rises up amid the jeers of his neighbours, and departs, for fear of being devoured by the fire which is to consume the criminals. A helpful man, *Evangelist*, shows him the right road. A treacherous man, *Worldly Wiseman*, tries to turn him aside. His companion. *Pliable*, who had followed him at first, gets stuck in the *Slough of Despond*, and leaves him. He advances bravely across the dirty water and the slippery mud, and reaches the *Strait Gate*, where a wise *Interpreter* instructs him, and points out the way to the Heavenly City. He passes before a cross, and the heavy burden of sins which he carried on his back is loosened and falls off. He painfully climbs the steep *Hill of Difficulty*, and reaches a great castle, where *Watchful*, the guardian gives him in charge to his good daughters *Piety* and *Prudence*, who warn him and arm him against the monsters of hell. He finds his road barred by one of the demons, *Apollyon*, who bids him abjure obedience to the Heavenly King. After a long fight he slays him. Yet the way grows narrow, the shades fall thicker, sulphurous flames rise along the road; it is the *Valley of the Shadow of Death*. He passes it, and arrives at the town of Vanity, a vast fair of business, deceits, and shows, which he walks by with lowered eyes, not wishing to take part in its festivities and falsehoods. The people of the place beat him, throw him into prison, condemn him as a traitor and a rebel, and burn his companion *Faithful*. Escaped from their hands, he falls into those of *Giant Despair*, who beats him, leaves him in a poisonous dungeon without food, and, giving him daggers and cords, advises him to rid himself from so many misfortunes. At last he reaches the *Delectable Mountains*, whence he sees the holy city. To enter it he has only to cross a deep river, where there is no foothold, where the water dims the sight, and which is called the *River of Death*." This book of Bunyan's is the finest prose allegory in the language, and, next to the Bible, it is the most widely read. It is written in short expressive Saxon words, it is so simple in its story as to be easily understood by all, and contains so true a description of the history of a converted soul as to have an actual and personal interest for everybody.

The Pilgrims at Doubting Castle.

"Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and clown in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds? They told him

they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant: You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling and lying on my ground, and therefore you must go with me. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, in a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of those two men. Here they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did: they were therefore here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintances."—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

Dr. Isaac Barrow (*b.* 1630, *d.* 1677) was born in London, and educated at the Charter House, where he was perpetually fighting with his school-fellows. When he grew older he lost his quarrelsome nature, but retained his courage, for, on one occasion, when returning from the East, he exhibited great bravery in a fight with an Algerian pirate. At Cambridge he distinguished himself as a student, and ere long became successively Professor of Greek, of Geometry, of Mathematics, Master of Trinity College, and finally Vice-Chancellor of his native University. His knowledge was very extensive. He was well acquainted with the ancient languages, knew mathematics thoroughly, and was deeply read in all branches of science. It is said, indeed, that had there been no Newton (who was himself a pupil of Barrow's), he would have been considered the best mathematician of his time. The later years of his life he devoted to the Church, and preached those *Sermons* which have made his name famous in literature. They were written with the greatest care are remarkable for their fulness of thought, and were considered by Lord Chatham to be among the finest examples of eloquence in the English language.

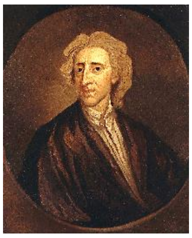
Charity.

"Is any man disappointed of his hopes or endeavours? Charity crieth out, alas! as if it were itself defeated. Is any man afflicted with pain or sickness? Charity looketh sadly, it sigheth and groaneth, it fainteth and languisheth with him. Is any man pinched with hard want? Charity, if it cannot succour, it will condole. Doth ill news arrive? Charity doth hear it with an unwilling ear and a sad heart, although not particularly concerned in it. The sight of a wreck at sea, of a field spread with carcases, of a country desolated, of houses burned and cities ruined, and of the like calamities incident to mankind, would touch the bowels of any man; but the very report of them would affect the heart of Charity."—*Sermons.*

Other Writers on Religious Subjects. The best of these were **John Tillotson**, Archbishop of Canterbury, a famous preacher, whose Sermons, if

not always elegant, are never wanting in earnestness; **Dr. Robert South** also wrote *Sermons*, which were the delight of the Second Charles and his court, because they upheld the absolutism of the Stuarts, and lashed with unsparing satire the peculiarities of the Dissenters; and **Edward Stillingfleet**, chiefly distinguished as a controversialist.

Philosophers.



John Locke (*b.* 1632, *d.* 1704) was a native of Somersetshire, who was educated at Oxford, and devoted himself to the study of medicine; but his weak health prevented his becoming a physician by profession. His medical skill, however, is said to have secured him the friendship of Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury, whom he followed into exile in Holland, where he remained for six years, and returned to England in 1688. His noble friend found him an excellent situation, which his feeble health did not allow him to keep. He was intimate with the most distinguished men of England and of France, and Sir Francis Masham offered him a home in the family mansion in Essex, where he died at the age of seventy-two. While yet a student at Oxford he was discontented with the old system of philosophy—just as Bacon had been before him—and studied carefully that new system which Bacon had substituted for it. This New Philosophy had been till now applied to the physical or material world alone. Locke applied it to the mind. His views are explained in his *Essay Concerning the Human Understanding*—a work on which he had been engaged for eighteen years. Its style is clear and, although dealing with an abstruse subject, is easily understood.

New Doctrines.

"The imputation of novelty is a terrible charge amongst those who judge of men's heads, as they do of their perukes, by the fashion, and can allow none to be right but the received doctrines. Truth scarce ever yet carried it by vote anywhere at its first appearance: new opinions are always suspected, and usually opposed, without any other reason but because they are not already common. But truth, like gold, is not the less so for being newly brought out of the mine. It is trial and examination must give it price, and not any antique

fashion; and, though it be not yet current by the public stamp, yet it may, for all that, be as old as nature, and is certainly not the less genuine."—*Essay on the Human Understanding.*



Sir Isaac Newton (*b.* 1642, *d.* 1727) was born at Woolsthorpe in Lincolnshire. His father was a farmer. From his earliest years he was fond of constructing mechanical toys, such as windmills and waterclocks. At Cambridge he made rapid progress; and, in 1669, was appointed Dr. Barrow's successor as Professor of Mathematics. Now it was that he discovered in nature the grand law of gravitation; and with this discovery his name will always be associated. He was elected a Member, and by and by appointed President, of the Royal Society. In 1688 he became a Member of Parliament; and, in 1705, received the honour of knighthood from Queen Anne. He died in 1727, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. Newton is celebrated chiefly for his scientific works, the principal of which are the *Philosophiæ Naturalis*, *Principia Mathematica*, and his treatise on *Optics*.

Other Writers on Philosophy. Among the authors eminent in this department of learning were the **Hon. Robert Boyle**, who showed the connection between religion and philosophy; and **Dr. Ralph Cudworth**, who wrote against many of the teachings of Hobbea

Historians.

Clarendon (*b.* 1609, *d.* 1674). Edward Hyde was a distinguished royalist, who wrote the history of the Civil War. He was the friend and adviser of Prince Charles in his exile, and at the Restoration was rewarded with the title of Earl of Clarendon, and made Lord Chancellor of England. But after a while, Charles preferred his own way of thinking and acting, and thus the advice of his old friend was not only disregarded, but became utterly unbearable. The people, too, had taken a dislike to him. They were displeased

to see him acquiring such wealth, and when they found that he—the son of a country gentleman—had presumed to marry his daughter to James, Duke of York, the king's own brother. But they were enraged beyond all measure when they heard that Clarendon had had some share in the selling of Dunkirk to the French King. Charles, who was the principal culprit himself, allowed a charge of high treason to be brought against the Chancellor, who had to flee to France, where he died in 1674. His only great work is his *History of the Rebellion*, which is very interesting, because it comes from the pen of a man who actually took part in the events he describes. But he was a partial historian—not because he wrote much that was untrue regarding the side opposed to his own, but because he left unwritten that which an impartial historian would certainly have recorded. His *History* is defective in style, but it is full of well-drawn character portraits of the men who were conspicuous at the time of which he writes. Some of them, however, such as those of Charles I. and Cromwell, are drawn with a very partial pen.

Character of Charles I.

"He was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian that the age in which he lived produced. And if he were not the greatest king, if he were without some parts and qualities which have made some kings great and happy, no other prince was ever unhappy who was possessed of half his virtues and endowments, and so much without any kind of vice."

Character of Cromwell.

"He was guilty of many crimes against which damnation is denounced, and for which hell fire is prepared, though he had some good qualities which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated; and he will be looked upon by posterity as a brave, wicked man."—*History of the Rebellion.*

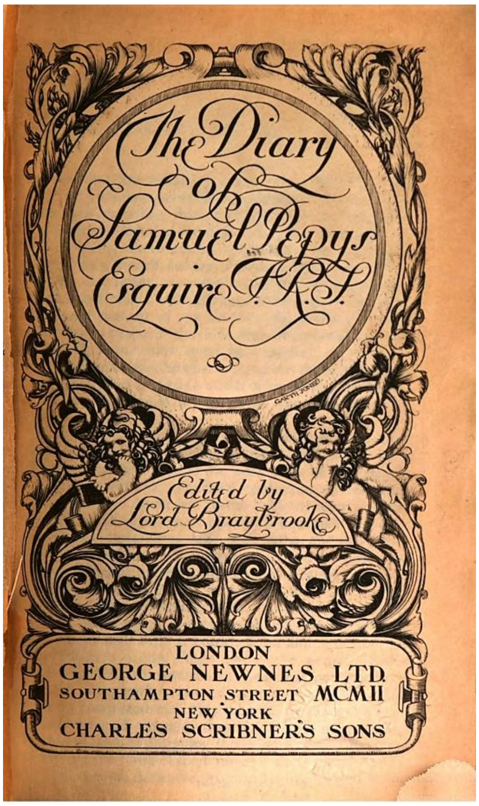
Gilbert Burnet (*b.* 1643, *d.* 1715) was at one time Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow, but afterwards went to London, where he became popular as a preacher and as author of a history of the Reformation. Charles II. liked Burnet very well for a while; but when that clergyman took him to task for his vices, he turned his back upon him. When James II. became king, Burnet thought it advisable to retire to Holland, and was one of those who were instrumental in bringing William of Orange to England. With this Prince he returned from his exile, and was made Bishop of Salisbury. He died in

1715. Besides his *History of the Reformation*, he wrote a book called *The History of My Own Times*, a posthumous work. It is written in a natural and interesting style, and contains an account of the important events with which he himself was so closely connected.

William III.

"Thus lived and died William III., King of Great Britain, and Prince of Orange. He had a thin and weak body, was brown-haired, and of clear and delicate constitution. He had a Roman eagle nose, bright and sparkling eyes, a large front, and a countenance composed to gravity and authority. All his senses were critical and exquisite. He was always asthmatical, and the dregs of the small pox falling on his lungs, he had a constant deep cough. His behaviour was solemn and serious, seldom cheerful, and but with a few. He spoke little and very slowly, and most commonly with a disgusting dryness, which was his character at all times, except in a day of battle; for then he was all fire, though without passion; he was then everywhere, and looked to everything."—*History of My Own Times*.

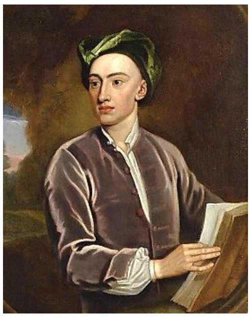
Other Historians. John Evelyn and **Samuel Pepys**, though they did not write *histories* properly so-called, contributed a great deal of interesting information of a historical nature in the *Diaries* which they wrote.



Chapter X.
Poets of the "Augustan" Age. From 1702 Till 1750.

Characteristics of the Period. Poets. Pope; Young; Thomson; Collins; Gray; Other Poets. Dramatists. Gay. Other Dramatists.

The period embraced by the reigns of Queen Anne, George I., and George II. is known as the "Augustan" Age of English Literature, because the number of great authors whose writings were distinguished for refinement and elegance made the time resemble that of Augustus, the great Roman Emperor. At the beginning of the period, the poets follow the teaching of Dryden, in attending more to the method of expressing their ideas than to the ideas themselves. This is more a matter of *art* than of poetry, and hence poets often forgot to write naturally in their strong desire to write elegantly. Pope excels all the poets of the artificial school; and, for a while, he was closely imitated. But a time came when people got tired of this style; and hence, towards the close of the period, there was a return to the poetry of nature. This age was remarkable for the publication of the first periodicals, the earliest being the *Review*, conducted by Defoe; but the most important were those published by Steele, containing the news of the day, as well as short pleasant essays on the manners and customs of the time. They were of great service to society, improving its morality, and cultivating a literary taste among the people. It was during this period also that the first English novels were written.



Alexander Pope (*b.* 1688, *d.* 1744) was the son of a London linen draper. After the poet's birth, his father retired from business, and lived at Binfield, in the neighbourhood of Windsor Forest. Here his deformed little son, Alexander, was reared, and early larned to love the beautiful scenery around him. He was dwarfish in stature, but great in genius, for even in the nursery he was a poet. His education was for the most part conducted by priests, for his father was a Catholic. When he was about sixteen his public career as a

poet began, and afterwards he produced his *Essay on Criticism*, which is more like the work of an old and experienced poet than of so young a man as Pope then was. Next he published *The Rape of the Lock*, which "delicious little thing," as Addison called it, placed its author at the head of the poets of his time. Afterwards he translated the *Iliad* of Homer, and was so successful that he himself says—

> "And thanks to Homer, since I live and thrive,
> Indebted to no prince or peer alive."

Up to this time Pope had been living with his father and mother; but, after the death of the former, he bought a pretty villa at Twickenham, and resided there with his mother, whom he loved very dearly. His time was now divided between his literary work and his garden and grotto, which was a great hobby of his. At Twickenham he entertained his friends, among whom were the wittiest and best men in the land. Being pestered by a number of the would-be poets of the day, he wrote *The Dunciad*, which has been regarded as the fiercest poetical satire in any literature. His last productions were *The Essay on Man*, and *The Imitations of Horace*. In disposition Pope was resentful, peevish, and ill-tempered, although he was also an affectionate and dutiful son. His bad health may have been the cause of his fretfulness, for he was but feeble in body. Disease, at length, made him lay down his pen, and he died in May, 1744. *The Rape of the Lock* is usually considered the best of his poems. It has been called "a dwarf epic," having for its subject the cutting of a lock of hair from the head of a beautiful Court-maiden, named Lady Arabella Fermor. In the poem she is called Belinda. Canto I. proceeds, in mock heroic strain, to tell how Belinda is warned by the spirit Ariel in a dream that something dreadful is about to happen. Canto II. describes the bold baron, who has determined to have the lock of hair, as offering sacrifices to the gods in order to be successful in obtaining it; and tells how Ariel gathers together the little sylphs and fairies who have charge of Belinda, and warns them that, if any one shall allow harm to befal her, he

> "Shall feel sharp vengeance overtake his sins,
> Be steeped in vials, or transfixed with pins;
> Or, plunged in lakes of bitter washes, lie;
> Or, wedged, whole ages, in a bodkin's eye."

In Canto III. we have a coffee drinking at Hampton Court, where the baron succeeds in obtaining a pair of scissors—and although a sylph tries to prevent it, and is cut in two in making the attempt—

"The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!"

Canto IV. tells how Belinda, in an agony of sorrow, sends her beau, Sir Plume—a dandy with an amber snuff-box and a clouded cane—to ask back the lock of hair from the baron. It is refused, and the unhappy girl is half-drowned in tears. In Canto V. a fearful fight takes place between the ladies and the gentlemen, and many of the latter fall transfixed by the glances of their fair opponents. Belinda, determined to have back the stolen lock, flies at the baron, flings snuff at him, makes him sneeze frightfully, and the struggle is going on when, suddenly, the lock of hair vanishes, and takes its place among the stars as one of the constellations. The principal characteristics of Pope are sprightliness of fancy and neatness of language; wonderful ability to reason in verse; splendid imagery; wit that is sometimes playful, sometimes severe; and, most noticeable of all, a certain drawing-room or fashionable method of expression, which is the distinctive feature of that school of which Pope was the brightest ornament. His satirical powers were tremendous, but they will be best understood by an example:—

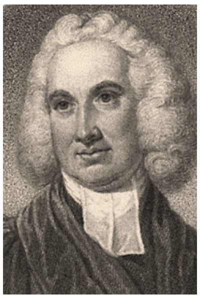
"Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe! . . .
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fallen worth, or beauty in distress:
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about—
Who writes a libel, or who copies out; . . .
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injured, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lie not, must at least betray: . . .
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.
Let Sporus tremble[1]—[2] *A*. What! that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of asses' milk?

[1] Lord Hervey.
[2] Arbuthnot, with whom the poet supposes himself to be conversing.

Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?"
Prologue to the Satires

From the "Essay on Criticism."

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There, shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts;
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanced, behold, with strange surprise.
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So, pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky!
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
But, those attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthened way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes;
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!"



Edward Young (*b.* 1681, *d.* 1765) was the son of a Hampshire clergyman. In his earlier years he attached himself to the court and sought to gain fame and fortune as a State Poet. In this, however, he was unsuccessful, and, as a last resource, when fifty years old, he entered the Church, and was made chaplain to George II. The disappointments of the past, and the loss of those whom he held dearest on earth, made the poet sad and gloomy. He died at the age of eighty-four. In the early part of his career he wrote a satire only second in excellence to those of Pope; but his ablest work is the *Night Thoughts*. It is a religious poem written in blank verse, and is divided into nine parts—each part containing the thoughts or reflections of a night. Its subjects

are Life, Death, and Immortality. In dealing with such solemn themes, Young displays great power, and in some passages approaches Milton in grandeur and sublimity. His lines, however, are frequently spoiled by the introduction of conceits as absurd as any that are to be found in works of the "metaphysical" poets of the seventeenth century.

Apostrophe to Night.

"O majestic Night!
Nature's great ancestor! Days' elder born!
And fated to survive the transient sun!
By mortals and immortals seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist; clouds in heaven's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form, and heaven throughout
Voluminously pour thy pompous train:
Thy gloomy grandeurs—Nature's most august,
Inspiring aspect!—claim a grateful verse;
And, like a sable curtain starred with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours past, shall clothe the scene. '

Night Thoughts.



James Thomson (*b.* 1700, *d.* 1748) was born in Roxburghshire. His father was a minister, and wished his son to follow the same profession; but it would seem that James preferred poetry to preaching, for we find him leaving the University of Edinburgh and proceeding to London. Thither he went with his manuscript poem of *Winter* in his pocket, being determined to try his fortune as a poet in the great city itself. Having visited a countryman of his own who was considered a good judge of poetry, he was advised to publish his poem. This he did, and the public were delighted with it. From this time all went well with the lucky author. He became private tutor in the family of Chancellor Talbot, and through him obtained a situation in which there was money enough to be got without much labour. After Talbot's death he got other posts of the same kind, so that he lived and wrote at his ease in

a snug house situated in the midst of a lovely garden at Richmond, where also he was surrounded by many friends. He died from the effects of a cold which he caught while with a boating party on the Thames. His most popular work is *The Seasons*, a descriptive poem in blank verse. Its four parts were published in the following order: *Winter*, *Summer*, *Spring*, and *Autumn*, and they give a most particular account of all the changes of the year. The author introduces into each part a short but interesting story by way of variety. But, although the poem of *The Seasons* is usually considered the greatest of Thomson's productions, there is an allegorical poem of his, entitled the *Castle of Indolence*, which is held to be more graceful and refined. It is written after the manner of Spenser, and is a deliciously dreamy description of indolence, written by a poet who was himself the laziest of men. The characteristics of Thomson's style are minuteness of description, richness of imagination, softness and beauty of versification, and an occasional tendency to be bombastic or pompous—that is to say, to use grand and high-sounding words where simple language would be more expressive. It remains to be added that Pope assisted Thomson in several of his poems.

From the "Castle of Indolence."

"In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground:
And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrowned,
A listless climate made, where sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

"Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,
From poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
And hurled everywhere their waters sheen;
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

"Joined to the prattle of the purling rills,

Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep."

William Collins (*b.* 1720, *d.* 1756). This unhappy poet was the son of a Chichester hatter. He received an excellent education; and, although at one time intended for the Church, he endeavoured to earn his bread by writing. He was a dreamer, thinking always of the splendid things he was about to write, but which he either never wrote at all or left in an unfinished state. He became idle and dissipated, and failed to support himself. At last he received a legacy of about £2000, but his misfortunes and excesses had hurt his mind and enfeebled his body, so that he was unable to enjoy his good fortune. During his last years he was little better than an idiot, and he died at the early age of thirty-six. His best-known work is his *Ode to the Passions*. It is a lyrical poem, and tells how the Passions had gone to hear Music, a heavenly maid; and how they took her instruments and tried to play upon them. Fear was frightened at the sound which he made; Anger made a "rude clash;" Despair produced mingled sounds—some mournful, some wild with agony; Hope played and sung about coming pleasures; and Revenge blew a dreadful blast through a trumpet. The rest of the poem proceeds after a similar fashion, describing the music produced by Pity, Jealousy, Melancholy, etc. Collins is remarkable for the smoothness and sweetness of his language, and his ability to make his readers imagine fanciful beings and personifications to be real living creatures. Of the *Ode to Evening*—another beautiful poem of his—it has been said that "the whole poem seems dropping with dew, and breathing the fragrance of the hour."

From the "Ode to the Passions."

"Last came Joy's ecstatic trial.
He, with viny crown advancing,
  First to the lively pipe his hand addrest;
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
  Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
    They would have thought who heard the strain,

They saw, in Tempo's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round:
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings."



Thomas Gray (*b.* 1716, *d.* 1771). This poet was, like Milton, the son of a London scrivener. His father was a man of so harsh a nature that he was separated from his wife. It was to his mother, therefore, that Gray owed his education at Eton, and at Cambridge, where he afterwards became Professor of Modern History. His life was a very quiet one, spent, for the most part, in his study at Cambridge. Latin and Greek books were his constant friends, and it was but rarely he left them to take a breath of the fresh air among the mountains of Scotland or Wales, or to visit the beautiful scenery of the Lake Country. But when he did go, his letters describing what he saw show how thoroughly he enjoyed these excursions. He died in 1771. The poem by which he is best remembered is the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. It is not the best of his poems, but it is the most popular, because it expresses feelings which everybody has at some time or other experienced. This is a well-known and favourite verse from the *Elegy*—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

His other poems, such as the *Progress of Poetry*, and *The Bard*, are esteemed even more highly than the *Elegy*, because they show better how his scholarship affected his writings. Had Gray written more, he would have stood

higher as a poet; but he will be always remembered as a notable lyric, poet, and be remarkable for his dignified language and finished grace.

From "The Bard"

"On a rock, whose haughty brow
  Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
  With haggard eyes the poet stood—
Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air—
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre. . .

" 'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
  That hushed the stormy main;
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
  Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
  Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale:
  Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail:
The famished eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
  Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
  Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
....
  On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit; they linger yet,
  Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line,"[1]

Other Poets. Remarkable among these were **Dr. Thomas Parnell**, a companion of Pope and Swift, and the writer of a quiet and graceful poem called *The Hermit*; **Allan Ramsay**, an Edinburgh bookseller, the author of the *Gentle Shepherd*, the most charming of Scottish pastoral poems; **John Dyer**,

[1] Addressed to Edward I., who, according to tradition, caused the Bards of Wales to be massacred at Conway.

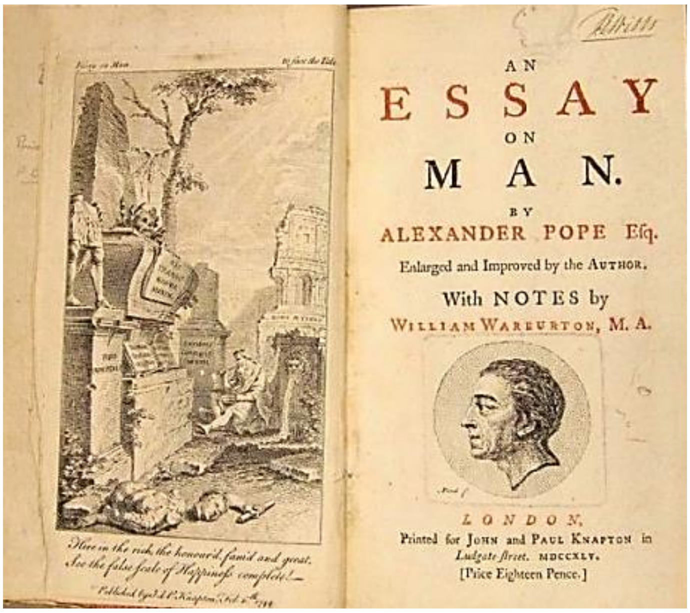
who wrote a descriptive poem called *Grongar Hill*; **Robert Blair**, the thoughtful author of *The Grave*; **William Shenstone**, whose poem of the *Schoolmistress* is wonderfully quaint and tender; **Mark Akenside**, who wrote a didactic poem (one intended to teach or instruct) called the *Pleasures of the Imagination*; and **Dr. Isaac Watts**, the well-known hymn writer.

Dramatists.

John Gay (*b.* 1688, *d.* 1732) was born of poor but respectable parents, and lost them both when he was about six years old. For a short time he was apprenticed to a silk mercer, but not liking the work, he left it, and took to poetry. He was gentle in manners and witty in conversation, and soon became intimate with Pope and Swift. He seems to have been occasionally employed in the families of the great, but he was never prosperous till he wrote, at Swift's suggestion, the *Beggar's Opera*. Then he began to make money, and to keep it. The last days of his life were spent in the house of the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, with both of whom he was a great favourite. He died of fever at the age of forty-four. Gay's most notable work, as already mentioned, is the *Beggar's Opera*—a comic play, in which all the characters are criminals or persons of evil reputation, and containing lessons for the most part of a hurtful tendency. Its great novelty was the introduction of songs, in imitation of the Italian opera; and this made it so successful as to give rise to English opera—a kind of stage performance which has never thriven very well. Gay wrote also a collection of *Fables*, which are familiar to most young people. His language is easily understood, and his rhymes are so musically put together, that they are very readily remembered. In the matter of song-writing there was no poet of his time who could equal him—his songs being even yet considered among the most charming in the language.

Other Dramatists. **Nicholas Rowe** was one of the few wealthy poets of his age. He wrote several tragedies, the most notable being *Jane Shore* and the *Fair Penitent*, in the latter of which occurs the epithet "a gay Lothario," as descriptive of the dissipated young gallant of the time. **Addison** attempted a tragedy called *Cato*, which was popular when it was first produced, but, with the exception of one or two passages usually to be found in books of elocution, it is now forgotten. **Steele**, **Young**, **Thomson**, **Fielding**, and **Smollett** all tried their talents at writing for the stage, but their dramatic works have ceased to

be of interest, and contain little that is worth remembering,



Chapter XI.
Prose Authors of the Augustan Age. From 1702 till 1750.

The Essayists. Steele; Addison. Writers of Fiction. Novelists. Defoe; Swift; Richardson; Fielding; Smollett. Philosophers and Writers on Religious Subjects. Shaftesbury; Clarke; Berkeley; Joseph Butler. Other Religious Writers. Miscellaneous Writers. Arbuthnot; Bolingbroke. Other Miscellaneous Writers.

The Essayists.



Sir Richard Steele (*b.* 1671, *d.* 1729). This author is notable as being one of the founders of periodical literature—that is, literary matter published at regular intervals like our dailies, weeklies, and monthlies. He was born in Dublin, but received his education at the Charter House in London, where he became the friend of Joseph Addison—destined to be the greater man of the two. He studied at Oxford for a while, and his uncle would have given him an estate if he had persevered in learning. But this did not suit him, so he joined the army, and lived a gay and careless life. Occasionally he would repent of his follies, and once he wrote a solemn book called the *Christian Hero*, which called down upon him the ridicule of his companions, who could not imagine Dick Steele becoming solemn under any circumstances. His wife brought him a fortune; but money was like water in his hands; he could not keep it. He was perpetually in debt, and those to whom he owed money led him such a life that, unable longer to endure their persecutions, he fled to Wales, where he died. Having written something in favour of the Government, he was rewarded with the post of Gazetteer. This gave him the opportunity of learning the very earliest official news; and the idea occurred to him that a paper might be published which should have news in it, as well as essays on the virtues, the vices, and the general habits of the people. This idea he carried out in *The Tatler*, a penny paper published thrice a week, and afterwards in *The Spectator* and *The Guardian,* which were issued daily. Steele was a lively and good-

humoured satirist, who strove by pleasant means to lead the people to love virtue and to hate vice. The following extract will show how pleasantly he describes the conversational *bore* of the time:

"Poor Ned Poppy—he's gone—was a very honest man, but was so excessively tedious over his pipe that he was not to be endured. He knew so exactly what they had for dinner, when such a thing happened, in what ditch his bay horse had his sprain at that time, and how his man John—no, it was William—started a hare in the common field, that he never got to the end of his tale. Then he was extremely particular in marriages and intermarriages, and cousins twice or thrice removed, and whether such a thing happened at the latter end of July or the beginning of August. He had a marvellous tendency likewise to digressions; insomuch that if a considerable person was mentioned in his story, he would straightway launch out into an episode of him. . . . The last time I was with him, as he was in the third hour of his story, and thankful that his memory did not fail him, I fairly nodded in the elbow chair. He was much affronted at this, till I told him, 'Old friend, you have your infirmity, and I have mine.' "



Joseph Addison (*b.* 1672, *d.* 1719) was born in Wiltshire, and educated at the Charter House, where he became intimate with Steele, as has already been noticed. At Oxford he was a prominent student, and so distinguished for his poetical abilities that, through Lord Somers, he received a pension which enabled him to travel on the Continent. When William ascended the throne, Addison lost this pension, and remained in poor circumstances till the Government employed him to write a poem in praise of Marlborough's victories. This poem (*The Campaign*) pleased so well, that the author was immediately raised to a high and important position, as Under Secretary of State, and Chief Secretary for Ireland. In 1716 he married the Countess of Warwick; but, as was the case with Dryden, the high-born lady's temper prevented her husband from enjoying anything like domestic happiness. He was for some time a member of the House of Commons, but he was naturally so timid, that he made but a poor appearance there. His death took place in 1719. The personal character of this great man was that of a kind and amiable gentleman, who lived an almost stainless life, and died as a Christian ought to die. His most famous writings are to be found in *The Spectator*, although

he had contributed papers to *The Tatler* as well. They consist of essays and short articles on a great variety of subjects. These were happy imitations of Arabian tales, thoughtful meditations, criticisms for the guidance of the public taste, and humorous sketches of the characters commonly to be met with in the society of the time. Among the best of these last are the papers that refer to Sir Roger de Coverley, a good old country squire. In these we are told of his visit to London, what he saw, and all the odd remarks he made; and next we have his style of living at home, and the characters and behaviour of his dependents. The admirable manner in which the story of Sir Roger is told puts Addison nearly in the same rank with Shakespeare as a careful student of human nature. His style is esteemed the best example of English composition. It is pure, simple, and elegant. His humour is quiet and refined, his satire kindly, and his teaching full of those lessons that make us wiser men and better members of society.

Passages from Sir Roger de Coverley's Visit
to Westminster Abbey.

"His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axle-tree was good. Upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony. Nothing material happened till we were set down at the west end of the abbey.

"As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out: 'A brave man, I warrant him!' Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudsley Shovel, he flung his head that way, and cried, 'Sir Cloudsley Shovel! a very gallant man!' As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner: 'Dr. Busby! a great man! he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!" . . .

"Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is a figure of one of our English kings without a head; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since: 'Some Whig, I'll warrant you,' says Sir Roger: 'you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you do not take care.' . .

"I must not omit that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure."

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Writers of Fiction. Novelists.



Daniel Defoe (*b.* 1661, *d.* 1731) was the son of a London butcher. He seems to have been educated with the intention of becoming a dissenting minister; but he took to trade instead, and was hosier, tile maker, and woollen draper by turns. He commenced to write satirical pamphlets, and was more attentive to politics than to his business. His pamphlets frequently got him into trouble, for he was fined and imprisoned again and again for his boldness in attacking the powers that were. He is said to have written 210 works, and some of these were very successful; but he died in poverty. Defoe was the founder of fiction. He invented the numerous *incidents* which occur in his books; and in this way produced interesting *stories*. The painting of *character* belongs to the *novel*. Defoe's most popular work is the delightful tale of *Robinson Crusoe*, founded on the story of Alexander Selkirk, the sailor who spent years of solitude on the island of Juan Fernandez. Its style, like that of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, is plain and unadorned; and the narrative proceeds so naturally that it is difficult to believe we are perusing a work of fiction. In his *Journal of the Great Plague in London*, Defoe pretends to have been a spectator of the horrors of that event—for he was only five years old at the time it happened—and describes scenes that never took place, with such an air of truth, that his book used to be quoted as an authentic history. By another of his writings he did what few authors are able to do. A certain book of *Sermons* would not sell. Defoe wrote a tract describing the visit of a ghost to a lady at Canterbury. The ghost strongly recommended the book of *Sermons*; the public became curious to see it, and in a short time the *Sermons* were all sold.



Jonathan Swift (*b.* 1667, *d.* 1745) was the fiercest prose satirist of this

or any other country. He was born at Dublin, after the death of his father, who left nothing for his son's upbringing, so that Swift knew from his very boyhood how miserable it is to be dependent on the charity of friends. He received his education first at Trinity College, Dublin, and later at Oxford. For a considerable time he acted as secretary to Sir William Temple, a relative of his own, who treated him as little better than a servant. Being of a proud and ambitious spirit, he groaned under this treatment, and could neither forgive nor forget it. He had already entered the Irish Church, and had got a poor living in his native country, but he often came over to England, where his society was much coveted by the great men of the day on account of his cleverness and wit. At first he joined the Whig party, and wrote smart papers in their defence, until finding they did not reward him sufficiently, he became a Tory, and wrote vehemently against his old friends and in favour of his new, with the hope of getting a bishopric at least; but after waiting for a while he received only the deanery of St Patrick's, Dublin, and was therefore bitterly disappointed. On the accession of George I. the Whigs came into power again, and the Dean thought it advisable to go to Dublin and attend to his duties as a clergyman. Here he made himself popular with the Irish by writing seven letters to the newspapers (signed *M. B. Drapier*) against the Whig government for their treatment of Ireland, and more especially for allowing a certain William Wood to make bad copper money for circulation in that country. His last years were very sad. He hated mankind in general, but he seems, nevertheless, to have cherished a strange love for a lady whom he named Stella, and whom he is said to have privately married. But he never lived in the same house with her, nor would he speak to her, save when there was a third person present. Her death affected him deeply, and having lost many other friends, he became gloomy and sad. Latterly his mind gave way, and during the last two years of his life he never spoke a word, seemingly unconscious of all that was passing about him. He died in 1745. Swift's fame rests principally on the *Voyages of Gulliver*. It contains the adventures of a ship surgeon, as told by himself, and is divided into four parts or voyages. The first contains an account of Lilliput and its little people; the second, of Brobdignag and its giants; the third, of Laputa, a flying island; Lagado, a city with an absurd academy; Glubbdubdrib, an island of magicians; and Luggnagg, another island where the wretched people continue living after the power of enjoying life is gone; the fourth brings Gulliver to the country of the Houyhnhnms, where the intelligent creatures are horses, and all the human

beings (the Yahoos) are reduced to the level of brutes. It is in describing these Yahoos that Swift shows how bitterly he hated his fellow creatures. The story of Gulliver is suitable for all tastes, containing as it does pithy satires, coarse stories, comic episodes, wonderful adventures, hateful pictures of men and manners, and useful lessons for willing learners. Swift's style is remarkable for its Anglo-Saxon expressiveness. He knew better than any man how to ridicule, abuse, and torment his enemies, and seemed to enjoy the sight of the sufferings he inflicted. His satires bite like adders and sting like scorpions.

The Academy of Lagado.

"In the school of political projectors I was but ill entertained, the professors appearing in my judgment wholly out of their senses; which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favourites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the public good; of rewarding merit, great abilities, and eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest, by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people; of choosing for employments persons qualified to exercise them; with many other wild, impossible chimeras, that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive, and confirmed in me the old observation, that there is nothing so extravagant and irrational which some philosophers have not maintained for truth."



Samuel Richardson (*b.* 1689, *d.* 1761) was the writer of the *first novel*, or story of human life and interest. He went to London in his early years, and was apprenticed to a printer. By his own industry and perseverance he raised himself to a high and independent position. It was not till he was nearly fifty years old that he became known in literature, and the latter part of his life was spent in pleasant retirement, surrounded by a number of admiring ladies, of whose flattering speeches he was remarkably fond. He wrote three important novels—*Pamela* (the first real English novel), *Clarissa Harlowe*, and *Sir Charles Grandison*. They are written in a series of letters, and are intended to give pictures of life in the lower, middle, and upper classes of society. The

greatest of the three is *Clarissa Harlowe*, which contains the story of a clever but bad man, called Lovelace, who is the cause of much sorrow and suffering to Clarissa, the heroine of the tale. The leading characteristics of his style are, a power of pathos such as few of the succeeding novelists could excel, and a fondness for describing matters of trifling importance which often becomes wearisome.



Henry Fielding (*b.* 1707, *d.* 1754) was a descendant of the noble house of Denbigh. His father was a general in the army, and so extravagant in his way of living as to be a very bad example to his son. Being left in poverty, Fielding tried to support himself by writing plays, all of which are now forgotten. He led a gay and dissipated life. Money was spent as fast as it was earned. His wife brought him a fortune, of which he soon got rid; and then he began to write those numerous novels which, in many respects, are unequalled in English literature. His wild life ruined his health, and he was ordered by his medical advisers to reside at Lisbon, where he died. His novels are bright, sparkling, and full of the liveliest humour. He delights in introducing people who have odd ways of speech or manner; describes low life as only one can who knows it well; and, indeed, his novels all seem to contain the records of his own experiences. As stories, the books are faultless, but their heroes are not worthy of the name, and the lessons they teach are far from healthy. *Tom Jones*, his principal novel, contains an admirable picture of life and manners, and tells the story of a generous, open, manly young fellow, who gets into all sorts of scrapes, and leads a reckless and wicked life. Fielding's other novels are *Joseph Andrews*, *Amelia*, and *Jonathan Wild*.



Tobias George Smollett (*b.* 1721, *d.* 1771) belonged to an ancient

Dumbartonshire family. He was educated at the University of Glasgow, and studied medicine with the intention of becoming a physician. When only nineteen years of age, he left the practitioner to whom he had been apprenticed, and proceeded to London with a tragedy of his own in his pocket, in the expectation of gaining a living by his writings. In this he was unsuccessful; and it was not till after he had been some time in the navy as surgeon's mate, and had visited the West Indies, that he was able to make any impression on the English public as a writer. When he returned to London to practise his profession, he began to write those novels which have made his name famous. Like Defoe, he wrote satirical papers—more particularly against the wretched state of the navy—and was fined and imprisoned. Like Fielding, although not from the same cause, he had to leave England in broken health, and died at Leghorn, after writing the most comical of all his works—*Humphrey Clinker*. Of his novels, *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Humphrey Clinker* are considered the best. The heroes of the first and second resemble Tom Jones, being represented as good-humoured and generous persons given to mischief and folly; but the type of character is meaner than that of Fielding's so-called hero. In the last-named of Smollett's novels we have the history of Humphrey, a shabby fellow, brought up in a workhouse. He is successively blacksmith, hostler, and gentleman's servant. At the close of the story, he turns out to be the son of the gentleman he has been serving. Smollett's style is very lively and amusing, although spoiled by coarseness and indelicacy. His stories have no plan as Fielding's had, but consist of a number of adventures strung together on the thread of a human life.

Philosophers and Writers on Religious Subjects.

Lord Shaftesbury (*b.* 1671, *d.* 1713), grandson of Ashley, the famous Chancellor, was first the pupil, and afterwards the friend, of Locke, the philosopher. He wrote essays on philosophical and religious subjects, and these were published collectively under the name of *The Characteristics*. He is remarkable as being the first to maintain the existence of what is called "a moral sense," or the power within us almost instinctively to perceive the difference between good and evil. Shaftesbury's style was very refined—so refined, indeed, as to be sometimes stiff and unnatural.

Dr. Samuel Clarke (*b.* 1675, *d.* 1729). This distinguished divine was born at Norwich and educated at Oxford. He is the writer of many vigorous and eloquent *Sermons*, and of a philosophical essay on the *Being and Attributes of God*, in which his wonderful powers of argument are most clearly exhibited.

George Berkeley (*b.* 1684, *d.* 1753) was an Irish bishop, notable for the keenness of his genius and the benevolence of his character. As a proof of the latter characteristic, we have his earnest exertions in attempting to establish a missionary college in the Bermudas for the conversion of the savages. Seven years of his life were spent in the effort, although in the end it had to be abandoned. His greatness of intellect is exhibited in his works, one of the most remarkable of which is *The Theory of Vision*—a philosophical treatise on optics, containing doctrines which, though considered absurd at the time, are now recognised as correct. Berkeley's style is characterised by the refinement common to the writers of the period.

Joseph Butler (*b.* 1692, *d.* 1752), Bishop of Durham, was one of the greatest theological philosophers of modern times. His great work is the *Analogy between Natural and Revealed Religion*, in which he shows that if the infidel believes God to be the Author of Nature, he cannot deny that he is also the Author of Religion as it is revealed to us in the Bible. Butler's works are much sought after by students of theology, but ordinary readers will find them very difficult to understand because of the closeness of the reasoning, and the attention required to follow the line of argument.

Other Writers on Religious Subjects. Chief among these were **Dr. Francis Atterbury**, so famous for the disturbance he created during the reign of Queen Anne; **Dr. Philip Doddridge**, a Nonconformist divine, author of *The Family Expositor*; **Dr. George Campbell**, Professor of Divinity at Aberdeen, who wrote a *Dissertation on Miracles*; and **Matthew Henry**, the well-known commentator.

Miscellaneous Writers.



Dr. John Arbuthnot (*b.* 1675, *d.* 1735) was a physician attached to the court of Queen Anne. He was associated with Pope and Swift in writing the *Memoirs of Martin Scriblerus*, a very amusing satire on the abuse of learning. Martin is very anxious to make his son a scholar, and, amongst other things, provides him with a geographical suit of clothes, which shall keep him in constant remembrance of the place from which each article comes. He is daily questioned about these places, and his father calls this examination in geography, "travelling at home." It has been supposed that this idea first suggested the use of *object lessons*. But Arbuthnot's great work is his *History of John Bull*, a political satire written against the continuance of the war by Marlborough. The following are some of the characters: John Bull (England), Squire South (Charles, Archduke of Austria), Lord Strutt (King of Spain), Lewis Baboon (France), Nic. Frog (Holland), and Humphrey Hocus (Marlborough). It is very clever and brimful of fun. Arbuthnot's satirical burlesque is said to have stamped the name of *John Bull* on the English nation.

Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke (*b.* 1678, *d.* 1751), well known as a brilliant speaker on political subjects during the reign of Queen Anne, was the friend and counsellor of Pope, in whose *Essay on Man* the effects of his counsels are visible. He was himself a writer of repute, the most important of his works being the *Idea of a Patriot King*, and *Letters on the Study and Use of History*. He also wrote a series of papers against Christianity, but these he left to be published after his death. His style is lively and picturesque, and his language dignified and eloquent.

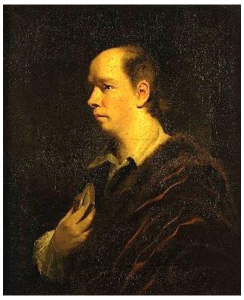
Other Miscellaneous Writers. There were only two of importance, **Richard Bentley**, the greatest classical scholar that England has ever seen, and **Lady Mary Wortley Montagu**, one of the cleverest of letter-writers.

Chapter XII.
The Poets. From 1750 till 1800.

Character of the Poetry.

Poets. Goldsmith; Cowper; Chatterton; Crabbe; Burns; Other Poets. Ballad Poetry. Dramatists. Sheridan. Other Dramatists.

During this period the artificial and fashionable style of the past age was abandoned, and the poetry became more natural and earnest. The great political events of the time, such as the American War, the French Revolution, etc., had the effect of awakening the national spirit, and the poets were not slow to catch up the enthusiasm which prevailed. The publication of Percy's *Reliques of English Poetry* had also an important influence on the literature of the day.



Oliver Goldsmith (*b.* 1728, *d.* 1774) wrote cleverly on so many different subjects, that it is difficult to tell how he ought to be classed. His poems are charming; his comedy is delightful; his histories are good; and his novel is one of the best in the language. For the sake of convenience, however, we prefer to consider him among the poets of the period. He was the son of a clergyman, and was born at Pallas, in the county of Longford. After receiving a fair education, he was sent by his uncle to Trinity College, Dublin, where he cared little for his studies. He next went to Edinburgh, and afterwards to Leyden, in order to study medicine; but study he either would not or could not, for we now find him starting away from the University on a tour through Flanders, France, Germany, and Switzerland. When he set out from Leyden, his earthly possessions were, it is said, a guinea, a flute and the clothing he wore. By performing on his flute in the streets of the towns and villages he passed through, he was able to pay his way from place to place; but when he got back to England he was as poor as ever. In London he was chemist's

assistant, doctor to the poor, teacher, and bookseller's hack, by turns, until at last his works became popular, and money poured in upon him. He was never out of debt, notwithstanding. He loved fine dress and extravagant ways of living; he was addicted to gambling; and was so foolishly generous that he could keep nothing from the beggars who were ever prowling about him. In company he was exceedingly agreeable, and he reckoned among his friends the most illustrious men of his day; but he had no domestic ties to check his extravagance, and so, when he died, he left behind him a debt of £2000.

His most celebrated poems are *The Traveller* and the *Deserted Village*—both of them descriptive. The former of these was begun in Switzerland while he was on his travels, and contains delightful sketches of the scenery and the manners and customs of the people in the various countries through which he passed. The *Deserted Village* is a very tender and beautiful poem, describing the return of a traveller to his native village, which he finds in ruins. He wanders through it recalling to mind the garden, the alehouse, the school, the preacher's house, as last he had seen them; and is filled with sadness when he discovers that the hopes he once had cherished of being able to spend the evening of his days in the village of his birth are not to be realised. The poetry of Goldsmith is simple in expression, and full of quiet tenderness; while his lines are easy and melodious. Popular as his poems may be, his comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, and his novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, are still greater favourites. In both of these works Goldsmith is free from that coarseness and vulgarity which are so observable in the writings of Fielding and Smollett. In the matter of composition, Goldsmith in his prose works is considered to have come very near the perfection of Addison's style.

Description of Auburn.

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delayed.
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please!
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm!
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,

The decent church that top't the neighb'ring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade.
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
Sweet was the sound, when, oft at ev'ning's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow.
The mingling notes came softened from below:
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool.
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made."

The Deserted Village



William Cowper (*b.* 1731, *d.* 1800) was the favourite poet of his time. He was born at Berkhampstead in Hertfordshire—his father being rector of that place. When he was only six years old he lost his mother, and was soon after sent to a boarding school. He was a shy boy, and one of his schoolfellows is said to have been very cruel to him. For this reason he was removed, and sent to Westminster School, where he seems to have got most of his education. When he grew to be a man, he was still very easily frightened. His uncle had got him the office of Clerk of the Journals to the House of Lords, but having an examination to pass before the great peers of the realm, Cowper was so terrified that, rather than face them, he attempted to kill himself. Shortly afterwards poor Cowper became quite insane, and had to be kept for eighteen

months in an asylum. The nature of his madness was this—he constantly imagined that all the horrors of hell were in store for him, and that there was not the remotest prospect of his being saved. At length, however, he got somewhat better, and was allowed his freedom. He had a little money of his own, so he went to Huntingdon and placed himself under the guardianship of the Rev. Mr. Unwin and his wife—good, kind people, of whom he soon became very fond. He now amused himself chiefly in the garden, making rabbit hutches, training hares, and, in fact, doing what he could to keep away those terrible thoughts that still tormented him. After the death of Mr. Unwin, Cowper went with Mrs. Unwin to Olney in Buckinghamshire, and there, along with his grave and somewhat gloomy pastor, the **Rev. John Newton**, he was composing what are known as the *Olney Hymns*, when he became insane again, and so remained for four years. On his recovery—and he was now about fifty years of age—he wrote the poems which have made his name famous. For a while he brightened up a little in the pleasant society of cheerful friends; but it was only for a while. The old fancy that he was doomed to perdition came back with greater force than ever, and, to make matters worse, his kindest friend and companion, Mrs. Unwin, was taken from him by death. After this event the unhappy poet lingered on through three sad years, and died in 1800.

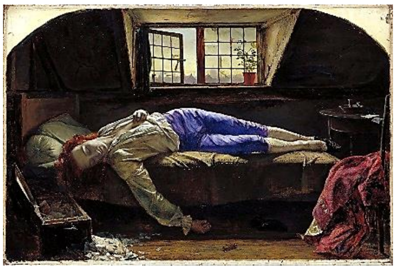
Among the most cheerful of his friends at Olney was Lady Austen. It was she who told Cowper the story of *John Gilpin* and his desperate ride. It was she, too, that set him to write a poem in blank verse, and gave him the *Sofa* as a subject to begin with. In this way was written *The Task*—his greatest work. Commencing with a humorous history of seats, from the three-legged stool to the sofa, he next falls into a thoughtful mood, and writes of the pleasures of the country as compared with those of the town. The Second Book is entitled the *Timepiece*, which suggests to him the affairs of the period and matters connected with them. Thus he writes against slavery, against war and in praise of peace, and against the preachers of the day, who, instead of striving to make men better, were but coxcombs and jesters seeking for popular applause. The remaining four Books give an account of his garden, and of the walks he was accustomed to take during the winter. *The Task* is sometimes called a didactic poem, because of the many excellent lessons which it contains. The peculiarity of Cowper's poems is their extreme naturalness. It never costs him a thought how he shall trim his language into pretty lines and phrases. His style is easy and artless, as if his reader were

walking arm-in-arm along with him; and just as we do not listen for the mere words of a friend, but for the information or advice he has to give us, so, when reading the poems of Cowper, we are impressed with the thoughts more than with the language used to convey them. His subjects are to be found at the fireside, in the garden, on the country road. Thomson also wrote on such subjects, but his style is much less simple and natural than Cowper's. It remains to be added that Cowper was one of the most charming of letter-writers; and in his correspondence, as in his poetry, the same simplicity of style is observable.

The Arrival of the Postman.

"Hark! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn;
And, having dropped the expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch!
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheek
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But oh the important budget! ushered in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings! have our troops awaked
Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plumed
And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,

The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all ,
I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."—*The Task*.



Thomas Chatterton (*b.* 1752, *d.* 1770) was the great boy-poet of England. He was the son of a Bristol schoolmaster, and although he received but a plain education at a charity school, he was able to write better poetry at the age of eleven than Pope could produce when he was twelve. When fourteen years old, Chatterton was apprenticed to an attorney, and it was in this situation he composed many poems in the style and spelling of a poet of the fifteenth century—wrote them on old discoloured parchment, said he had discovered them in an ancient chest, and declared that they had been written by Thomas Rowley, a monk of bygone times. With the exception of Gray and one or two others who declared them forgeries, the public believed in them—for how could a mere boy of sixteen be able to write such things? They were splendid poems, too, even without their old-fashioned dress. Relying on his own powers, Chatterton went to London, and expected to become famous and wealthy. He was to be bitterly disappointed. Let him work as he would he could scarcely keep soul and body together. Too proud to live on charity, he shut himself up in his miserable garret, tore his papers, and, in utter despair, put an end to his existence by poison. He was scarcely eighteen years of age at the time of his death.

His greatest poems are the tragedy of *Ella* and the ballad of *Sir Charles Bawdin*, both written in the old style. They are characterised by great picturesqueness—in other words, they present incidents in such a clear way that they seem like pictures, and remain in the memory as if we ourselves had

been eye-witnesses of that which is described.

From the Death of "Sir Charles Bawdin."

"The feathered songster chanticleer
Had wound his bugle-horn,
And told the early villager
The coming of the morn.

"King Edward saw the ruddy streaks
Of light eclipse the gray,
And heard the raven's croaking throat
Proclaim the fated day.

" 'Thou'rt right,' quoth he. .
....
'Charles Bawdin. and his fellows twain,
To-day shall surely die.'

"Then with a jug of nappy ale
His knights did on him wait:
'Go tell the traitor that to-day
He leaves this mortal state.'

"Sir Canterlone then bended low,
With heart brimful of woe;
He journeyed to the castle-gate,
And to Sir Charles did go.

"But when he came, his children twain.
And eke his loving wife,
With briny tears did wet the floor.
For good Sir Charles's life.

" 'O good Sir Charles!' said Canterlone,
'Bad tidings I do bring.'
'Speak boldly, man,' said brave Sir Charles:
'What says the traitor-king?'

" 'I grieve to tell: before yon sun
Does from the welkin fly,
He hath upon his honour sworn
That thou shalt surely die.'

" 'We all must die,' said brave Sir Charles;
'Of that I'm not afraid;
What boots to live a little space?
Thank Heaven, I'm prepared.

" 'But tell thy king, for mine he's not,
I'd sooner die to-day,
Than live his slave, as many are,
Though I should live for aye.' "

George Crabbe (*b.* 1754, *d.* 1832) was an imitator of Pope in his *manner* of writing, but was much more natural in the *matter* of it. In this way he is a link between the artificial school and the natural—between the poets of the middle of the eighteenth century and those of the beginning of the nineteenth. He was born at Aldborough, a little seaport town in Suffolk. His father was a humble fisherman, but contrived to give his son a good education. On leaving school Crabbe was apprenticed to a surgeon and apothecary in his native town. Afterwards he tried business on his own account, and was not successful. He then went off to London to seek his fortune with only three pounds in his pocket. As a poet he was at first as unsuccessful as he had been in the apothecary business, and was almost, like Chatterton, driven to despair. As a last resource he appealed to Edmund Burke, and luckily the great orator relieved and befriended him. After that his career was prosperous. He entered the Church, was appointed to several livings, and always carefully attended to the interests of the various parishes under his supervision. His poetical works were published at intervals, and were eagerly read by the public, who had never seen such writings before.

One of his most remarkable works is *The Village*, in which he describes the manners and customs, the virtues and vices, of the poorer classes, just as he himself had seen them at Aldborough, or among his own parishioners. Hitherto authors had described the poor as they had *imagined* them to be. Crabbe told the whole truth about them, hiding nothing. His other works, such as the *Parish Register*, *The Borough*, and *Tales in Verse*, all belong to the same class. They are relieved occasionally by bright flashes of humour, but, as a rule, are dark and gloomy—showing more of the vices than of the virtues. He is too fond of the shady side of human nature. His pictures are always true, *too true*, as we sometimes say, of the sad stories we hear about our fellow-creatures.

The Parish Workhouse.

“Theirs is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours flagging, play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;
There children dwell who know no parents’ care;
Parents, who know no children’s love, dwell there;
Dejected widows, with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood-fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot and the madman gay. . . .
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despised, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath
Where all that’s wretched paves the way for death?
Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between:
Save one dull pane, that coarsely patched, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o’erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes:
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Or promise hope till sickness wears a smile.”

The Village.



Robert Burns (*b.* 1759, *d.* 1796) was, as someone has justly called him, “the Shakespeare of Scotland.” He was born at Alloway in Ayrshire, where his father had a small farm. Burns had but little of a school education, for his father kept his sons at home in order to help with the work of the farm. Nevertheless, the poet made the most of his opportunities, and increased his knowledge by studying the very few books within his reach. As he went

whistling behind his plough, thoughts of nature and its beauties, of love and its tender emotions, would gradually shape themselves into words and rhythm, such as would suit exactly the very tunes he was whistling. Thus, song-making was his earliest effort as a poet. As his mind expanded, his life as a ploughman became tiresome and disagreeable, and at last utterly unendurable. He consequently left it, tried farming on his own account, and failed. Disgusted with everything about him, he resolved to leave Scotland altogether, and to try his fortune in the West Indies, where so many Scots had already reaped an abundance of wealth. In order to pay the expense of the voyage out, Burns published a collection of his poems. This was so successful that he got more than enough of money, and great popularity to boot. Under these circumstances, he gave up the idea of going abroad, and the Ayrshire poet was invited by the great people of Edinburgh to pay them a visit. They made an extraordinary fuss about him when he came, feasting and lionising him; and he, ploughman though he was, conducted himself as well as the finest gentleman among them. When this grand time was over, the poet went back to his old life, which did not look more pleasant after his brilliant holiday experiences in Edinburgh. Troubles came upon him, and he had at last to accept the humble office of exciseman. Unfortunately this was the very worst employment he could have engaged in. He liked drinking, and in the fulfilment of his duties as exciseman he had too many opportunities of indulging himself. Besides, foolish people, thinking they were doing a kindness to the poet, invited him to share in their conviviality, thereby in reality assisting him to his grave. One January night he caught cold. The cold brought on fever, and at the age of thirty-seven the great but unfortunate poet died at Dumfries, leaving a wife and six children in poverty.

Of his poems, which are nearly all written in the Scottish dialect, his *Tam o' Shanter* is the longest, as it is the best, of all his works. It describes how Tam, after a late night of jollification with his friend Souter Johnnie, gets on his gray mare and sets out for home. The road lies across a dreary moor, and he has to pass the ruined Kirk of Alloway. The night is dark as pitch, and when he arrives at the kirk, it is lighted up, for the witches are having a night of merriment and dancing. Tam stops, looks in, is delighted, and at length shouts his approval of the performances. Suddenly the witches, enraged at being discovered, dart out upon him, and Tam in a fright rides as if for bare life. The weird creatures get nearer and nearer, let him gallop as he may, but he has to cross a bridge, and just as he passes the keystone of the arch, the

foremost of his pursuers clutches the gray mare's tail, which remains in her grasp, for no witch can pass the key-stone of a bridge, and hence Tam escapes.

Another of Burns's great poems is the *Jolly Beggars*, in which we have a joyous band of vagabonds met for a night's conviviality in an alehouse. They are "all in rags, brawlers and gipsies, who fight, bang, and kiss each other, and make the glasses ring with the noise of their good humour."

In the *Twa Dogs*, and the *Cottar's Saturday Night*, Burns shows how many good qualities exist among the peasantry of Scotland. In his smaller poems, again, we see the tender and sympathising nature of the poet exhibited in such subjects as a wounded hare, the turning up of a mouse's nest with his plough, or a little mountain daisy.

Burns, however, is best known as a lyric poet. His songs are mostly about love, patriotism, and pleasure. Of the first, that beginning "Ae fond kiss, and then we sever," is a good example; of the second, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled;" and of the third, the songs which occur throughout the *Jolly Beggars*. The characteristics of his style are humour, careful and loving study of nature, and an ability to express the emotions of the human heart which Shakespeare alone has been able to excel. His songs, for this reason, are known and sung in all regions of the globe, sometimes in their original dress, and sometimes as translated into other languages.

To Mary in Heaven.

"Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
   That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
   My Mary from my soul was torn.
Oh, Mary! dear departed shade!
   Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
   Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

"That sacred hour can I forget,
   Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met
   To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
   Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace—

Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

"Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.
The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

"Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

Other Poets. It was during the period now under consideration that **Robert Falconer** wrote his sailor-like description of *The Shipwreck*; that **Charles Churchill**, a dissipated clergyman, published his great satirical poem, the *Prophecy of Famine*; that **Dr. Erasmus Darwin**, the botanist, wrote about the loves and marriages of the flowers; and that either **Michael Bruce** or **John Logan** composed that most beautiful of lyric ballads, the *Song to the Cuckoo* ("Hail beauteous stranger of the grove," etc.) Besides Chatterton's literary forgery, the period was remarkable for another, that of **James Macpherson**, a Scotch poet, who published *Fingal, Temora*, and other poems of an epic character, alleging that they ware translations from the writings of a Gaelic poet of the third century, named **Ossian**. It has since been generally admitted that they are forgeries.

Ballad Poetry.

In 1765, **Thomas Percy**, afterwards Bishop of Dromore, published a collection of ballads or narratives in verse, which had been handed down by tradition, and copied out by such as took a fancy to them. These were often written by persons of no education, who expressed their thoughts in a rude yet natural way. The effect of the publication of *Percy's Reliques*, as they are

called, was to help forward that taste for natural poetry which had now begun to manifest itself; and, during the next period, we shall find Scott, and, indeed, most of the great poets, adopting the style of these simple poems. They usually describe natural objects, commemorate the bravery of some hero, or tell pathetic tales of sorrow and death. Among the best of them are *Sir Patrick Spens*, the *Battle of Otterbourne*, *Chevy Chase*, and the *Death of Douglas*. We have not space for an entire ballad, but have selected a few verses from *Sir Patrick Spens*, by way of example—

"The king sits in Dunfermline town,
  Drinking the blude-red wine;
'O whare will I get a skeely skipper,
  To sail this new ship o' mine?'

"O up and spake an eldern knight,
  Sat at the king's right knee,—
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor,
  That ever sailed the sea.'

"Our king has written a braid letter,
  And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
  Was walking on the strand.

" 'To Noroway, to Noroway,
  To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
  'Tis thou maun bring her hame.'

……………………………………………

"They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
  Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway
  Upon a Wodensday."

[After spending some time here, they made ready for their return to Scotland; and set out, notwithstanding that one of the crew informed Sir Patrick that he had seen "the new moon wi' the auld moon in her arm," which foretells "a deadly storm."]—

"They hadna' sailed a league, a league,
  A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,

And gurly grew the sea.

"The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

……………………………………………

"The laydes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves,—
For them they'll see nae mair.

"O lang, lang may the laydes sit
Wi' their fans into their hands,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

"And lang, lang may the maidens sit
With their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see nae mair.

"Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet!"

Dramatists.



Richard Brinsley Sheridan (*b.* 1751, *d.* 1817) was one of the most lively men of his time. He shone in society, in parliament, and among literary men, while his powers of oratory were scarcely inferior to those of Burke. Full of fun and ready wit, his society was courted everywhere. Unfortunately he was very extravagant and imprudent in his way of living, and not unfrequently his rooms were occupied by his creditors waiting for cash which they were not to

receive. With the greatest coolness he would contrive to entertain them so pleasantly that they would go away forgetting what their errand had been. At last, however, their patience got exhausted; and just before his death they sought to carry off the dying debtor to prison, and were only prevented from doing so by being told that he would most likely die before he reached it.

Lord Byron remarked of Sheridan that he had written the best comedy (the *School for Scandal*), the best drama (*The Duenna*), the best farce (*The Critic*), and delivered the very best oration (that on the Begums of Oude) ever conceived or heard in this country. His two greatest plays are, the *School for Scandal* and *The Rivals*. The former is a very witty production, showing the mischievous results of gossip; and the latter one of the most humorous of comedies. One of the best known characters is that of Mrs. Malaprop, a pedantic and ignorant woman, who continually makes use of words similar in sound to those which would express her meaning, but entirely inappropriate and absurd as she employs them.

Mrs. Malaprop's Ideas on Female Education.

Sir Anthony Absolute. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation, now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. M. Observe me, Sir Anthony, I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman: for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxion, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning; nor will it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments; but, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice: then, sir, she would have a supercilious knowledge in accounts: and, as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries: this, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know; and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.—*The Rivals.*

Other Dramatists. Besides Goldsmith and Sheridan, there were several other dramatists of note. Among them were the **Colmans**—father and son—the latter of whom wrote a comedy entitled the *Heir at Law*; **Mrs. Inchbald**, an actress, dramatist, and novelist; and the **Rev. John Home**, a minister of the Scotch Church, who had to resign his charge because he wrote the tragedy of *Douglas*. With the exception of the lines beginning, "My name is Norval," this once well-known play is all but forgotten. **David Garrick**, the famous actor, wrote several plays, as did also **Samuel Foote**, the mimic.

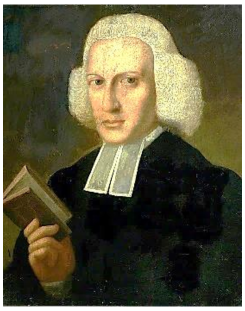
Chapter XIII.
Prose Literature. From 1750 till 1800.

Characteristics of the Period.

Novelists. Sterne. Other Novelists. Historians. Hume; Robertson; Gibbon; Other Historians. Philosophers. Smith; Paley; Reid. Other Philosophers. Miscellaneous Writers. Johnson; Burke. Other Miscellaneous Writers.

The great novelists of the early part of the century had numerous imitators, but only one—Lawrence Sterne—has been judged worthy to occupy the highest place. The inferior novels were, for the most part, trashy, and were eagerly devoured by uneducated people, greedy of such excitement as these books afforded. The great feature of the age was the brilliant group of historians—Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon—writers who recorded with spirit and dignity the story of the past; nor should we forget to mention the name of Dr. Samuel Johnson, whose writings had a powerful influence on English prose.

Novelists.



Lawrence Sterne (*b.* 1713, *d.* 1768) was born at Clonmel, in Ireland. He was educated at Cambridge, and became a clergyman of the Church of England. For twenty years he resided at Sutton, and afterwards at Coxwold. His style of life was not exactly what one might have expected of a minister, for he devoted himself to painting, fiddling, shooting; ill-used his wife, quarrelled with the neighbouring clergy, and wrote books which contain very many disgraceful allusions. When he had published the first part of his great book—*Tristram Shandy*—he became the lion of the day, and went to London where they petted and made much of him. Twice he made a tour on the continent, and his experiences are recorded in his *Sentimental Journey*. His

death occurred in a London lodging-house, where he had neither relative nor friend to comfort him in his last moments.

Tristram Shandy is one of the most eccentric books in the language. The story—though it contains admirably drawn characters, such as the crotchety Mr. Shandy, the kind-hearted Uncle Toby, who would not harm a fly, and his servant Corporal Trim—occupies but a small portion of the book. Sterne describes the course of his story by drawing a straight line to represent the narrative, and a number of zig-zags to show the digressions on all sorts of subjects in which he indulges; and there is far more of zig-zag than of straight line. The great defect of the book is the coarseness of its allusions. The same fault exists in the *Sentimental Journey*, which is otherwise a pleasant book to read.

The prominent characteristics of the writings of Sterne are learning, wit, humour, and pathos. Sterne, it must be added, was a great plagiarist, *i.e.*, one who takes original matter from other books without acknowledgment.

A Prisoner.

"I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture. I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood; he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time, nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice; his children—but here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait. He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks lay at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there; he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh: I saw the iron enter into his soul. I burst into tears: I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn."—*The Sentimental Journey.*

Other Novelists. The most important of the second class of novelists were **Horace Walpole**, author of the *Castle of Otranto*, a book full of ghosts and other supernatural horrors; and **William Beckford**, the writer of *Vathek*, an Oriental tale, containing the most gorgeous descriptions of Eastern grandeur. Among the female novelists were **Hannah More**, author of *Cœlebs*

in Search of a Wife; **Frances Burney** (Madame D'Arblay), a writer of fashionable novels, chiefly remarkable for the affectation of her style; and Mrs. **Anne Radcliffe**, a lady who was fond of writing novels that are dangerous to read at dead of night. Her *Romance of the Forest,* and *Mysteries of Udolpho*, are creepy and horrible.

Historians.

David Hume (*b.* 1711, *d.* 1776) was born at Edinburgh, and educated at the university of his native city. His friends wished him to study the law, but he disliked the idea, and tried a merchant's life instead. Business, however, did not suit him, and he retired to France, living upon the allowance he received from his family, and studying earnestly, so as to become a great writer on philosophical subjects. He came back to England, published his *Treatise on Human Nature*, and discovered, to his disappointment, that the public cared little about it. He was therefore disgusted, and thought of changing his name and leaving his country for ever. Luckily, however, he did not carry out this threat. After occupying various unimportant situations, he at length became librarian to the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh. The splendid library of that learned body was now at his command; and, having consulted many books, he at last produced his *History of England*. After a time his work became popular and his name illustrious. In 1766 he was appointed Under-Secretary of State, and ere long retired with a pension of £1000 a-year. He died at Edinburgh in 1776. His *History of England* is so fresh, so simple, so interesting, that it reads more like a play than a history. Like Clarendon, he is a partial writer, but his kindly manner of dealing with friend and foe makes the reader almost forget the side to which the writer himself belongs. Unlike most English historians, he begins his history with a comparatively recent period—that of the Stuarts—and in later portions of his work goes back to the Roman period. He is not to be altogether trusted as a historian. What was tradition and what was truth he did not always trouble himself to inquire. He was also extremely partial to the Stuart dynasty. Notwithstanding these defects, his work will always be regarded as the best production in prose which the latter half of the eighteenth century has to show.

The Death of Queen Elizabeth.

[The Queen, after hearing that the life of her favourite Essex might have been spared, "resigned herself over to the deepest and most incurable melancholy "]

"She rejected all consolation; she even refused food and sustenance: and. throwing herself on the floor, she remained sullen and immovable, feeding her thoughts on her afflictions, and declaring life and existence an insufferable burden to her. Few words she uttered; and they were all expressive of some inward grief which she cared not to reveal: but sighs and groans were the chief vent which she gave to her despondency, and which, though they discovered her sorrows, were never able to ease or assuage them. Ten days and nights she lay upon the carpet, leaning on cushions which her maids brought her: and her physicians could not persuade her to allow herself to be put to bed, much less to make trial of any remedies which they prescribed to her. Her anxious mind at last had so long preyed on her frail body, that her end was visibly approaching; and the council being assembled, sent the keeper, admiral, and secretary to know her will with regard to her successor. She answered with a faint voice that, as she had held a regal sceptre, she desired no other than a royal successor. Cecil requesting her to explain herself more particularly, she subjoined that she would have a king to succeed her; and who should that be but her nearest kinsman, the king of Scots? Being then advised by the Archbishop of Canterbury to fix her thoughts upon God, she replied that she did so, nor did her mind in the least wander from Him. Her voice soon after left her; her senses failed; she fell into a lethargic slumber, which continued some hours, and she expired gently, without further struggle or convulsion (March 24, 1603), in the seventieth year of her age, and forty-fifth of her reign."—*The History of England.*

William Robertson (*b.* 1721, *d.* 1793) was a minister of the Church of Scotland, and as such he was noted for his eloquence. In literature he is distinguished as the author of three important histories—the *History of Scotland during the Reigns of Mary and of James VI., till his Accession to the Crown of England*; the *History of the Reign of Charles V.*; and the *History of the Discovery of America*. The two last could scarcely fail to be interesting even in the hands of the poorest historian; but that of Scotland was more difficult to manage, and hence, since Robertson has done it perfect justice, it is considered the greatest of his works. It became popular at once on account of its fascinating style. It is worthy of remark, too, that his language was that of an educated Englishman. although he was one of the most genuine Scots that ever breathed. His writings are not so elegant as Hume's, but they are more accurate, and are greatly admired for the excellent historical summaries which serve as introductions to his various works.

Mary Queen of Scots.

"With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance and elegance of shape of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark gray, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of a height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life she began to grow fat, and her long confinement and the coldness of the houses in which she had been imprisoned brought on a rheumatism, which deprived her of the use of her limbs. 'No man,' says Brantome, 'ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow.'"—*History of Scotland.*



Edward Gibbon (*b.* 1737, *d.* 1794) was an English gentleman, born at Putney, in Surrey. He completed his education at Oxford, and then went to London, where he became a Catholic. His father, desiring to bring him back to the Protestant faith, sent him to reside with a Calvinist minister at Lausanne, and such was the effect of his teaching that Gibbon returned to his original belief. While in Switzerland, he stored his mind with useful knowledge. On coming back to England, he was made captain in the Hampshire militia, and this gave him some knowledge of military tactics which he was afterwards able to turn to good account. In 1764 he visited Rome, and in that ancient city first thought of writing the story of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. The period he had to go over embraces thirteen hundred years, and hence the labour and research in acquiring a knowledge of its history was very great. When his work appeared, it was seen at once that he had done his subject ample justice, and he received the congratulations of his brother historians, Robertson and Hume. His style is somewhat pompous and heavy, except when the story of a battle or siege has to be told. Then he enters into the spirit of it, and becomes lively and eloquent. His chief defect is the half-hearted manner in which he describes the rise of Christianity.

Mohammed.

"According to the tradition of his companions, Mohammed was distinguished by the beauty of his person—an outward gift which is seldom despised, except by those to whom it has been refused. Before he spoke, the orator engaged on his side the affections of a public or private audience. They applauded his commanding presence, his majestic aspect, his piercing eye, his gracious smile, his flowing beard, his countenance that painted every sensation of the soul, and his gestures that enforced each expression of the tongue. In the familiar offices of life he scrupulously adhered to the grave and ceremonious politeness of his country: his respectful attention to the rich and powerful was dignified by his condescension and affability to the poorest citizens of Mecca; the frankness of his manner concealed the artifice of his views; and the habits of courtesy were imputed to personal friendship or universal benevolence. His memory was capacious and retentive, his wit easy and social, his imagination sublime, his judgment clear, rapid, and decisive. He possessed the courage both of thought and action; and although his designs might gradually expand with his success, the first idea which he entertained of his divine mission bears the stamp of an original and superior genius."—*The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*

Other Historians. Of these, **Middleton**, the author of a *Life of Cicero*, and **Warton**, the author of a *History of English Poetry*, were the only writers of consequence.

Philosophers.



Adam Smith (*b.* 1723, *d.* 1790), a native of Kirkcaldy, in Fifeshire, is distinguished as the founder of Political Economy—a system for the management of the affairs of a nation. He studied at Glasgow, and was afterwards Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of that city. For ten years he busied himself collecting the information necessary for the production of his great work, the *Wealth of Nations*, first published in 1776. It shows among other things that labour, and not money, constitutes the true source of the wealth of a country; and that "any interference with the production or distribution of commodities can only aggravate the evils it is intended to cure." Smith's book is written in a pleasant and easy style, while its numerous illustrations are picturesque and interesting.

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The Division of Labour.

"Observe the accommodation of the most common artificer or day-labourer in a civilised and thriving country, and you will perceive that the number of people, of whose industry a part, though but a small part, has been employed in procuring him this accommodation, exceeds all computation. The woollen coat, for example, which covers the day-labourer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the wool-comber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others, who often live in a very distant part of the country! How much commerce and navigation in particular, how many shipbuilders, sailors, sail-makers, rope-makers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the world! What a variety of labour, too, is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of those workmen! To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labour is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting house, the brickmaker, the bricklayer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the millwright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them."—*The Wealth of Nations.*

William Paley (*b.* 1743, *d.* 1805) excelled as a writer on Moral Philosophy. He was born at Peterborough, and studied at Cambridge. He was educated for the Church, rose step by step to be Archdeacon of Carlisle; and after his books became known, received ecclesiastical appointments which brought him an income of £1000 a-year. His great works are four in number, the *Elements of Moral and Political Philosophy*; the *Horæ Paulinæ*, containing proof that the various Epistles commonly attributed to Paul are from the pen of one and the same author; the *Evidences of Christianity*, in which many of Butler's difficult arguments are made clear to ordinary readers; and, lastly, a *Treatise on Natural Theology*, proving the existence of God from the wonders of the world around us. In order to give a proper statement of the evidences of Divine Wisdom, furnished by the wonderful structure of the human body, Paley began the study of anatomy, and mastered its details, although he was then over sixty years of age. His writings are clear, animated, and, like the works of Adam Smith, remarkable for the happy illustrations they contain.

The Happiness of the Insect World.

"It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. 'The insect youth are on the wing.' Swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify their joy and the exultation which they feel in their lately-discovered faculties. A bee amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment; so busy and so pleased: yet it is only a specimen of insect life, with which, by reason of the animal being half domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted than we are with that of others. The whole winged insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and, under every variety of constitution, gratified, and perhaps equally gratified, by the offices which the Author of their nature has assigned to them."—*Natural Theology.*

Thomas Reid (*b.* 1710, *d.* 1796) was the founder of what is called the Scottish School of Philosophy, a school which controverts the idealism of Berkeley and the scepticism of Hume the historian. Reid was a native of Kincardineshire, and was Professor of Moral Philosophy first at Aberdeen and afterwards at Glasgow. He wrote two important works, an *Inquiry into the Human Mind*, and *Essays on the Intellectual Powers.*

Other Philosophers. Dr. George Campbell, Professor of Divinity in the University of Aberdeen, contributed his *Dissertation on Miracles* to the literature of Christian Philosophy; and **Dr. Joseph Priestley**, by his history of discoveries in chemistry, etc., made valuable additions to the literature of Experimental Philosophy.

Miscellaneous Writers.



Dr. Samuel Johnson (*b.* 1709, *d.* 1784), the son of a bookseller, was born in Lichfield in Staffordshire. Although disposed to be lazy in his personal habits, he was an excellent scholar, and always took a distinguished place among his companions. A kind friend assisted him to go to Oxford, and the

poorly-clad student worked on in a proud and independent way, spurning from him with indignation the gifts which pitying fellow-students might leave in his way. After his father's death, he quitted the University and took to teaching. He soon found out, however, that this was not a profession for him. His heavy face was disfigured by disease; he was half blind, and ill health made him cross and disagreeable. Like many another before him, he resolved to try his fortune in London, whither he went, carrying with him a tragedy he had written (*Irene*). Here began that long struggle with poverty which only his own brave heart enabled him to survive. He wrote an excellent poem (*London*), for which he was but poorly paid; he supplied the publishers with criticisms, prefaces, and translations; contributed articles to the *Gentleman's Magazine* (the first of the monthly magazines, founded by **Cave**, 1731); and yet so little did he receive for all his labour, that he had often to dine in a cellar "upon sixpenny-worth of meat and a pennyworth of bread," and sometimes had to walk the streets all night, being too poor to pay for a bed. Nevertheless, he did not despair, but resolutely toiled on, giving his pen no rest. Between the years 1747 and 1756 he began and completed his *Dictionary*; published and contributed to his two periodicals, *The Rambler* and *The Idler* (imitations of Addison's *Spectator*), wrote a poem on the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, and produced a novel-like prose work called *Rasselas*; this last being written for the purpose of procuring money sufficient for his mother's burial. At length, however, his talents were recognised; his wants were more than relieved; he soon mingled with the best society; and, in the end, he received from George III. a pension of £300 a-year. Being now in comfortable circumstances, he visited the Western Isles, made a tour in Wales, and went to see the sights of Paris. He died in London at the age of seventy-five. He was remarkable for his conversational powers; and in argument he could seldom be beaten, though he was apt to be rude to those who differed from him. His benevolence was such that his house was an asylum for destitute women, even when he himself was very poor.

Johnson is best remembered as the compiler of the first *Dictionary of the English Language*—a work which it took eight years of hard labour to prepare. The dictionaries of other countries have been produced by the united efforts of learned societies; and, after all, have often been less satisfactory than that which Johnson produced by his own individual effort. His Dictionary is accurate as to the meanings of words, but not trustworthy in the matter of etymology. This arises from Johnson's ignorance of Anglo-Saxon

roots, from which a large number of our English words is derived. In addition to root and meaning of each word he adds a number of quotations to illustrate its various shades of meaning. Here is an example:—

Lesson *n. s.* [*leçon*, Fr.; *lectio*, Lat.]

1. Anything read or repeated to a teacher in order to improvement.
   I but repeat that *lesson*
   Which I have learned from thee.—*Denham's Sophy.*

2. Precept; notion inculcated.
   This day's ensample hath this *lesson* dear
   Deep written in my heart with iron pen,
   That bliss may not abide in state of mortal men.—*Fairy Queen.*
   ....

3. Portions of Scripture read in Divine service.
   Notwithstanding so eminent properties, whereof *lessons* are so happily destitute; yet *lessons*, being free from some inconveniences whereunto sermons are most subject, they may, in this respect, no less take, than in the other they must give, the hand which betokeneth pre-eminence.—*Hooker.*

4. Tune pricked for an instrument.
   Those good laws were like good *lessons* set for a flute out of tune; of which *lessons* little use can be made, till the flute be made fit to be played on.—*Davies on Ireland.*

5. A rating lecture.
   She would give her a *lesson* for walking so late, that should make her keep within doors for one fortnight.—*Sidney.*

Johnson's writings for the periodicals were intended—like Addison's—to improve the morals of the people; but in style they are not to be compared with the lively and exquisitely charming papers of that author. *Rasselas* has very little of a story, and its style is so very dignified as to become, after the perusal of a few pages, very tiresome reading. It contains, however, many important moral lessons. The best of his books are those he wrote after his troubles were over. These are his *Tour to the Hebrides*, and the *Lives of the Poets*, in the latter of which especially he is lively, energetic, and natural.

His usual style, though lofty and impressive, is heavy and tedious—the result of his too frequent use of words of Latin origin—these being for the most part of the "long-tailed" order. To what lengths he sometimes carried this peculiarity is well illustrated by the meaning he attaches to the word "net-work," which he describes as "anything reticulated or decussated at equal

distances, with interstices between the intersections!" Those who write in this fashion are said to have adopted the Johnsonian style.

The Miseries of War.

"The life of a modern soldier is ill represented by heroic fiction. War has means of destruction more formidable than the cannon and the sword. Of the thousands and ten thousands that perished in our late contests with France and Spain, a very small part ever felt the stroke of an enemy; the rest languished in tents and ships, amidst damps and putrefaction; pale, torpid, spiritless, and helpless; gasping and groaning, unpitied among men, made obdurate by long continuance of hopeless misery; and were at last whelmed in pits, or heaved into the ocean, without notice and without remembrance. By incommodious encampments and unwholesome stations, where courage is useless and enterprise impracticable, fleets are silently dispeopled, and armies sluggishly melted away."

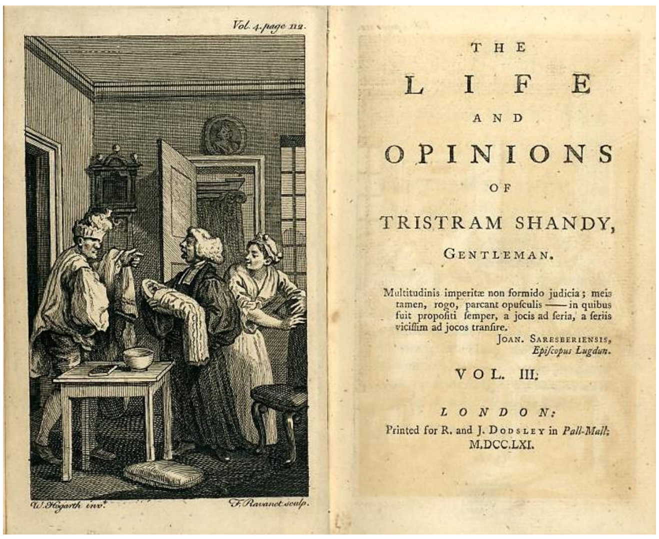


Edmund Burke (*b.* 1730, *d.* 1797) was an orator, statesman, and author. He was the son of an attorney, and was born in Dublin. After receiving a University education, he proceeded to London, and made an attempt to study the law. Finding this an uncongenial occupation, he devoted himself to literature. His *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful* attracted general attention; and he joined the club where the great men of the day were accustomed to meet. After some years of hard work he was appointed Secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, through whose influence he was elected a Member of Parliament. Then it was that his genius shone out as it had never shone before. Political speeches—usually dry and uninteresting—were embellished by Burke with the most splendid imagery, and delivered with an energy which enforced attention. His greatest speech was that delivered at the trial of Warren Hastings. It is considered one of the most magnificent ever uttered by any orator. Burke's greatest political work is a treatise entitled *Reflections on the French Revolution*, which is a good specimen of his style. The death of his son—which he took deeply to heart—caused his retirement from public life, and he died at Beaconsfield in 1797. His career is a grand example of the successes which may be achieved by industry and perseverance.

The Destruction of the Carnatic.

"Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, Hyder Ali drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on the menacing meteor which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from the flaming villages, in part were slaughtered: others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function, fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities; but, escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine."—*Speeches*.

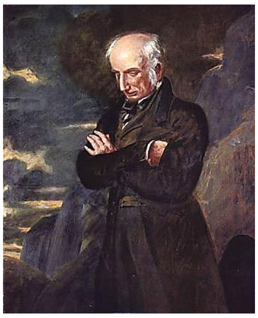
Other Miscellaneous Writers. During this period **Sir William Blackstone**, a lawyer, wrote an excellent *Commentary on the Laws of England*, in which the laws of the land are carefully arranged and pleasantly explained. **Stevens** and **Malone** edited *Shakespeare*; **James Boswell** produced his *Biography of Johnson*—the best biography ever written; the **Earl of Chesterfield** wrote his famous *Letters to his Son*; and the satirical *Letters of Junius* appeared in the public prints. The authorship of these stinging political satires has never been satisfactorily settled.



Chapter XIV.
The Poets of the Nineteenth Century. From 1800 till 1830.

Introduction. Poets. Wordsworth; Coleridge; Southey; Scott; Campbell; Moore; Byron; Shelley; Keats. Other Poets. Dramatists. Sheridan Knowles; Joanna Baillie. Other Dramatists.

The authors were now exceedingly numerous, and people required guidance as to the books they should read and the books they should avoid. To meet this want there arose a new kind of literature, that, namely, of criticism. The *Edinburgh Review*, followed shortly afterwards by others of a similar character, had an excellent effect in making authors more careful, and in cultivating a better taste than had hitherto prevailed among the people themselves. It is true that public attention was more and more occupied with business affairs as manufactures and commerce continued to increase, but this did not hinder the poets, who were as numerous, and in many respects as illustrious, as those of the Elizabethan Age, from winning their way to favour and popularity.



William Wordsworth (*b.* 1770, *d.* 1850), the son of an attorney, was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland. He studied at Cambridge, and, in 1790, made a tour to the Continent, and visited France while the Revolution was raging. Sympathising heartily with the Revolutionists, he went back to France in the following year, making friends with the Girondists, and remaining among them for fifteen months. On his return to England he had to make up his mind as to his means of earning a living. The Church, for which his friends had intended him, did not suit him; he would rather be a poet if it would pay; but, fancying it would not he was about to become a lawyer and journalist, when a young friend of his died, leaving him a legacy of £900, and earnestly entreating him to devote himself entirely to poetry. This he did with right good will. He resided first in Somersetshire, and afterwards

at Rydal Mount, near Lake Windermere, where he enjoyed the pleasant company of his brother poets, Coleridge and Southey, who lived in the same neighbourhood. For this reason, and because of a certain similarity to each other in their style of writing, the three poets have been named the Lake Poets. Wordsworth was in very comfortable circumstances. He had got £1000 as his share of a sum of £8500 which had been owing to his father; he had obtained the office of Distributor of Stamps for the county of Westmoreland, which brought him £500 a-year; and in 1842 he received a pension of £300 per annum. On the death of Southey he was appointed Poet Laureate; and, in 1850, he died at the close of his eightieth year.

His great work is *The Excursion*, a philosophical poem, forming part of what was intended to be a moral epic, entitled *The Recluse*. In *The Excursion*, the poet takes a walk or excursion, and meets first with a Scotch pedlar, who converses—and far too well for a man in his position—about truth, beauty, love, and hope; and tells the touching story of poor Margaret, who died of grief because of her husband's unaccountable absence. Travelling onwards, the poet and the pedlar meet a solitary man whose temper has been soured by continual disappointments. Then the three together visit a clergyman, who narrates interesting stories about the people who had lived and died in that place, and were buried in the cemetery close by. They afterwards visit a neighbouring lake, and with this the poem concludes. There is little of a story in *The Excursion*; but the walk affords opportunities for frequent descriptions of scenery, and for many discussions on solemn and important subjects. The *White Doe of Rylestone* may be named as another of his important poems.

Wordsworth had different styles of writing. In his earlier works he imitated the manner of Pope and of Spenser. Later, he began a style of his own, which set the world a-laughing. According to his new plan, everything was to be simple—simple thoughts on simple subjects expressed in simple words. A kitten playing with fallen leaves; Peter Bell getting lessons in virtue from an ass; the story of an idiot boy, etc., etc. These were among the subjects he chose for illustrating his system. From the commonest objects and events of life he attempted to draw useful lessons. "At this rate," says Taine, "you will find a lesson in an old toothbrush which still continues in use;" and, again, "there are only three or four events in each of our lives worthy of being related, …. else I might end by explaining that yesterday my dog broke his leg, and that this morning my wife put on her stockings inside out." Nevertheless, a few of Wordsworth's simple lyric ballads, such as *We are Seven*, are pathetic

and tender in the extreme. In *The Excursion*, again, Wordsworth forgets his own plan of simplicity, and chooses the language best suited to express his ideas, whether it be simple or otherwise. Here he shows himself to be a true poet, full of reverence for religion, strongly impressed with nature's beauties, and finding poetry and instruction in everything about him. His works have risen rapidly in public favour.

A Prayer for Freedom.

"O give, great God, to freedom's waves to ride
Sublime o'er conquest, avarice, and pride;
To sweep where pleasure decks her guilty bowers,
And dark oppression builds her thick-ribbed towers:
Give them, beneath their breast, while gladness springs.
To brood the nations o'er with Nile-like wings;
And grant that every sceptred child of clay
Who cries, presumptuous, 'Here their tides shall stay,'
Swept in their anger from the affrighted shore,
With all his creatures sink to rise no more!"

Lucy.

"She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
    Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
    And very few to love.

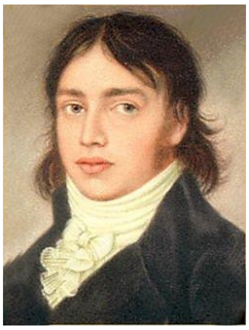
"A violet by a mossy stone
    Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star when only one
    Is shining in the sky.

"She lived unknown, and few could know.
    When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
    The difference to me!"

From "The Excursion."

                    "As the ample moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer even
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns like an unconsuming fire of light

In the green trees, and, kindling on all sides,
Their leafy umbrage turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
Capacious and serene; like power abides
In man's celestial spirit; virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself—thus feeds
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
From the encumbrances of mortal life.
From error, disappointment—nay, from guilt;
And sometimes—so relenting justice wills—
From palpable oppressions of despair."—*Book IV.*



Samuel Taylor Coleridge (*b.* 1772, *d.* 1834) was born at Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire. He was the son of the vicar; but, while yet a child, he was left an orphan, and was sent to Christ's Hospital, London, where he received his education. Even then he was a great reader, devouring greedily every book within his reach. Passing to Cambridge, where he remained for two years, he neglected the studies he ought to have attended to, and allowed his mind to wander among the mazes of religion, philosophy, and politics. At last he left the University and enlisted in a regiment of dragoons, under the name of Comberbatch; but he was soon found out, and by the aid of his friends was released from soldier life. Next we find him, with Southey and other young men, endeavouring to found what he called a "Pantisocracy," to be carried out in North America. This was to be a kind of republic, in which everybody was to exert himself for the common good. Want of money, however, prevented this Utopian scheme from being carried into execution. Coleridge, always thoughtless about the future, now married a young lady, whose sister became the wife of Southey, and settling for a while in Somersetshire, he wrote some of his finest poems. Through the kindness of the famous potters, the Wedgwoods of Staffordshire, he was enabled to visit Germany, and on his return in 1800 he took up his abode with Southey at Keswick, in the Lake Country. In 1804 he spent nine months in Malta as secretary to the Governor

of that island; and, on his return to London, delivered his celebrated *Lectures on Shakespeare*. By this time he had taken to opium, and, under the influence of that drug, had become a dreamer. In 1810 he left his wife and children to the care of Southey, and went to London, where he found a home with his friend Gilman, the surgeon of Highgate, who was afterwards the means of weaning Coleridge from his opium-eating, or rather laudanum-drinking. During the last nineteen years of his life he was regarded as the great authority on all subjects bearing on literature. He died at Highgate in 1834.

The works of Coleridge show us how much greater a poet he might have been than what he really was. His poems are, for the most part, but beautiful beginnings—roses partly blown, revealing by appearance and perfume how delicious the full-blown flower would afterwards have become. The poet, however, was dreamy, idle, procrastinating, continually planning magnificent works, of which he seldom wrote a single line. Of his complete poems, his translation of *Schiller's Wallenstein* is considered one of the best. This poem is very beautiful in itself, but Coleridge rendered it still more attractive by the charming touches which his own genius gave it. *The Ancient Mariner*, written in the old English ballad style, is the oftenest read of all his writings. It contains the story of an old sailor, as told by himself to a wedding guest, who, through the strange influence of the mariner's eye, is made, despite his own desire to get away, to stand still and hear the dreadful story to the end: A vessel leaves a seaport town, and the voyage is prosperous and pleasant, till a storm is encountered. After the storm, and in an evil hour, the sailor shoots an albatross—a bird which seamen consider a sign of good fortune. Ere long the vessel sails into a quiet sea, where there is neither wind nor wave; where the sun glows like a ball of fire; where the water is green with decay, and—

> "Slimy things did crawl with legs
> Upon a slimy sea."

Here the ship remains motionless, and the sailor who shot the albatross is regarded as the cause of this misfortune. The crew are dying of thirst, when a phantom ship draws nigh, and two spectres are seen gambling with dice for the lives of the crew of the mariner's ship. The shadowy vessel vanishes; the crew, one by one, drop dead upon the deck; their bodies lie about, each face wearing a ghastly grin, and each eye fixed upon the mariner, who alone is spared. At length he feels repentant for the evil he has done, and the angelic

spirits, pitying his sad case, make the dead bodies rise to their feet, and attend to the duties of sailors. They hoist the sails, and, although there is no wind, the ship moves on till she comes to the regions where winds prevail. These speed her on her way, and at length she nears the mariner's native land. A pilot comes out from the shore, but ere he can approach the ship suddenly sinks, leaving the mariner struggling with the waves. He is rescued by the pilot. The memory of the agonies he endured during that awful time becomes occasionally unbearable, and his heart burns within him till his ghastly tale be told; and hence the detention of the wedding guest.

Of the incomplete poems, *Christabel* and *Kubla Khan* are the principal; and of his lyrics, that named *Love*, and sometimes *Genevieve*—one of the loveliest and most melodious little poems in the English language. The writings of Coleridge are all notable for graceful imagery and sweetness of expression—the subjects of his narrative poems more especially being the unreal and often weird imaginings of a dreamy poetical mind.

Fragments of a Dream.

"The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid.
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome, those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,

And drunk the milk of paradise."—*Kubla Khan.*



Robert Southey (*b.* 1774, *d.* 1843) was the son of a draper, and was born at Bristol. Through the kindness of an uncle, he was sent to Westminster School, but was afterwards expelled for writing a paper against flogging, which was published in a magazine conducted by the senior boys. At Oxford, like his fellow-student Coleridge, he paid little attention to the studies of a University course, and gave them up altogether at the end of two years, but not before he had become the intimate friend of Coleridge, with whose views in religion and politics his own were at that time identical. It will be remembered that Southey took part in attempting to form the "Pantisocracy." He published a book of poems in order to raise sufficient funds to set the wild scheme agoing. It was unsuccessful, and so also was his next poem, *Joan of Arc*, which Southey himself imagined would be eagerly purchased. He was now reduced to poverty, and had to depend on his mother for the necessaries of life. In Bristol he became sincerely attached to a young lady, whom he determined to marry. To divert his thoughts, his uncle took him to Lisbon; but the well-meant scheme proved useless, for he had secretly married the object of his love just before setting sail from Bristol. On his return to England he tried the law, did not like it, and took to poetry again. His reputation soon began to increase; and, after a second visit to Lisbon, and six months' occupation as private secretary to the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer, he finally settled at Keswick, and there laboured so incessantly at literary work that his brain at last gave way. Some idea of his industry may be formed when it is stated that his published works amount to one hundred and nine volumes. Southey was made Poet Laureate in 1813, and in 1835 received a pension of £300 a-year. During the last three years of his life he was an imbecile. Wordsworth says that, when he visited him, "his eyes flashed for a moment with their former brightness, but he sank into the state in which I had found him, patting with both hands his books affectionately like a child." He died in 1843, and was buried in the churchyard of Crossthwaite. It is worthy of remark that while Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey were in their

younger years enthusiastic republicans, they all became staunch supporters of the crown before they died.

Southey's longer poems are curiosities in their way. The scenes are laid in nearly every part of the globe in—England, Wales, France, Spain, Arabia, India. Mexico. The most deserving of notice are—*Wat Tyler*, *Joan of Arc*, *Madoc*, *Roderick, the Last of the Goths, Thalaba*, and the *Curse of Kehama*. *Wat Tyler* is a poem illustrating the revolutionary principles to which Southey was so attached in his early days. In *Joan of Arc* he takes his heroine to the land of spirits, and shows her how oppressors meet with the doom they so richly deserve. *Madoc* is the story of a Welsh prince, who is said to have discovered America. *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*, is a poem in blank verse, giving an account of the last Gothic King of Spain, whose oppressions brought about the loss of his kingdom. *Thalaba*, also in blank verse, is peculiar in that the lines are of unequal length. It is an Arabian tale, in which dreadful monsters are introduced in great numbers. The greatest poem of them all, however, is the *Curse of Kehama*, written in irregular lines like *Thalaba*, but in rhyme. It is founded on the superstitions and mythology of the Hindoos. The principal scenes are laid in Paradise—"under the roots of the ocean"—in the highest heaven—and in the lowest hell—whilst its characters are, with one exception, such as are never to be met with in this matter-of-fact world of ours.

Southey's poems are of two kinds—the first, long and ambitious; the second, after Wordsworth's middle style, short and simple. To the first kind belong his epics, all of which have just been named. They are splendidly written, but, as a recent critic says, they are merely "poetic shows." Everything is picturesque, gorgeous, correct, but tiresome also, because we have no sympathy with the characters introduced. They are of a different world and of a different nature from ours. The simple poems, on the other hand, are very interesting, and not wanting in pathos, though nearly all of that wild, weird, unearthly character in which Southey so much delights. The *Old Woman of Berkeley*, *Lord William*, and *Mary the Maid of the Inn*, are well-known examples among his shorter poems of this peculiarity.

The Approach to Padalon, the Hell of the Hindoos.

"Far other light than that of day there shone
Upon the travellers, entering Padalon.
They, too, in darkness entering on their way,

But far before the car
A glow, as of a fiery furnace light,
Filled all before them. 'Twas a light that made
Darkness itself appear
A thing of comfort; and the sight, dismayed,
Shrank inward from the molten atmosphere.
Their way was through the adamantine rock
Which girt the world of woe; on either side
Its massive walls arose, and overhead
Arched the long passage; onward as they ride,
With stronger glare the light around them spread—
And, lo! the regions dread—
The world of woe before them opening wide,
There rolls the fiery flood,
Girding the realms of Padalon around.
A sea of flame, it seemed to be
Sea without bound;
For neither mortal nor immortal sight
Could pierce across through that intensest light."

The Curse of Kehama.



Sir Walter Scott (*b.* 1771, *d.* 1832), the great poet and novelist, was born in Edinburgh, and was educated at the High School and University of his native city. He studied for the law, became an advocate, was appointed sheriff of Selkirkshire, and settled with his wife at the farm house of Ashestiel. But his heart was not in his profession. From his very childhood he had been passionately fond of stories, especially those which referred to "the brave days of old." One day, when about thirteen, he got possession of *Percy's Reliques*, and became so absorbed in the stirring old ballads, that he forgot to take his dinner. His frequent visits to the banks of the Tweed, with their old castles and crumbling abbeys, so full of interesting memories, increased still more his ardent affection for the times gone by. The results began to show themselves in the romantic poems he published in 1805 while yet at Ashestiel. With the money which these produced, and other funds which he expected to

produce, he erected the grand Gothic mansion of Abbotsford, furnished it after the fashion of feudal days, and lived in it like a knight of the olden time. From the Government of the day he received a baronetcy. His life at Abbotsford was of the most pleasant kind. Here he delighted to meet and entertain his friends—"singing ballads and sounding pibrochs amidst the clinking of glasses; holding gay hunting parties, where yeomen and gentlemen rode side by side; and encouraging lively dances, when the lord was not ashamed to give his hand to the miller's daughter." In order to keep up this grand style, he had secretly gone into partnership with his publishers. Unexpectedly the firm failed, and Scott found himself burdened, at the age of fifty-five, with a debt of £117,000. But he was honest and courageous; and so, setting to work on the very day of the failure, he managed, in four years, to clear away £70,000; and he would have wrought on, but his health broke down under such excessive labour, and he was sent to Italy. After some time spent in that country, he became worse, and returned home to Abbotsford, where he died in 1832.

Scott's three great poems are the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, and the *Lady of the Lake*. The first of these illustrates "the customs and manners which anciently prevailed on the borders of England and Scotland." It is full of incidents, tournaments, raids, midnight expeditions, etc. *Marmion* is a romantic tale of Flodden field. The *Lady of the Lake* tells us of a king who, in disguise, traversing the Highlands in the neighbourhood of Loch Katrine, missed his way and met with several adventures, which the poet describes with telling effect. The story, however, was intended by Scott to be a mere thread of interest in a poem which was written to illustrate life and scenery in the Scottish Highlands. These poems are written after the fashion of the old metrical romances, and are remarkable for freshness of thought, vividness of description, and animation of style. They were very popular, and the author would have been considered a famous man though he had never written aught beside.

Nightfall—Norham Castle.

"Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
  And Cheviot's mountains lone:
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates where captives weep

The flanking walls that round it sweep,
  In yellow lustre shone.
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
  Seemed forms of giant height;
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flashed back again the western blaze
  In lines of dazzling light,
St. George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded as the fading ray,
  Less bright, and less, was flung;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the donjon tower,
  So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search,
  The castle gates were barred;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
  The warder kept his guard,
Low humming, as he paced along.
Some ancient border-gathering song."—*Marmion.*

From the Description of the Battle of Flodden.

"At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;
  But naught distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain:
Fell England's arrow flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
  Wild and disorderly."—*Marmion.*

Death of Roderick Dhu.

(The Chieftain dies while listening to the chanting of the Bard or Minstrel of his Clan.)

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"At first, the chieftain to his chime
With lifted hand kept feeble time.
That motion ceased; yet feeling strong,
Varied his look as changed the song:
At length no more his deafened ear
The minstrel's melody can hear:
His face grows sharp; his hands are clenched,
As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched,
Set are his teeth, his fading eye
Is sternly fixed on vacancy:
Thus motionless and moanless drew
His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu."

Lady of the Lake.

Thomas Campbell (*b.* 1777, *d.* 1844), the son of a Virginia merchant, was born and educated in Glasgow. At the University of his native city he received great praise from the professor of Greek for his skilful translation of Greek poems into English verse. After completing his studies, he thought of becoming either a minister or lawyer, but finally determined to live by his writings. In 1799 he published his first poem, the *Pleasures of Hope*, which at once became a favourite, and established his reputation as a poet. He then visited the Continent, and was present at the battle which ended in the surrender of Ratisbon to the French. He was thus able to write *Hohenlinden*, one of the most graphic battle-poems in the language. In 1806 he received a pension, which had been well deserved by the writing of such stirring odes as *Ye Mariners of England* and the *Battle of the Baltic*. His last poem of note was *Gertrude of Wyoming*, and although he afterwards wrote many others, they are inferior to his earlier productions. He died at Boulogne, but his body was removed and interred in Westminster Abbey.

Campbell's longer poems are remarkable for graceful imagery, purity of thought, and elegance of language. His *Gertrude* shows, however, that he was very defective in the art of story-making. His fame will rest more on the short martial poems to which we have already alluded.

Hohenlinuen.

"On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow

Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

"But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

"By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

"Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven.
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

"But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

" 'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy

"The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry."

Thomas Moore (*b.* 1780, *d.* 1852), the biographer of Byron, was the wittiest poet of his day. Though born in Dublin of humble parents, he received a good education both at school and at the University. He then passed over to London, where he published his translations of the *Odes of Anacreon*, and dedicated them to the Prince Regent. Immediately afterwards, he was introduced into fashionable society; and, being a great wit and a fine singer of his own beautiful songs, his company was courted everywhere. Of this dissipated kind of life he soon grew very fond—too fond, as some think, for he has been called "the spoiled child of popularity." In 1803 he was appointed to a Government situation in Bermuda; and here, by the dishonesty of a

subordinate, he got into trouble, and had a large sum of money to pay before he got quit of his difficulties. The rest of his life was spent in writing those works which have made his name illustrious. Latterly his mind gave way, and he died in 1852.

His greatest poem of any length is *Lalla Rookh*, an Eastern tale, and one of those gorgeous and showy poems of the same class as Southey's *Curse of Kehama*, though containing less of the supernatural element. Its opening is prose in form, but poetical in matter, and tells us of a Princess who is on her way to her betrothed husband, the King of Bucharia, whom she has never seen. At one of the resting places on the journey a poet is introduced to her, who afterwards keeps the travellers company, and lightens the weary way by reciting four beautiful poems. In the end he wins the love of the Princess, and ere long turns out to be none other than the King of Bucharia himself. In *Lalla Rookh*, the poet has described Oriental scenery so well, that it was generally supposed he must have resided for some time in Eastern countries, the truth being that he never was there at all, but had gained his knowledge by the careful study of books of travel, and other works bearing on the subject. But it is not on this poem, great though it be, that his fame will rest. He was the Burns of Ireland; and songs will ever be more popular than long epic poems, however excellent these may be. Moore's *Irish Melodies*, like those of the Scotch lyric poet, were composed to suit musical airs already well known to the people. They are exceedingly tuneful and elegant.

Many satires also proceeded from the fertile pen of the Irish poet. They are lively, full of wit, and expressed with great neatness and polish.

Moonlight on the Persian Gulf.

" 'Tis moonlight over Oman's sea;
Her banks of pearl and palmy isles
Bask in the night-beam beauteously,
And her blue waters sleep in smiles.
'Tis moonlight in Harmozia's[1] walls,
And through her Emir's porphyry halls
Where some hours since was heard the swell
Of trumpet, and the clash of zel,[2]
Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell;

[1] A town on the Persian Gulf.
[2] A Moorish instrument of music.

The peaceful sun, whom better suits
The music of the bulbul's nest,
Or the light touch of lovers' lutes
To sing him to his golden rest!
All hush'd—there's not a breeze in motion;
The shore is silent as the ocean."—*Lalla Rookh.*

The Minstrel Boy.

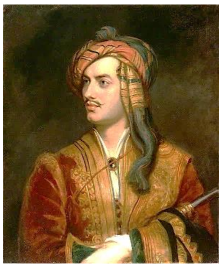
"The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him,
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
'Land of Song!' said the warrior bard,
'Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!'

"The minstrel fell! but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder.
And said, 'No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free—
They shall never sound in slavery!"—*Melodies.*

What's my Thought Like.

Ques. "Why is a pump like Viscount Castlereagh?

Ans. "Because it is a slender thing of wood,
That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spout and spout and spout away,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood."—*Trifles.*



George Gordon—Lord Byron (*b.* 1788, *d.* 1824), the most popular poet

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of this period, was born in London, and was the son of John Byron—a disreputable captain in the Guards, and Catherine Gordon, an Aberdeenshire heiress. The reckless captain soon spent his wife's fortune, and then left her and her son George—the future poet—to get on as best they might. After some years of genteel poverty spent in Aberdeen, Byron, by the death of his grand-uncle, became a lord, and heir to Newstead Abbey in Nottinghamshire. He was now sent to Harrow, and by and by to Cambridge, where he broke the rules of the University, neglected his proper studies, and read books of travel instead. In 1807, and while he was still at Cambridge, he issued a volume of poems entitled *Hours of Idleness*, which was very severely dealt with by a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*. This roused his wrath, and in revenge he wrote *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, a satire in which he not only lashed his reviewer, but hit at most of the notable authors of the day—men who had never harmed him. After a little he felt ashamed of himself, and tried, though in vain, to suppress the poem. At the age of twenty-one he visited Spain, Greece, and Turkey, and produced the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, which took the public by storm; and Byron was at once declared to be a prince among the poets. On his return to London he was rapturously received, and almost worshipped by his enthusiastic admirers. This was in 1812, and during the following three years he wrote *The Giaour*, *Bride of Abydos*, *Corsair*, and *Lara*—narrative poems, describing the scenery of modern Greece, and the manners and passions of the people. In 1815 he married Miss Millbanke, from whom he parted a year afterwards, the real cause of the separation being even now a mystery. The public of that day took it for granted that he had been cruel to her, and condemned him as heartily as once they had applauded him. Abandoned by his wife and hooted by his countrymen, he left England, never more to return. He spent his time in travelling about from place to place, and in the indulgence of all kinds of wickedness, occasionally sending home for publication the remaining cantos of *Childe Harold*, and other poems. His last literary effort of note was *Don Juan*, a poem which shows at once the greatness of his genius, and the depth of moral degradation to which he had fallen. There is reason to believe, however, that his better nature revived during his last days; at least we find him sympathising with the down-trodden Greeks, and working hard to secure their independence. While so engaged, he fell a victim to a marsh fever which he caught at Missolonghi, and died there at the early age of thirty-six.

Of his numerous works, the best is *Childe Harold* (or Harold the

Knight)—a poem written in the Spenserian stanza, and giving an account of the pilgrimage of a man sick of dissipation and hating his fellows, who seeks by solitary travel to find some relief from his usual mode of living. Byron said that by Harold he meant no one in particular; there is little difficulty, nevertheless, in discovering in that personage a likeness to the poet himself. In the course of his journeyings he visits the most interesting parts of Europe—the places he visits suggesting suitable subjects about which to write; thus, Brussels suggests Waterloo; Geneva gives him an opportunity to describe the Alps; Albuera brings vividly to his mind the fearful battle once fought there; while Rome and Athens remind him of their departed glories. *Childe Harold* is, therefore, descriptive; although it may also be called a reflective poem, since it contains many thoughtful passages, some sad, some bitter, and some sublime. *Don Juan* is written in *octaves* or stanzas of eight lines, having a peculiar arrangement of rhymes.

Byron's writings were at first gloomy and passionate; later, they began to disclose a wonderful store of wit and humour; and, at last, bright flashes of wit and touches of the tenderest pathos—bursts of eloquence and paroxysms of despair—were to be found in one and the same poem. In graphic power of description, in passionate energy, in grace and beauty of style Byron was without a rival; and on the Continent it would seem he is considered, next to Shakespeare, the greatest of English poets. It is a pity that it should have to be added that throughout his works there is an immorality of tone and a mockery of religious truth which render his most fascinating works the most dangerous to young and unwary readers.

An Image of War. Albuera.

"Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote?
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high;—from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

"Lo! where the giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,

With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon.
Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
Flashing afar—and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done;
For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet."

From the Apostrophe to the Ocean.

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan—
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoflmed, and unknown."
Childe Harold.

Night Scene at Rome.

"The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow shining mountains. Beautiful!
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learned the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering, upon such a night
I stood within the Colosseum's wall,
'Midst the chief relics of all mighty Rome:
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and
More near, from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind."—*Manfred.*

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Percy Bysshe Shelley (*b.* 1792, *d.* 1822) belonged to an ancient and noble family. His father was a baronet, and he himself had the prospect of succeeding to the title, and to a splendid fortune besides. Before he was twenty-one, he had been expelled from the University of Oxford for boldly declaring that he did not believe in the existence of a God; and had been renounced by his own family for marrying a lady beneath him in rank. The marriage does not seem to have been a happy one, for it ended in separation, and Mrs. Shelley afterwards committed suicide. Shelley's opinions were very strange. He despised all social customs, and hated all religions; indeed, his principles were so bad that he was not allowed to have the charge of his own children, lest he should teach them evil. Yet he was not a dissipated man, for his life was quiet and upright. He ultimately left England on account of his health, and resided in Switzerland where he met Lord Byron. His last days were spent chiefly at Rome. In the summer of 1822, while returning from Leghorn, his boat capsized in the Gulf of Spezzia, and the poet was drowned; and his body, which was cast on the shore, was burnt after the old Roman fashion by his two friends, Byron and Leigh Hunt.

The finest of Shelley's longer poems is *Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude*, describing how a poet, with strong feelings and ambitious hopes, finding no one to sympathise with or understand him, is driven into solitude, and at length, in despair, lies down to die. *Queen Mab*, another of his long poems, is very beautiful, but disfigured by its atheism and blasphemy. The *Revolt of Islam* is of the same character; and *Adonais* is another name for the poet Keats, in whose memory the poem thus named was written. The *Prometheus Unbound* and *The Cenci* are dramatic in form, the latter being a tragedy of the gloomiest character. The shorter lyrics, such as *The Cloud*, the *Ode to a Skylark*, and the *Sensitive Plant*, are the most popular of Shelley's poems.

The poetry of this author is delicious, though often unreal and shadowy. Gorgeousness of imagery and musical versification are its leading features. Sometimes, however, the poet so overloads his subject with ornaments that it loses shape, or disappears from view altogether, leaving nothing but the ornaments to look at and admire.

The Flight of the Hours.

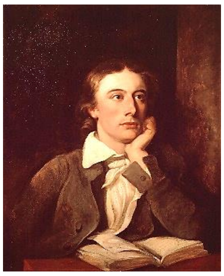
"Behold!
The rocks are cloven, and through the purple night
I see cars drawn by rainbow-winged steeds,
Which trample the dim winds: in each there stands
A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.
Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there,
And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars:
Others, with burning eyes, lean forth, and drink
With eager lips the wind of their own speed,
As if the thing they loved fled on before,
And now, even now, they clasped it. Their bright locks
Stream like a comet's flashing hair: they all
Sweep onward.
These are the immortal Hours,
Of whom thou didst demand. One waits for thee."
Prometheus.

Opening Verses from the "Sensitive Plant."

"A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew.
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

"And the spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast,
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

"But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant."



John Keats (*b.* 1795, *d.* 1821) was born in London. At the age of fifteen

he was apprenticed to a surgeon. Poetry and surgery did not suit each other, and so, preferring the former, Keats resolved to win himself a name as a poet. He was his own instructor; and, by dint of energy and perseverance, gained so much knowledge of the gods and goddesses of ancient Greece, that he was able to write a classical poem, which he named *Endymion*. This work was severely criticised, and the young author took the matter so much to heart that he became almost insane. But, on recovering his equanimity, he studied what the critics said, and endeavoured to correct the faults they pointed out. In this way his later poems show great improvement, and were correspondingly successful. Just when he was giving evidence of becoming as great a poet as Shelley himself, consumption began its fatal work, and though Keats removed to a warmer climate, there was no improvement, and he died at Rome in the twenty-sixth year of his age.

His best known poems are *Endymion*, *Hyperion*, the *Eve of St. Agnes*, and *Isabella, or the Pot of Basil*. His poetry, like Shelley's, is remarkable for its splendid imaginings—the flowers of poetry, which, unlike garden flowers, trained to show to the best advantage the plots they adorn, grow wild and luxuriantly over all, often hiding what they are intended to embellish.

From the Hymn to Pan.*

"O thou for whose soul-soothing quiet turtles
Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,
What time thou wanderest at eventide
Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side
Of thine enmossed realms: O thou to whom
Broad-leaved fig-trees even now foredoom
Their ripened fruitage; yellow-girted bees
Their golden honeycombs; our village leas
Their fairest blossomed beans and poppied corn;
The chuckling linnet its five young unborn,
To sing for thee; low creeping strawberries
Their summer coolness; pent-up butterflies
Their freckled wings; yea, the fresh budding year
All its completions—be quickly near,
By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
O forester divine! "—*Endymion*.

* The god of the woods, of shepherd, and of huntsmen.

Other Poets. Among the notable religious poets of the time were

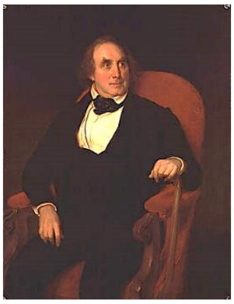
Reginald Heber, bishop of Calcutta, the writer of well known *Missionary Hymns*; **James Grahame**, the author of *The Sabbath*, a poem somewhat in the style of Cowper; **Robert Pollok**, whose *Course of Time* is gloomy in character, but contains passages reminding the reader of Milton; and lastly, **John Keble**, an English clergyman, whose work, entitled the *Christian Year*, has long been a favourite.

The more illustrious descriptive poets were **Samuel Rogers**, a London banker, whose *Italy, Pleasures of Memory*, etc., are marked by that refinement which was characteristic of the man; **James Montgomery**, author of the *Pelican Island*, the *World before the Flood*, etc., and **Henry Kirke White**, a butcher's son, who wrote *Clifton Grove*, and other poems. He enjoyed the patronage of Southey, and was rapidly making his way to distinction as a poet, when he died of consumption at the age of twenty-one.

William Lisle Bowles was a famous sonnet writer, whose works had a marked influence on those of Coleridge; **William Gifford**, the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, distinguished himself as a satirist; and **Mrs. Hemans**, though the writer of ambitious poems of some length, will be best remembered as a lyric poetess, her *Graves of a Household*, and *Homes of England*, being well known examples of her style.

Among Scotch Poets may be named **James Hogg**, commonly known as the Ettrick Shepherd, and author of a beautiful imaginative poem called the *Queen's Wake*, etc., etc.; and **Robert Tannahill**, the luckless Paisley poet, who committed suicide in consequence, it is supposed, of certain literary disappointments. He was the writer of several Scotch songs, of which *Gloomy Winters noo Awa'*, and *Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane*, are good examples.

Dramatists.



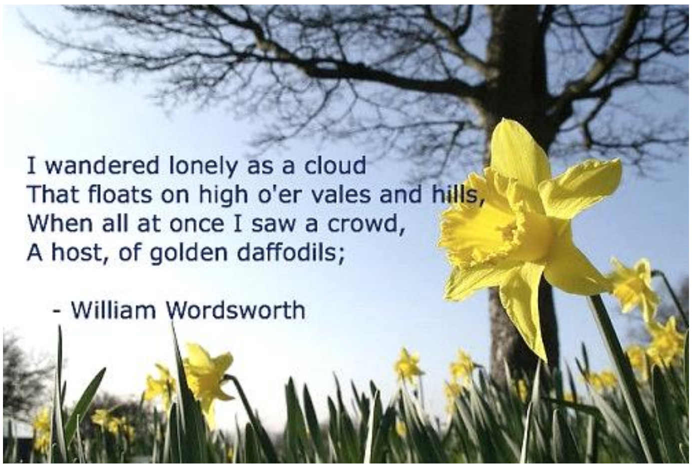
James Sheridan Knowles (*b.* 1784, *d.* 1862) was the son of a teacher of English, residing at Cork. In his boyhood he was fond of writing little plays to be acted by his schoolfellows. In after years he went to London, where he

published some of his works, and was befriended by Hazlitt, the celebrated critic, who also gave him useful hints as to the art of play-writing. Knowles next became an actor, and learned by experience the kind of play that pleased an audience most. His best known dramas are *Virginius, The Hunchback*, and *William Tell*, which were performed by the greatest actors of the age. In 1849 Knowles received a pension of £200 a-year. After his retirement from the stage he became a teacher of elocution, and preached occasionally in the chapels of the Baptist Church. His plays are interesting, because the plot or plan of the stories upon which they are based is usually arranged with great skill. Knowles also excelled in the delineation of character,

Joanna Baillie (*b.* 1762, *d.* 1851), the daughter of a Scotch minister, wrote plays to illustrate single passions, and of these she published several volumes. They are, on the whole, good, but they might have been better had Miss Baillie known more of the business of the stage. From the very first act of her plays, it is possible to foretell what the end will be, and hence the other acts lose their interest. Her best tragedies are *Count Basil* and *De Montfort.*

Other Dramatists. Dramatic poems were attempted by most of the great poets of the age. They were nearly all tragedies, and were more suitable for private reading than for public performance. Of such a character was *The Borderers* of Wordsworth; *The Remorse* of Coleridge; *The Manfred* of Byron, and *The Cenci* of Shelley.

Of the comedies which were written at this period, and which have since kept possession of the stage, that of *The Honeymoon*, by **John Tobin,** is the best.



Chapter XV.
Prose Literature. From 1800 till 1830.

Novelists. Scott; Maria Edgeworth. Other Novelists. Historians. Hallam. Other Historians. Writers on Religious Subjects. Hall; Foster; Chalmers. Other Writers on Religious Subjects. Philosophers. Stewart; Mackintosh. Other Philosophers. Miscellaneous Writers, Critics, Etc. Smith; Jeffrey; Hazlitt. Other Critics. Lamb; Wilson. Other Miscellaneous Writers.

The leading feature of the prose literature of the time was the production of the Waverley Novels, in which series the historical romance was founded by Sir Walter Scott. These novels exercised a powerful influence by diverting public taste from the unhealthy novel literature of the preceding period, and by providing a pleasant and innocent source of mental recreation and amusement. The historians now dealt not with general history, as did Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, but with particular departments and periods. Biographers were numerous, and critics and essayists contributed in abundance to the periodical literature of the day.

Novelists.



Scott. *The Waverley Novels*. In 1814 Scott issued *Waverley*, the first novel of the series which bears its name. It was published anonymously. The reason was that Scott, having gained a great name as a poet, was not sure that he would be equally successful as a novelist, and so withheld his name till he saw how *Waverley* should be received by the public. The book was an extraordinary success; and, as novel after novel made its appearance, the people were delighted and the critics were enthusiastic in their praise. These novels are twenty-nine in number, and, for the sake of convenience, have been divided into four groups—1st, those connected with Scottish history, like *Waverley*, which describes scenes in connection with the Rebellion of 1745; and *Old Mortality*, connected with the times of the Covenanters; 2nd, those referring to English History, like *Ivanhoe* (time of Richard Cœur de Lion); and *Kenilworth* (time of Queen Elizabeth); 3rd, those dealing with Continental

History, like *Quentin Durward* (time of Louis XI. of France); and 4th, those bearing on Private Life, like *Guy Mannering* and the *Antiquary*, the latter of which contains the best description of Scottish life and character ever written.

It is unnecessary to enter into any description of works so widely known. Of the illustrious novelist, it has been well remarked that he "revived the glories of past ages; illustrated the landscape and the history of his native country; painted the triumphs of patriotism and virtue, and the meanness and misery of vice; awakened our best and kindliest feelings in favour of suffering and erring humanity—of the low born and the persecuted, the peasant, the beggar, and the Jew; he has furnished an intellectual banquet, as rich as it is various and picturesque, from his curious learning, extensive observation, forgotten manners, and decaying superstitions—the whole embellished with the lights of a vivid imagination, and a correct and gracefully regulated taste. In the number and variety of his conceptions and characters, Scott is entitled to take his seat beside the greatest masters of fiction, British or foreign. Some have excelled him in particular qualities of the novelist, but none in their harmonious and rich combination."

Approach of a Storm.

"With a mind employed in admiration of the romantic scene, or perhaps on some more agitating topic, Miss Wardour advanced in silence by her father's side. Following the windings of the beach, they passed one projecting point of headland of rock after another, and now found themselves under a huge and continued extent of the precipices by which that iron bound coast is in most places defended. Long projecting reefs of rock, extending under water, and only evincing their existence by here and there a peak entirely bare, or by the breakers which foamed over those that were partially covered, rendered Knockwinnock bay dreaded by pilots and ship-masters. The crags which rose between the beach and the mainland, to the height of two or three hundred feet, afforded in their crevices shelter for unnumbered sea fowl, in situations seemingly secured by their dizzy height from the rapacity of man. Many of these wild tribes, with the instinct which sends them to seek the land before a storm arises, were now winging towards their nests with the shrill and dissonant clang which announces disquietude and fear. The disc of the sun became almost totally obscured ere he had altogether sunk below the horizon, and an early and lurid shade of darkness blotted the serene twilight of a summer evening. The wind began next to arise; but its wild and moaning sound was heard for some time, and its effects became visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt on shore. The mass of waters, now dark and threatening, began to lift itself in larger ridges and sink in deeper furrows, forming waves that rose high in foam upon the breakers, or burst upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder."

Maria Edgeworth (*b.* 1767, *d*, 1849) was born in Berkshire, but

brought up in Ireland. In 1801 she issued her first novel, *Castle Rackrent*, giving an account of the follies and vices of Irish landlords, and describing the good points and the bad in the character of the poorer classes in the land. The other novels of Miss Edgeworth were of great benefit to the society of the time, for in them its follies were exhibited and its prejudices corrected. *The Absentee* was considered by Macaulay to be one of the best novels ever written by a woman. The tales she has written for the young, such as *Harry and Lucy*, *Rosamond*, *Simple Susan,* etc., are intensely interesting and extremely useful, containing as they do many truthful pictures of life, and many lessons of priceless value. Sir Walter Scott was a great admirer of her writings. She died at the age of eighty-three.

Other Novelists. The four most important names among the male novelists were those of **Godwin**, **Galt**, **Hook**, and **Carleton**. William Godwin's best novel was entitled *Caleb Williams*, showing how oppression and injustice may result from imperfect laws. Galt was a native of Irvine, and wrote admirable Scottish novels, of which the *Ayrshire Legatees* is one of the best. Theodore Hook was a writer of droll novels, a capital talker, and excellent teller of stories. His novels were intended to ridicule those whom Thackeray calls "the snobs" of society—persons who vulgarly ape the manners of those above them in rank or station. *Jack Brag* is a good example of the kind of novels which Hook wrote. William Carleton's *Traits and Stories*, and many other similar works by the same author, convey a vivid idea of life and character in Ireland.

The female novelists were more numerous, and, in some respects, more talented than those of the other sex. The most remarkable among them were **Mrs. Shelley**, **Miss Austen**, **Miss Mitford**, **Lady Morgan**, and **Mrs. Hamilton**. Mrs. Shelley, the second wife of the poet of that name, wrote *Frankenstein*, a wild and thrilling story of a student who is represented as discovering how to create a living being. He makes a monstrous figure, causes it to live, and the hideous thing becomes the terror and torment of his life. Miss Austen described life among English country gentlemen. Her novels, of which one of the best is *Pride and Prejudice,* are quiet and sensible, and noticeable for the ease and naturalness of the conversation she introduces. Miss Mitford, again, in such works as *Our Village*, gave pictures of English home scenes. Lady Morgan wrote lively sketches of Irish life, in such novels as *O'Donnel*, *The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys*, etc. Mrs. Hamilton was the

author of that very amusing and yet highly instructive book, the *Cottagers of Glenburnie*.

Historians.

Henry Hallam (*b.* 1777, *d.* 1859) was born at Windsor, his father being Canon of Windsor and Dean of Wells. He received his education at Eton and Oxford, and for some time practised at the English bar. He had a good income, and when he was appointed a Commissioner of Audit, he was rendered independent of his profession, from which accordingly he retired, and devoted himself to literature.

His great works are three in number—*View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, showing the progress of Europe from the middle of the fifth till the end of the sixteenth century; the *Constitutional History of England from the Accession of Henry VIII. to the Death of George II.*; and *the Introduction to the Literature of Europe*. In all these works he shows how vast were his stores of knowledge; and in the last exhibits an intimate acquaintance with the language and literature of every important European nation. Macaulay gave him the highest praise when he declared the *Constitutional History* the most impartial book he had ever read.

Hallam's language is calm and dignified; and he seems to be actuated by a greater desire for the accuracy of his facts than for the brilliancy of his style.

Effects of the Feudal System.

"As a school of moral discipline, the feudal institutions were perhaps most to be valued. Society had sunk for several centuries after the dissolution of the Roman empire into a condition of utter depravity; where, if any vices could be selected as more eminently characteristic than others, they were falsehood, treachery, and ingratitude. In slowly purging off the lees of this extreme corruption, the feudal spirit exerted its ameliorating influence. Violation of faith stood first in the catalogue of crimes most repugnant to the very essence of a feudal tenure, most severely and promptly avenged, most branded by general infamy. The feudal law-books breathe throughout a spirit of honourable obligation. The feudal course of jurisdiction promoted, what trial by peers is peculiarly calculated to promote, a keener feeling, as well as readier perception, of moral as well as of legal distinctions. In the reciprocal services of lord and vassal, there was ample scope for every magnanimous and disinterested energy. The heart of man, when placed in circumstances that have a tendency to excite them, will

seldom be deficient in such sentiments. No occasions could be more favourable than the protection of a faithful supporter, or the defence of a beneficent sovereign, against such powerful aggression as left little prospect except of sharing in his ruin."—*View of the Middle Ages*.

Other Historians. **John Lingard**, a Catholic priest, wrote a learned *History of England*, the most valuable parts of which are those that treat of the Anglo-Saxons and their times. **James Mill**, the father of John Stuart Mill, and himself a philosopher, wrote a *History of British India*; **Patrick Fraser Tytler** produced an excellent *History of Scotland*; **William Napier** wrote a graphic *History of the Peninsular War*; and **William Mitford** wrote a valuable, though one-sided, *History of Greece*. But, besides these, there were many of the biographers of the time who contributed to historical literature. Among these were **William Roscoe**, who published the *Life of Lorenzo de Medici*, throwing much light on Italian history; **Thomas M'Crie**, the author of a *Life of John Knox*, dealing with the stirring times of the Scottish Reformation; and **Robert Southey**, the poet, whose *Life of Nelson* is, in point of style, the best biography that has ever been written.

Writers on Religious Subjects.

Robert Hall (*b*. 1764, *d*. 1831) has been called "the prince of modern preachers." He was the son of a Baptist minister, and was born at Bristol. He studied at Aberdeen, and was distinguished for his great love of learning. As a minister he was stationed at various towns in England, and such was the splendour of his oratory that crowds rushed to hear him wherever he preached. Twice in the course of his life he became deranged, and afterwards suffered from a painful disease. His most remarkable sermons are those on *Modern Infidelity*, *Reflections on War*, and *On the Death of the Princess Charlotte*. His style is pure, refined, and elegant, although his *Sermons* lose something of their power in consequence of the painful labour he bestowed upon them after they were preached and before they were published.

From the Sermon on the Death of the
Princess Charlotte.

"Fired with the ambition of equalling or surpassing the most distinguished of her predecessors, the Princess probably did not despair of reviving the remembrance of the

brightest parts of their story, and of once more attaching the epoch of British glory to the annals of a female reign. It is needless to add that the nation went with her, and probably outstripped her in these delightful anticipations. We fondly hoped that a life so inestimable would be protracted to a distant period, and that, after diffusing the blessings of a just and enlightened administration, and being surrounded by a numerous progeny, she would gradually, in a good old age, sink under the horizon amidst the embraces of her family and the benedictions of her country. But, alas! these delightful visions are fled; and what do we behold in their room but the funeral pall and shroud, a palace in mourning, a nation in tears, and the shadow of death settled over both like a cloud! Oh the unspeakable vanity of human hopes!—the incurable blindness of man to futurity!—ever doomed to grasp at shadows; 'to seize' with avidity what turns to dust and ashes in his hands; to sow the wind and reap the whirlwind."

John Foster (*b.* 1770, *d.* 1843), like Hall, was a Baptist minister, but, unlike him, he was quite unsuccessful as a preacher. So he took to literary work, and produced those *Essays on Popular Ignorance*, etc., which are now so much admired. They are four in number, and are written in the form of letters. They exhibit greater power of mind than Hall's discourses, though inferior to them in eloquence.

How Age Regards the Thoughts of Youthful Years.

"If a reflective aged man were to find at the bottom of an old chest—where it had lain forgotten fifty years—a record which he had written of himself when he was young, simply and vividly describing his whole heart and pursuits, and reciting verbatim many passages of the language which he sincerely uttered, would he not read it with more wonder than almost every other writing could at his age inspire? He would half lose the assurance of his identity, under the impression of this immense dissimilarity. It would seem as if it must be the tale of the juvenile days of some ancestor, with whom he had no connection but that of name."

Dr. Thomas Chalmers (*b.* 1780, *d.* 1847) was born at Anstruther in Fifeshire, and was educated at the University of St. Andrews. On completing his studies he became minister of Kilmany, from which he removed to Glasgow, where he was appointed minister of the Tron Church, and afterwards of St. John's, which was specially built for him. In 1823 he went to St. Andrews as Professor of Moral Philosophy, and in 1828 was elected Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. He took a leading part in the Disruption of the Church of Scotland in 1843, and was the first Moderator of the Free Church. Dr. Chalmers died suddenly in the summer of 1847. He was a powerful thinker and magnificent orator; and his pulpit ministrations, though somewhat clumsy in manner, were spirit-stirring and impressive. He

was deeply versed in philosophy and science, and was a watchful observer of the events which were passing in his day. His *Astronomical Discourses*, *Evidences of Christianity*, *Natural Theology*, and *Lectures on the Romans*, are his principal works. Chalmers' style is clear and expressive. He does not leave his subject till it has been exhibited in every possible light, and hence his arguments are easily understood.

The Insignificance of the Earth.

"Though the earth were to be burned up, though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though yon sky were to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory which the finger of the Divinity has inscribed on it were extinguished for ever—an event so awful to us, and to every world in our vicinity, by which so many suns would be extinguished, and so many varied scenes of life and population would rush into forgetfulness—what is it in the high scale of the Almighty's workmanship? a mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe of God one entire scene of greatness and of majesty. Though the earth and the heavens were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar; the light of other suns shines upon them; and the sky which mantles them is garnished with other stars. Is it presumption to say that the moral world extends to these distant and unknown regions? that they are occupied with people? that the charities of home and of neighbourhood flourish there? that the praises of God are there lifted up, and his goodness rejoiced in? that there piety has its temples and its offerings? and the richness of the Divine attributes is there felt and admired by intelligent worshippers."—*Astronomical Discourses.*

Other Writers on Religious Subjects. Principal among these were the **Rev. Archibald Alison**, father of the historian, and best remembered for his *Essay on Taste*; and **Dr. Adam Clarke**, the author of a *Commentary on the Bible.*

Philosophers.

Dugald Stewart (*b.* 1753, *d.* 1828) was Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. He was born in the college buildings, his father being Professor of Mathematics at the time. He was a great favourite with his students, for he made a dry subject both pleasant and interesting. On account of failing health he retired in 1810. One of his greatest works is that on the *Philosophy of the Human Mind*, in which, though he produces nothing new in philosophy, he makes that which was already known about it fascinating and impressive.

Sir James Mackintosh (*b.* 1765, *d.* 1832), here classed among the philosophers, was remarkable also as an historian and politician. He was born at Aldourie House, in Inverness-shire, and from his youth was exceedingly fond of reading. After studying at Aberdeen and at Edinburgh, he ultimately became a barrister, distinguished himself as a speaker, found favour with the Government of the day, received the honour of knighthood, and was appointed Recorder of Bombay. Seven years afterwards he returned to enjoy the handsome pension of £1200 a-year. His *Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy,* contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and a *History of England*, to *Lardner's Cyclopædia*, are his most notable works. Both of these are excellent, displaying great clearness of thought. His style, however, is wanting in elegance.

Other Philosophers. Dr. Thomas Brown was successor to Dugald Stewart as Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh (from 1810 till 1820), and was the author of a valuable series of lectures on the *Philosophy of the Human Mind*; and **Dr. John Abercrombie** contributed an important work on the *Philosophy of the Moral Feelings*. Among the most distinguished names in the department of Political Economy were those of the **Rev. T. R. Malthus**, the author of a celebrated work on *Population as it Affects the Future Improvement of Society*, and **J. R. M'Culloch**, the author of the *Elements of Political Economy*, and compiler of a *Dictionary of Commerce.*

Miscellaneous Writers, Critics, etc.

Sydney Smith (*b.* 1777, *d.* 1845) was born at Woodford, in Essex. After a regular course of study he entered the Church, and became curate of Amesbury, in Wiltshire. At the request of the squire of his parish, he set out, as travelling companion, with that gentleman's son, intending to visit Germany. Unfortunately, war broke out on the Continent, so Smith "put into Edinburgh," where he remained for five years. During that time, in company with Brougham, Jeffrey, Francis Horner, and others, he founded the *Edinburgh Review*, which soon became the great authority in literary criticism. Smith then removed to London, where he was appointed Dean of St. Paul's; and, after holding many clerical appointments, he breathed his last in 1845. One of his principal works is *Peter Plymley's Letters*, a brilliant example of wit and irony. His reviews and speeches are full of life and spirit,

sparkling with witticisms and abounding in pleasantry and humour.

Story of Mrs. Partington.

"I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town— the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the house—and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, and squeezing out the sea water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; and I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest."—*Speeches*.

Francis Jeffrey (*b.* 1773, *d.* 1850) was, as we have seen, one of the originators of the *Edinburgh Review*. Smith, and the others named, were wont to assemble in Jeffrey's house, and when their plans were matured, the *Review* was issued in 1802. It was a success, and authors trembled before such judges, for the reviewers were the cleverest critics in the country. Jeffrey was one of its earliest editors. He was very successful as a barrister, and was at length made a judge.

His works consist principally of contributions on a variety of subjects to the *Edinburgh Review*. In his own opinion, his *Essay on Beauty* was the best of them.

As a critic he had few equals; and his reviews were brilliant and, for the most part, just. Sometimes, however, he was too severe, as in the case of Wordsworth, some of whose best works he condemned. On the other hand, he praised the works of poor Keats when others were writing against them.

The Cheerfulness of Men of Genius.

"Men of truly great powers of mind have generally been cheerful, social, and indulgent; while a tendency to sentimental whining or fierce intolerance may be ranked among the surest symptoms of little souls and inferior intellects. In the whole list of our English poets we can only remember Shenstone and Savage—two certainly of the lowest—who were querulous and discontented. Cowley, indeed, used to call himself melancholy; but he was not in earnest, and at any rate was full of conceits and affectations, and has nothing to make us proud of him. Shakespeare, the greatest of them all, was evidently of a free and joyous temperament; and so was Chaucer, their common master."

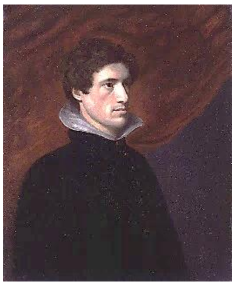


William Hazlitt (*b.* 1778, *d.* 1830) was another remarkable critic. He was born at Maidstone, and trained to be a painter. However, he knew better how to judge of a picture than how to paint one, and so he forsook the brush for the pen. He supplied the principal literary and political papers with reviews of the art and literature of the day. He is specially to be remembered for his efforts to revive a liking for the older poets. Among the more important of his works are his *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*, *Lectures on the English Poets*, and his *Table Talk*. His writings are clear in thought, generally fair to the works under review, display extensive and varied learning, and in style are vivid and picturesque.

Falstaff.

"Falstaff's wit is an emanation of a fine constitution; an exuberation of good humour and good nature; an overflowing of his love of laughter and good fellowship; a giving vent to his heart's ease and over contentment with himself and others. He would not be in character if he were not so fat as he is; for there is the greatest keeping in the boundless luxury of his imagination, and the pampered self-indulgence of his physical appetites. He manures and nourishes his mind with jests, as he does his body with sack and sugar. He carves out his jokes as he would a capon or a haunch of venison, where there is cut and come again; and pours out upon them the oil of gladness. His tongue drops fatness, and in the chambers of his brain 'it snows of meat and drink.' "—*Characters of Shakespeare's Plays.*

Other Critics. Coleridge and **Southey** were both celebrated as critics. The former delivered and published a splendid series of critical *Lectures on Shakespeare, and Some of the Old Poets and Dramatists*; and the latter contributed largely to the *Quarterly Review*, which was published in the Conservative interest, and in opposition to the *Edinburgh*, which was supported by the Liberal party. To this latter many able though somewhat heavy, articles were contributed by **Lord Brougham**,



Charles Lamb (*b.* 1775, *d.* 1835) was born in the Temple, London, where his father was a clerk. He received his education at Christ's Hospital. At the age of seventeen he became a clerk in the India House, and devoted himself to the care of his sister Mary, who had been insane, and in one of her frenzies had killed her own mother. To London, his native city, he was much attached, and was seldom happy when at a distance from it. He retired on a pension, and spent his last days at Enfield. Coleridge was one of his most intimate friends; and so gentle and amiable was his disposition, that he was warmly beloved by all who knew him.

The writings of Lamb are *John Woodvil* (a tragedy), *Tales from Shakespeare*, and, best of all, the *Essays by Elia*. The name of Elia originally belonged to a gay and light-hearted foreigner at the South Sea House, with whom Lamb had been acquainted nearly thirty years before he began his *Essays*. The name pleased the essayist, and he adopted it as his pseudonym.

Lamb was very fond of the old authors, and, in many of his productions, he seems to have caught the quaintness of their style. He was one of the most charming writers of his day, having had the art of mingling humour and pathos, learning and simplicity.

The Old House and Garden.

"I told how good my grandmother was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I, in particular, used to spend many hours by myself in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars that had been emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then, and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at; or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all

the fine garden smells around me; or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening, too, along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth; or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fishpond at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings."—*From Dream-Children—a Reverie.*

John Wilson (*b.* 1785, *d.* 1854) was the son of a wealthy Paisley manufacturer. He was educated at Glasgow and Oxford, and settled down at Elleray, near Windermere. There he had the company of the three Lake Poets, and, indeed, wrote poetry of a Wordsworthian character himself. For this reason he has been frequently named as a Lakist. In 1815 he lost his fortune, and was obliged to leave the pleasant retirement of Elleray, and seek for employment in Edinburgh. For some time he lived by his writings, which were contributed chiefly to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and signed "Christopher North." In 1820 he was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh, and having for over thirty years performed the duties of his position with credit to himself and benefit to his students, he finally retired with a pension of £300 a-year. In personal appearance he was tall and commanding, and his muscular powers were quite in keeping with his wonderful strength of mind and will.

His writings may be grouped under three heads—poems, tales, and magazine articles. Of his poems, the *Isle of Palms* and the *City of the Plague* are considered the best. They display great powers of imagination, together with a sweetness and tenderness which, as some think, Wilson has carried to excess. His Scotch tales, such as the *Trials of Margaret Lyndsay*, containing many exquisite pictures of rural life and scenery, are generally sad and melancholy in character. It is to his magazine articles, therefore, that we must turn—his *Recreations of Christopher North and Noctes Ambrosianae*—in order fully to appreciate the real genius of the man. In these he is a boisterous, jovial giant, hearty and vigorous. Genuine humour, sparkling wit, and rare good sense and judgment are among the leading characteristics of his style.

Winter.

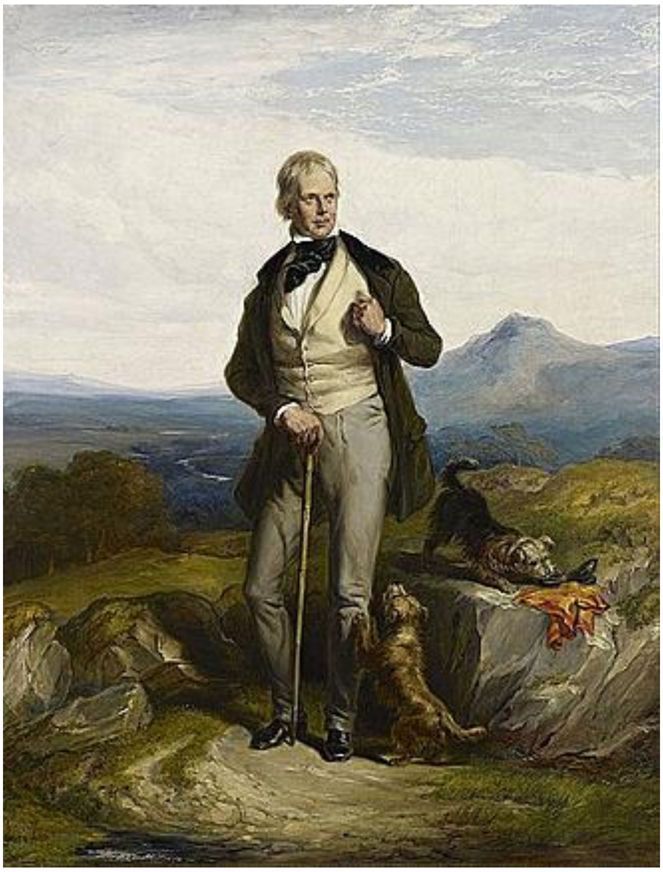
"Thank heaven for winter! Would that it lasted all the year long! Spring is pretty well in its way, with budding branches and carolling birds, and wimpling burnies, and fleecy skies, and dew-like showers, softening and brightening the bosom of old mother earth. Summer is not much amiss, with umbrageous woods, glittering atmosphere, and awakening thunderstorms. Nor let me libel autumn in her gorgeous bounty and her beautiful decays.

But winter, dear cold-handed, warm-hearted winter, welcome thou to my fur-clad bosom! Thine are the sharp, short, bracing, invigorating days that screw up muscle, fibre, and nerve, like the strings of an old Cremona discoursing excellent music; thine the long snow-silent or hail rattling nights, with earthly fireside and heavenly luminaries for home comforts, or travelling imaginations for undisturbed imprisonment, or unbounded freedom for the affections of the heart and the flights of the soul!"—*Noctet Ambrosianae.*

Other Miscellaneous Writers. Among the more conspicuous essayists were **William Cobbett**, the lively author of *Rural Rides*; and **Walter Savage Landor**, the learned and somewhat eccentric author of **Imaginary Conversations**, in which he treats of almost all subjects. He also published a collection of poems and essays, entitled the *Last Fruit off an Old Tree.*

Prominent among scientific writers were **Sir John F W. Herschel**, the astronomer; and **Alexander Wilson**, the ornithologist.

On subjects of travel, the names of **Bruce** and **Park**, the African travellers, are the principal.



Chapter XVI.
The Poets. From 1830 till the Present Day.

Poets. Tennyson; Elizabeth Barrett (Browning); Robert Browning; Aytoun; Hood. Other Poets. Dramatists.

The period we are now entering is remarkable for great activity in all departments of literature. We cannot, it is true, boast of so many illustrious poets as those that rendered the past age so remarkable; but the poetry of Tennyson and the Brownings will ever occupy a high position in the national literature.



Alfred Tennyson (*b.* 1809, *d.* 1892) was born at Somersby in Lincolnshire. His father was rector of the place, and had three sons, of whom Alfred was the youngest. At Trinity College, Cambridge, Tennyson won a medal for a poem called *Timbuctoo*; and about the same time, in conjunction with his brother Charles, also a poet, published *Poems by Two Brothers*. In 1830 appeared a volume entitled *Poems, chiefly Lyrical, by Alfred Tennyson*. It contained many exquisite pieces, but the public did not seem to care for it. Three years afterwards, another volume made its appearance, and it, too, though rich in poetic thought, failed to awaken public interest, and received unkindly criticism at the hands of the reviewers. For nine years thereafter the world heard nothing of Alfred Tennyson. In 1842, however, a third effort was made to win favour by the publication of two volumes of poems. The effort was successful, the path to fame and fortune was open before him; and to the encouragement he then received we are largely indebted for the splendid poems which afterwards proceeded from his pen. On the death of Wordsworth he was appointed Poet Laureate; and in 1884 he was created Baron Tennyson, by command of Her Majesty the Queen. His life was quiet, and, so far as is known, uneventful. In character he was modest and unassuming, and shrank from publicity.

The despised poems of the volume published in 1833 have since become

the idols of the public—witness the *Miller's Daughter* and *the May Queen*; and there are verses in the volumes of 1842, notably those of *Locksley Hall*, which rank as high as anything he has ever written. His longer poems are, in the order of publication, *The Princess*, *In Memoriam*, *Maud*, *Idylls of the King*, *Enoch Arden*, the *Holy Grail*, and *Gareth and Lynette*.

The Princess: a Medley, is a fanciful story, told in blank verse. Ida, the beautiful daughter of King Gama, monarch of the South, is, while yet a child, betrothed to a prince of the North. The time for marriage arrives; but the Princess Ida thinks that women were made for something better than marriage; founds a university, where all the professors and students are of the female sex; and, of course, refuses to wed. The Prince, who has seen only the portrait of his betrothed, is enamoured of her beauty, and determines to win her. With this object he sets out for the university, accompanied by two friends, Cyril and Florian, all three disguised as females. They manage to get enrolled as students, and the Prince, on beholding "the Head," or Principal, is more enraptured than ever. All goes well, till, at a picnic, Cyril forgets his disguise, and sings a drinking song. Ida, burning with indignation at the deception which has been practised upon her, turns to leave; her foot slips, and she falls into the river. The Prince saves her; but instead of feeling grateful, she calls a council, and the Prince, with his companions, is turned out of doors. Next there is war between the North and the South; the Prince is wounded in battle. Ida turns her college into an hospital, and the ladies become the nurses of those who are suffering. The Princess undertakes the charge of the Prince, whom she could not bring herself to leave lying helpless on the battlefield. She thinks him dying; becomes tender and loving at last; and, when the Prince recovers consciousness, he discovers in Ida a kind, warm-hearted woman, in place of the haughty principal of a university for women.

In Memoriam is a collection of elegies written in stanzas of four eight-syllabled lines, the rhymes occurring in the first and fourth lines, and in the second and third. As early as 1833, Tennyson had lost his dearest friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, son of the historian, who was to have been married to the sister of the poet. The elegies did not appear till 1850, showing how he had taken to heart the death of the man he had loved, and how long he had mourned his loss. Many portions of *In Memoriam* seem, at first sight, obscure and difficult to understand; but when one has lost a dearly loved friend by death, he will have little difficulty in finding a key with which to open a way

to the stores of sympathy and comfort which this beautiful poem contains.

Maud is a strange story, written in irregular rhyming stanzas. It tells us of a lover who is passionately attached to Maud, a squire's daughter, who returns his love, but without the knowledge or consent of her friends. One evening he is serenading his beloved, in her garden of roses, when her brother discovers and insults him. They fight a duel, in which Maud's brother is killed. She turns from her lover in horror, and will have no more of him. He then flees to France, but returns to London, his heart haunted by visions of Maud; and there he falls into a stupor, and dreams that he is dead, and buried beneath the streets; that the wheels of passing vehicles shake his bones; that the trampling of the horses' hoofs beat into his brain; and that the clatter of passing feet disturbs and annoys him. He prays that "some body, some kind heart, will come and bury him a little deeper." At last, however, he awakes, and, joining the army which is about to depart for the seat of the Russian war, forgets in the excitement of battle the wound which his love had received.

The *Idylls of the King*, the *Holy Grail*, and *Gareth and Lynette* all belong to the same series. They are founded on stories connected with the renowned King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, whose adventures were originally written by Geoffrey of Monmouth. The various parts of Tennyson's Arthurian epic were not at first published in the order in which they ought to be read; but that defect has now been remedied. First we have the Coming of Arthur; then the stories of the Round Table—of Gareth, who served in the king's kitchen in order to have an opportunity of showing Arthur how fit he was to be one of the knights; of Geraint and the fair Enid; of the crafty Vivien and the old prophet Merlin; and of the luckless love of poor Elaine for Launcelot, the most renowned of all the knights. Next comes the story of the finding by Sir Galahad of the Grail, or communion cup used at our Saviour's Last Supper, and said to have been brought to this country by Joseph of Arimathea. It had disappeared on account of prevailing wickedness, and was seen once again at Caerleon, where the Knights of the Round Table were gathered together. It vanished, and every knight swore he would seek and seek till he found it. Sir Galahad, the pure hearted, found the cup, and was immediately afterwards carried to heaven. Many of the knights who started on this quest or search never returned again, and King Arthur had to make new knights to fill the gap. Among these was the brave Pelleas, the story of whose love for the haughty Ettarre forms the next of the idylls. Next we have the Last Tournament, the touching story of Queen Guinevere's repentance;

and, finally, the Passing of Arthur, who falls in a battle caused by the attempt of his nephew Modred to usurp the crown.

Enoch Arden, another blank verse poem, is a very touching story; but the facts upon which it is founded are happily of rare occurrence.

Tennyson's poetry is pure, tender, ennobling. No blot, no stain mars its beauty. His portraits and ideas of women are the most delicate in the whole range of English poetry. His language, although consisting of pithy Saxon words, is yet the very perfection of all that is elegant and musical in the art of versifying.

He was created Baron Tennyson by the Queen in 1884, after which he published various poems, the most notable being *Locksley Hall—Sixty Years After*.

It remains to be added that in his later years the Laureate entered the field of dramatic literature. He wrote several plays, most of them founded on historical subjects. Among them are *Queen Mary*, *Harold*, *The Cup*, *The Falcon*, and *The Foresters*. This last, written in the poet's eighty-second year, promises to be the most successful of them all from the stage point of view. All of them have been performed, but it has been found that, though they abound in poetical speeches, they lack dramatic interest. Lord Tennyson died at Aldworth House, Haslemere, in October, 1892, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

From "In Memoriam."

"The path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Through four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow:

"And we with singing cheered the way.
And crowned with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May:

"But where the path we walked began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended following hope,
There sat the Shadow feared of man;

"Who broke our fair companionship,

And spread his mantle dark and cold;
And wrapt thee formless in the fold,
And dulled the murmur on thy lip;

"And bore thee where I could not see
Nor follow, though I walk in haste;
And think that, somewhere in the waste,
The Shadow sits and waits for me."

A Ruin.

"Then rode Geraint into the castle court,
His charger trampling many a prickly star
Of sprouted thistle on the broken stones.
He looked, and saw that all was ruinous.
Here stood a shattered archway, plumed with fern;
And here had fall'n a great part of a tower.
Whole, like a crag that tumbles from the cliff,
And, like a crag, was gay with wilding flowers:
And high above, a piece of turret stair,
Worn by the feet that now were silent, wound
Bare to the sun: and monstrous ivy stems
Claspt the gray walls with hairy-fibred arms,
And sucked the joining of the stones, and looked
A knot, beneath, of snakes,—aloft a grove."—*Idylls.*

Elaine and the Shield of Launcelot.

"Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable,
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat,
High in her chamber up a tower to the east,
Guarded the sacred shield of Launcelot. . . .
Nor resting thus content, but day by day,
Leaving her household and good father, climbed
That eastern tower, and entering, barred the door,
Stript off the case, and read the naked shield;
Now guessed a hidden meaning in his arms,
Now made a pretty history to herself
Of every dint a sword had beaten in it,
And every scratch a lance had made upon it,
Conjecturing when and where: this cut is fresh;
That ten years back; this dealt him at Caerlyle;
That at Caerleon; this at Camelot;
And ah, God's mercy, what a stroke was there!

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And here a thrust that might have killed, but God
Broke the strong lance and roll'd the enemy down,
And saved him: so she lived in fantasy.— *Idylls.*



Elizabeth Barrett (Browning) (*b.* about 1809, *d.* 1861) was England's greatest poetess. She was born in London, and received an education of the most extraordinary character. Greek, Latin, philosophy, and the sciences were among the subjects of study, and she did her best to master them. Her first important work was a translation from the *Prometheus* of Æschylus. Other works followed, and, by degrees, her name became illustrious. In 1839, in consequence of the bursting of a blood-vessel, she was obliged to cease from her labours, and removed to Torquay for the sake of the climate. Here a very melancholy event took place. Her favourite brother and two of his companions went out to have a short sail, when the boat sank, and all of them were drowned. This terrible calamity so shocked Miss Barrett that, for some years afterwards, she lived a life of retirement, employing her time in reading "almost every book worth reading in almost every language," and in the production of some of her poems. In 1846 she was married to Robert Browning, the poet, and with him retired to Italy, where she resided till her death in 1861.

Her longest poems are the *Drama of Exile*, the *Casa Guidi Windows*, and *Aurora Leigh*. The *Drama* takes up the story of our first parents' expulsion from Paradise, just at the point where Milton leaves it. It relates the experiences of the fallen pair in the wilderness to which they have been driven; and more especially those of Eve, who feels with anguish that she has been the cause of the fall, and determines to make atonement by a life of self-sacrifice. The *Casa Guidi Windows*—a political poem—was written in Florence, and contains Mrs. Browning's impressions of what she saw from her windows in the Casa Guidi of the Tuscan struggle for liberty in 1849. *Aurora Leigh*, her greatest poem, has been styled "a novel in metre." A young poetess (Aurora Leigh), having lost both her parents, is placed as a child under the

charge of an aunt, a stiff and sedate maiden lady, who has peculiar views of education for young ladies. At length Aurora publishes her poems and becomes famous. A rich cousin of her own (Romney Leigh) proposes to marry her, but is rejected. On this he pays his addresses to a poor seamstress (Marian Erle), and is accepted; but on the very day of the intended marriage she is carried off, through the devices of a wicked lady (Lady Waldemar). Misfortune now overtakes the unfortunate lover. His house is burned, and he loses his eyesight in consequence of an assault made upon him by Marian Erle's father. He afterwards meets Marian, and renews his offer of marriage, but she refuses, declaring she cannot love him. Finally, however, Aurora Leigh confesses her love for him, and with this the poem ends. Mrs. Browning's smaller works are more popular than those to which allusion has now been made. The *Rhyme of the Duchess May*, a romantic ballad, *Cowper's Grave*, and the *Cry of the Children*, a poem which pleads for the children who were sent to toil in mines and factories from their earliest years, are all great favourites.

Mrs. Browning's poetry is characterised by great depth of feeling, thoughtfulness, and imaginative power, and is remarkable for the noble and generous sentiment pervading it all. She has not always troubled herself about the correctness of her rhythm; and this irregularity is so characteristic of many of her writings, that she has been considered as belonging to the spasmodic or jerky school of poetry.

Flush, my Dog.

"Yet, my little sportive friend,
Little is't to such an end
  That I should praise thy rareness!
Other dogs may be thy peers
Haply in these drooping ears,
  And in this glossy fairness.

"But of *thee* it shall be said,
This dog watched beside a bed
  Day and night unweary—
Watched within a curtained room,
Where no sunbeam brake the gloom
  Round the sick and dreary.

"Roses, gathered for a vase

In that chamber, died apace,

  Beam and breeze resigning—
This dog only waited on,
Knowing that when light is gone,
  Love remains for shining.

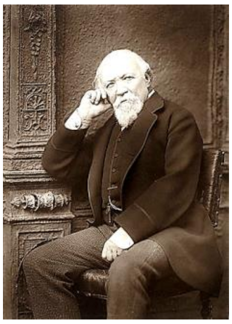
“Other dogs in thymy dew
Tracked the hares and followed through
  Sunny moor or meadow—
This dog only crept and crept
Next a languid cheek that slept,
  Sharing in the shadow.

“And if one or two quick tears
Dropped upon his glossy ears,
  Or a sigh came double—
Up he sprang in eager haste,
Fawning, fondling, breathing fast,
  In a tender trouble.

“And this dog was satisfied
If a pale thin hand would glide.
  Down his dewlaps sloping—
Which he pushed his nose within.
After—platforming his chin
  On the palm left open.”

Sonnet.

“I thought once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years.
Who each one, in a gracious hand, appears,
To bear a gift for mortals, old and young;
And as I mused it, in his antique tongue,
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was ‘ware,
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair,
And a voice said in mastery, while I strove:
‘Guess now who holds thee?‘ ‘Death!‘ I said. But there
The silver answer rang: ‘Not Death, but Love.’ “



Robert Browning (*b.* 1812, *d.* 1889) husband of the poetess, is considered to be, next to Tennyson, the best poet of our time. He was born in the neighbourhood of London, and was educated at the London University. His earlier works were chiefly dramatic, and, while they bore evidence of careful thought, they were quite unsuccessful as plays. He next issued a series of poems under the title of *Bells and Pomegranates*. Another of his poems, *Men and Women*, contains a delightful series of descriptions of Italian scenery and art. The *Ring and the Book*, one of the longest poems in the language, gives further evidence of his acquaintance with life in Italy. *Red Cotton Nightcap Country*, several poems founded on classic story, and a series of *Dramatic Idylls*, some of them remarkably gruesome and ghastly, are among his most recent contributions to our poetic literature. *Asolando* was the title of the last poem published just before his death.

Browning was an earnest thinker, and his writings abound in philosophical speculations, insomuch that with the great majority of readers he is no favourite, for his poetry demands greater attention than most people are willing to bestow upon it. In the opinion of some, Browning excels Tennyson as an original thinker, but he is far inferior to him in melody and grace of language. Browning's verse is wild and fantastic, and frequently becomes obscure and unintelligible.

Grape Harvest.

"But to-day not a boat reached Salerno,
    So back to a man
Came our friends, with whose help in the vineyards
    Grape harvest began:
In the vat half-way up in our house side
    Like blood the juice spins,
While your brother all bare-legged is dancing
    Till breathless he grins
Dead beaten, in effort on effort

To keep the grapes under,
For still when he seems all but master
In pours the fresh plunder
From girls who keep coming and going
With basket on shoulder.
....
We shall feast our grape-gleaners—two dozen,
Three over one plate—
Macaroni, so tempting to swallow,
In slippery strings,
And gourds fried in great purple slices,
That colour of kings.
Meantime, see the grape-bunch they've brought you—
The rain water slips
O'er the heavy blue bloom on each globe
Which the wasp to your lips
Still follows with fretful persistence.
Nay, taste while awake,
This half of a curd-white smooth cheese ball,
That peels flake by flake,
Like an onion's, each smoother and whiter;
Next sip this weak wine
From the thin green glass flask, with its stopper,
A leaf of the vine;
And end with the prickly pear's red flesh,
That leaves through its juice
The stony black seeds on your pearl teeth."

From "Old Pictures of Florence."

"Is it true, we are now, and shall be hereafter,
And what—is depending on life's one minute?
Hails heavenly cheer or infernal laughter
Our first step out of the gulf or in it?
And man, this step within his endeavour,
His face have no more play and action
Than joy which is crystallised for ever,
Or grief, an eternal petrifaction!

"On which I conclude, that the early painters.
To cries of 'Greek art, and what more wish you?
Replied: 'Become now self-acquainters,
And paint man, man—whatever the issue!
Make the hopes shine through the flesh they fray,

New fears aggrandise the rags and tatters.
So bring the invisible full into play,
Let the visible go to the dogs—what matters?' "

William Edmonstoune Aytoun (*b.* 1813, *d.* 1865) was born in Edinburgh, and studied at the University of that city, and also in Germany. In 1840 he was admitted to the Scottish bar, and, five years afterwards, was appointed to the Chair of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. He commenced his career as an author in *Tait's Magazine*, the first of the shilling monthlies. It was not till 1849, however, that he published his first important work, the *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*—a series of poems forming a metrical history of Scotland, from the Battle of Flodden till the Rebellion of 1745. His other works of note are *Bothwell*, referring to the days of Mary Queen of Scots; *Firmilian: a Spasmodic Tragedy, by Percy T. Jones*, being a humorous satire on the manner of certain modern poets; and the *Bon Gaultier Ballads*, a series of comic poems and parodies written by Aytoun in conjunction with **Theodore Martin**, himself a poet and translator of some importance.

Aytoun's Scottish poems are patriotic, martial, spirit-stirring, while his humorous productions are lively and mirth-provoking.

The Battle of Killiecrankie.

"Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet
Sounding in the Pass below,
And the distant tramp of horses,
And the voices of the foe:
Down we crouched amid the bracken,
Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer,
When they scent the stately deer.
From the dark defile emerging,
Next we saw the squadrons come,
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
Marching to the tuck of drum;
Through the scattered wood of birches,
O'er the broken ground and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly,
Till they gained the field beneath;
Then we bounded from our covert.
Judge how looked the Saxons then,

When they saw the rugged mountain
Start to life with armed men!
Like a tempest down the ridges
Swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald—
Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel!
Vainly sped the withering volley
Amongst the foremost of our band—
On we poured until we met them
Foot to foot, and hand to hand.
Horse and man went down like drift-wood
When the floods are black at Yule,
And their carcases are whirling
In the Garry's deepest pool.
Horse and man went down before us—
Living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie,
When that stubborn fight was done!"

Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.

Thomas Hood (*b.* 1799, *d.* 1845) was the greatest wit and humorist of his day. He was born in London, and received a commercial education. When he had been but a short time in a merchant's office, it was found that the confinement hurt his health; he was therefore removed and sent to his friends in Dundee, his father's native town. While here he contributed to the *Dundee Magazine* and to the newspapers. When his health had been quite restored, he returned to London, and was apprenticed to an engraver. In this way he learned to illustrate his own writings. In 1821 he became sub-editor of the *London Magazine*, to which Lamb, Hazlitt, and other famous men were at that time contributors. Shortly thereafter he commenced the publication of his poems, which met with great success. Fortune and fame seemed now secure; but, unhappily, a firm with which he had been connected ended in failure, and he lost a large sum of money. Like Scott in similar circumstances, he resolved to work till every farthing he owed should be paid. To save money he lived abroad, writing busily the while. It was a terrible struggle; and at last, to add to his distresses, sickness came upon him. The Government, in 1844, allowed him a small pension, and he died in the summer of the following year.

Hood's poetry may be described as of three kinds—humorous, imaginative, and serious. The humorous poems are of most frequent occurrence, and the longest and best of them is *Miss Kilmansegg and her*

Golden Leg—a very extravagant story, intended to show that great wealth does not always secure the happiness of its possessor. The poet, in describing the various adventures of Miss Kilmansegg, is in his friskiest mood, proceeding in galloping rhythm and jingling rhyme, punning and laughing as he goes, and only slackening his speed occasionally to say a kind word about some poor sufferer to whom he has alluded in his lines, and in whom he wishes to excite his reader's interest and sympathy. Of his imaginative poetry, the *Plea of the Midsummer Fairies* and *Hero and Leander* are the best examples; and of his serious poems, *Eugene Aram*, the *Bridge of Sighs*, and the *Song of the Shirt*, which last originally appeared in the pages of *Punch*. Fun, no doubt, is the leading characteristic of Hood's poems—pure, happy, even instructive fun—that creates a laugh and teaches a lesson in kindness at the same time. His careful observation of nature is shown in the descriptive passages of his imaginative poems; while, in his serious works, there is a melancholy tenderness that reveals how true the poet's words were in his own case—

"There's not a string attuned to mirth
But has its chord in melancholy."

From "Miss Kilmansegg."

"What different lots our stars accord!
This babe to be hailed and woo'd as a lord,
And that to be shunned like a leper:
One to the world's wine, honey, and corn,
Another, like Colchester, native born,
To its vinegar only and pepper.

"And the other sex—the tender, the fair—
What wide reverses of Fate are there!
Whilst Margaret, charmed by the Bulbul rare,
In a garden of Gul reposes;
Poor Peggy hawks nosegays from street to street
Till—think of that, who find life so sweet!—
She hates the smell of roses."

From an "Ode to the Moon."

"O thou art beautiful, howe'er it be!
Huntress, or Dian, or whatever named—
And *he* the veriest Pagan who first framed

A silver idol, and ne'er worshipped thee;
It is too late, or thou should'st have my knee—
Too late now for the old Ephesian vows,
And not divine the crescent on thy brows;
Yet, call thee nothing but the mere mild moon,
Behind those chestnut boughs,
Casting their dappled shadows at my feet;
I will be grateful for that simple boon,
In many a thoughtful verse and anthem sweet,
And bless thy dainty face whene'er we meet."

The Death Bed.

"We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

"So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

"Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

"For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours."

Other Poets. **Lord Macaulay**, the historian, excelled also as a poet, *his Lays of Ancient Rome* being remarkable for their energetic and chivalrous character, and for a musical versification almost peculiar to themselves. *Dr. Charles Mackay* is chiefly notable for his lyrical poems, some of his songs, such as *Cheer, Boys, Cheer,* and *There's a Good Time Coming, Boys*, being highly popular both in this country and in America. **David Macbeth Moir**, who usually signed himself Delta, wrote numerous poetical pieces of considerable merit, but he will be best remembered by his very humorous Scotch story, entitled the *Autobiography of Mansie Wauch*, a tailor of Dalkeith.

Sydney Dobell, the author of *Balder*; **Philip James Bailey**, the author of *Festus*; **Alexander Smith**, the author of *A Life Drama*, etc.; and **Gerald Massey**, the author of the *Ballad of Babe Christabel*; are among the more noteworthy of the minor poets. Their works, characterised as they often are by lofty imagination and a fiery energy of expression, are either overloaded with ornament or spoiled by irregularity or want of harmony in their versification. The name of **Algernon Swinburne** has been recently added to the list of poets. His poems are usually of a feverish and unhealthy character. They exhibit, doubtless, true poetic talent, and some of the later poems manifest a better spirit and a nobler style. Swinburne died in 1909.

Death of Mamilius and Flight of his Charger.
(*From the Battle of Lake Regillus.)*

"Mamilius spied Herminius,
And dashed across the way.
'Herminius! I have sought thee
Through many a bloody day.
One of us two, Herminius,
Shall never more go home.
I will lay on for Tusculum,
And lay thou on for Rome.'

"All round them paused the battle,
While met in mortal fray,
The Roman and the Tusculan,
The horses black and gray.
Herminius smote Mamilius
Through breast-plate and through breast,
And fast flowed out the purple blood
Over the purple vest.
Mamilius smote Herminius
Through head-piece and through head;
And side by side those chiefs of pride
Together fell down dead.

"Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning,
The dark gray charger fled:
He burst through ranks of fighting men,
He sprang o'er heaps of dead.
His bridle far out-streaming,
His flanks all blood and foam,

He sought the southern mountains,
The mountains of his home.
The pass was steep and rugged,
The wolves they howled and whined;
But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass,
And he left the wolves behind.
Through many a startled hamlet,
Thundered his flying feet;
He rushed through the gate of Tusculum,
He rushed up the long white street;
He rushed by tower and temple,
And paused not from his race,
Till he stood before his master's door
In the stately market place.
And straightway round him gathered
A pale and trembling crowd,
And when they knew him, cries of rage
Brake forth, and wailing loud.
And women rent their tresses,
For their great prince's fall;
And old men girt on their old swords,
And went to man the wall."

Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome."

Dramatists.

The play writers of this age are neither very numerous nor very great. **Bulwer Lytton** produced *Richelieu* and the *Lady of Lyons*, two of the most popular of modern stage plays. **Judge Talfourd** wrote classical dramas, the best being that named *Ion*. **Douglas Jerrold** contributed two comedies, *Time Works Wonders* and *Black-eyed Susan*, both of which are great favourites; and **Sir Henry Taylor** is the author of *Philip van Artevelde*, a dramatic poem.

Chapter XVII.
Prose Literature. From 1830 till the Present Day.

Novelists. Thackeray; Dickens; Lytton; Eliot. Other Novelists. Historians. Alison Macaulay; Froude; Grote; Other Historians. Biographers. Lockhart; Forster; Smiles; Lewes. Other Biographers. Writers on Religious Subjects. Philosophers. Hamilton; Mill. Other Philosophers. Miscellaneous Writers. Carlyle; De Quincey; Jerrold; Helps. Other Miscellaneous Writers. Scientific Writers. Miller; Darwin; Tyndall; Huxley. Other Scientific Writers. Writers on Art. Ruskin; Mrs. Jameson. Writers on Travel. Layard; Livingstone. Other Travellers.

In prose literature no former period has been so productive as the age in which we live. Novels are in rich abundance. Historians, biographers, critics, and essayists have added valuable information to our previous knowledge, or provided for us a store of useful and pleasant reading. In the department of philosophy and science, the authors have been exceedingly numerous and important, and from day to day the newspaper press teems with a literature peculiar to itself, a literature containing much that is highly instructive, although scarcely of a kind that will endure.

Novelists.



William Makepeace Thackeray (*b.* 1811, *d.* 1863) was born at Calcutta, his father being then in the service of the East India Company. At the age of seven he was sent to England, and received his early training at the famous Charter House School. He next went to Cambridge, but did not wait to take his degree, for he had made up his mind to become an artist. Being possessed of an ample fortune, he now proceeded to the Continent and spent some time in travel. On his return to England, various losses compelled him to turn his attention to literature as a means of support, and he contributed many humorous tales and sketches, signing himself sometimes "Michael Angelo Titmarsh," and sometimes "George Fitzboodle, Esq." When *Punch* was started in 1841, Thackeray became one of its staff of writers, and under the name of "The Fat Contributor," wrote *Jeames's Diary*, and other papers of a

satirical character. Hitherto, however, he had been merely regarded as a clever writer of magazine articles, and it was not till his first novel, *Vanity Fair*, began to make its appearance in monthly parts, that the greatness of his genius was seen and acknowledged. *Pendennis* came next, and then, in 1851, he turned public lecturer, choosing for his subject the *English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century*. These lectures enjoyed great popularity in London, and were afterwards re-delivered in Scotland and in America. His next novels were *Esmond* and *The Newcomes*, and on the completion of these he delivered a second set of lectures, the subject on this occasion being the *Four Georges*. On his return from America, whither he had gone to deliver them, he wrote *The Virginians*, and, while editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, *Lovel the Widower*, and the *Adventures of Philip*. This distinguished novelist died suddenly at the close of the year 1863.

Vanity Fair, which was illustrated by Thackeray himself, gives an account of two women—the one, Becky Sharp, clever, pushing, and unscrupulous; the other, Amelia Sedley, a well-meaning, virtuous creature, but brainless and insipid.

The *History of Pendennis* is that of a young scapegrace. He falls in love with an actress, who jilts him; gets into debt and disgrace at the University; becomes a student of the law; tires of that; takes to novel writing and poetry, in which he is successful; and wins his way into fashionable society at last.

Esmond is in the form of an autobiography, supposed to be written in the time of Queen Anne. The hero, Colonel Henry Esmond, is a Jacobite, who, after serving his country as a soldier, joins those who desire the restoration of the Chevalier to the throne of the Stuarts. He woos Beatrice, the lovely daughter of Lady Castlewood, and, failing to gain her affections, marries her mother, and settles down in Virginia. Among the personages introduced into this novel, we have the Chevalier St. George, Dean Swift, Congreve, Addison, and Steele; and it remains to be added that *Esmond*, though by no means the most popular, is considered the most perfect of Thackeray's novels.

The Newcomes relates the history of the simple, kind-hearted Colonel Newcome, who is ruined through the knavery of wicked men, and dies poor within the precincts of the old Charter House. Ethel Newcome, the heroine of the story, is the best of Thackeray's female characters, and was so esteemed by the author himself.

The Virginians, a tale of the time of Garrick and Johnson, gives the history of the grandsons of Esmond. The American war forms part of the plot.

The *Lectures* of Thackeray have been published. Those on the *English Humorists* form one of the most pleasant books in the language; while the others, on the *Four Georges*, contain some frightful pictures of court life during the reigns of these sovereigns. The character of the second George is described with bitter irony, while that of the fourth is held up to special ridicule and contempt.

Thackeray's writings deal mostly with the upper classes of society. They are lively, biting, humorous. His characters are portraits of real men and real women; and, through them, he shows how thoroughly noble the true man always is, and how gentle and excellent the true woman. But he more frequently shows, also, how many wicked and false-hearted persons belong to the one sex, and how many thoughtless and unprincipled characters may be found among the other. He is very satirical—maliciously so, as some think. There is reason to believe, however, that his satire was not the result of evil intent, as in Swift's case, but was like the punishment given by the parent, who chastises his child that he may thereby be taught to tread the path of virtue and of honour.

Bath in the Days of George II.

"As for Bath, all history went and bathed and drank there. George II. and his queen, Prince Frederick and his court, scarce a character one can mention of the early last century, but was seen in that famous pump-room where Beau Nash presided, and his picture hung between the busts of Newton and Pope:—

This picture, placed these busts between,
Gives Satire all its strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length.

I should like to have seen the Folly. It was a splendid, embroidered, beruffled, snuff-boxed, red-heeled, impetuous Folly, and knew how to make itself respected. I should like to have seen that noble old madcap Peterborough in his boots (he actually had the audacity to walk about Bath in boots!), with his blue ribbon and stars, and a cabbage under each arm, and a chicken in his hand, which he had been cheapening for his dinner. Chesterfield came there many a time and gambled for hundreds, and grinned through his gout. Mary Wortley was there, young and beautiful; and Mary Wortley, old, hideous, and snuffy. Walpole passed many a day there; sickly, supercilious, absurdly dandified, and affected; with a brilliant wit, a delightful sensibility; and, for his friends, a most tender, generous, and faithful heart. And, if you and I had been alive then, and strolling down Milsom Street—hush! we should have taken our hats off, as an awful, long, lean, gaunt figure, swathed in flannels, passed by in its

chair, and a livid face looked out from the window—great fierce eyes staring from under a bushy, powdered wig, a terrible frown, a terrible Roman nose—and we whisper to one another, 'There he is! There's the great commoner? There is Mr. Pitt!' As we walk away, the abbey bells are set a ringing; and we meet our testy friend, Toby Smollet, on the arm of James Quin, the actor, who tells us that the bells ring for Mr. Bullock, an eminent cowkeeper from Tottenham, who has just arrived to drink the waters; and Toby shakes his cane at the door of Colonel Ringworm—the Creole gentleman's lodgings next his own—where the colonel's two negroes are practising on the French horn."—*The Four Georges.*



Charles Dickens (*b.* 1812, *d.* 1870) was born at Landport, Portsmouth. His father, at that time, held a situation in the Navy Pay Department, but afterwards became a parliamentary reporter. Dickens' early life was a very hard one. At one time he was employed in pasting labels on blacking bottles; and had often to attend upon his father, who was in prison for debt. In this way he met with the lowest classes of society even in his very childhood, and gained experiences which he afterwards turned to good account in his novels. He never had much schooling; and, for what education he got, he was mostly indebted to his own industry. At length he was placed by his father in a London attorney's office, but he disliked the work, and took to reporting instead. In this occupation he proved himself to be shrewd and clever; for reporting does not simply mean writing down the words of others. Some public men speak a great deal without saying much that is really worth writing down, and hence it is a reporter's duty to select just so much of a speech as people will care to read; and this Charles Dickens was able to do in an admirable manner. During his leisure hours he was accustomed to ramble about the streets of the great city, remarking whatever was odd or humorous about the people, or peculiar about the places he saw. Under the name of "Boz," first used by his little sister in attempting to say Moses, by which name Dickens called his younger brother, he wrote several *Sketches*, which were published in the *Morning Chronicle*. Shortly afterwards he was engaged to write the

Pickwick Papers—a work intended to illustrate the adventures of a Cockney sportsman. The engravings were to be the principal attraction, and Dickens was to write the explanatory chapters. Scarcely, however, had the first parts made their appearance, when it was discovered that the chapters were far more attractive than the illustrations. People were convulsed with laughter at the droll characters, the comical dialogues, and the ludicrous incidents introduced into the narrative. The soft-hearted Mr. Pickwick, old Mr. Weller the sapient coachman, and Sam his son, the wittiest of wags, became the intimate friends and acquaintances of every household. The first great work of Dickens, then, was "a hit," and the author's fame was established. Novel after novel now proceeded from his ready pen, everything he wrote being eagerly welcomed by an enthusiastic and admiring public. In 1843, Dickens paid a visit to America, where he received a very hearty welcome; and, by-and-bye, he wrote descriptions—exaggerated descriptions, the Americans thought—of what he had seen in that continent. He next established a morning paper called the *Daily News*, and attempted to conduct it himself; but after contributing a series of *Pictures from Italy*, where he had for some time resided, he gave up the task as uncongenial, and continued his novel-writing. His novels were usually published in monthly parts, and, after 1843, he produced, periodically, those Christmas books which are still so much admired. For many years he conducted a weekly periodical, called at first *Household Words*, and afterwards *All the Year Round*, contributing novels and occasional papers to its pages. In his later years, Dickens gave public readings from his own works. Splendid readings they were, and people flocked in thousands to see and hear the generous and warm-hearted author who had so long and so cleverly entertained them through his books. Suddenly, in the summer of 1870, he died. He was busily engaged at the time on his last novel, *Edwin Drood*, which he left uncompleted. His loss was lamented over the whole civilised world.

His principal works are the *Pickwick Papers, Nicholas Nickleby, Oliver Twist, Old Curiosity Shop, Barnaby Rudge, Martin Chuzzlewit, Dombey and Son, David Copperfield, Bleak House, Hard Times, Little Dorrit, A Tale of Two Cities, Great Expectations, Our Mutual Friend*, and *Edwin Drood*. The subject of the first has been already indicated.

Nicholas Nickleby exhibits the horrors of Dotheboys Hall, and the brutal greed of Squeers, the cheap schoolmaster.

Oliver Twist tells the story of a poor orphan boy brought up in the

workhouse of an English village. He is starved, beaten, ill-used by everybody. In London he falls among the vilest people—thieves and others—but, wonderful to relate, preserves his angelic disposition through all his temptations and trials.

The *Old Curiosity Shop* is the tale of a helpless gamester who, even in his old age, cannot resist the temptation to gamble; and of Little Nell, his grandchild, an innocent and pure-minded girl, the record of whose death is one of the most touching in the whole range of literature.

Barnaby Rudge is a story of 1780, and commemorates the Lord George Gordon riots, during the prevalence of which so much mischief was done in London.

Martin Chuzzlewit contains many pictures of life in America, and is notable as having amongst its characters the renowned Mrs. Sairey Gamp, and her friend Mrs. Harris ("which there never was no sich person"), who is made the authority for all the wonderful stories that Sairey has to tell.

Dombey and Son illustrates the life of a cold, proud, and haughty man, who has amassed great wealth as a merchant. A series of disasters overtakes him, and he is thus humbled, and made a better man in every way.

David Copperfield—the best of all these novels—is in the form of an autobiography, and contains many of Dickens' own personal experiences of the days when he was struggling through the many hardships of his childhood and the earlier years of his manhood.

Bleak House describes the miseries of a lawsuit; *Hard Times*, the tale of a strike; *Little Dorrit* gives pictures of life in a debtor's prison; and the *Tale of Two Cities* is a story of the French Revolution. Dickens' other and later works are scarcely so important as to demand special notice. His Christmas books are all excellent, but the best are the *Christmas Carol*, the *Cricket on the Hearth*, and *Dr. Marigold*. Of the first and last Dickens was very fond, and almost always gave portions of them at his public readings.

His novels deal with life as exhibited among the middle and lower classes of society. They are characterised by a constant flow of spirit and drollery, grotesqueness and pathos. His characters are so exquisitely described that their names and pet phrases have become "common as household words." Dickens is frequently satirical, but his satire seeks to gain its end more by caricature—by making fun of its object, by holding it up to ridicule, than by such sarcasm and irony as Thackeray's; moreover, it is more frequently directed against institutions than individuals. One other

peculiarity must yet be noticed. Trifles which are usually unheeded by ordinary observers are carefully noted and delightfully described by Dickens. The extract from the *Cricket on the Hearth* given below is an excellent illustration of this feature.

The Obstinate Kettle.

"The kettle was aggravating and obstinate. It wouldn't allow itself to be adjusted on the top bar; it wouldn't hear of accommodating itself kindly to the knobs of coal; it *would* lean forward with a drunken air, and dribble—a very idiot of a kettle on the hearth. It was quarrelsome, and hissed and spluttered morosely at the fire. To sum up all, the lid, resisting Mrs. Peerybingle's fingers, first of all turned topsy-turvy, and then, with an ingenious pertinacity worthy of a better cause, dived, sideways in, down to the very bottom of the kettle. And the hull of the *Royal George* has never made half the monstrous resistance to coming out of the water which the lid of that kettle employed against Mrs. Peerybingle before she got it out again. It looked sullen and pig-headed enough even then; carrying its handle with an air of defiance, and cocking its spout pertly and mockingly at Mrs. Peerybingle, as if it said, 'I won't boil. Nothing shall induce me!' "—*Cricket on the Hearth.*

The Cratchits' Christmas Pudding.

"Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

"Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits grew livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

"Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next to each other, with a laundress's next to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

"Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, and nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing."—*Christmas Carol.*

Edward Bulwer Lytton[1] (*b.* 1805, *d.* 1873) was the youngest son of General Bulwer of Haydon Hall, Norfolk. He received most careful instruction from his talented mother, and is said to have given evidence of his poetical talents from his earliest childhood by writing verses when he was only six years old. His first book was published when he was fifteen. At Cambridge he won the Chancellor's medal for his poem on *Sculpture*. During his vacation, he travelled on foot over England and Scotland, and afterwards visited France, which he traversed on horseback. Then he settled down to hard literary toil, and during the last thirty years of his life few passed without the production of a poem, drama, or novel from his versatile pen. In 1838, on the occasion of her Majesty's coronation, he was created a baronet, and in 1866 he was raised to the peerage as Baron Lytton. He was a member of Parliament for many years, and was distinguished for his powers as an orator. He died in 1873, having just completed his last novel, *Kenelm Chillingly*.

Of the multitude of his works it may be said that, while his earlier productions are tainted with the worst faults of Byron, his later writings are more healthy in tone, and superior in every way. He published poems, dramas, metrical translations of foreign authors, novels, essays, histories, and political pamphlets; but his fame will rest chiefly on his abilities as a novelist. In these he has chosen his subjects from Italy and Greece, from France and Germany, from the England of the past and the England of the present, from high life and low life, from town life and country life. His first novel was *Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman*, in which we have the story of a man of fashion belonging to the nineteenth century. The best of his historical novels are the *Last Days of Pompeii, Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes*—both of surpassing interest—and the *Last of the Barons,* a story of the time of Warwick the King-maker, and containing the character of Sybill, the best of Bulwer's female creations. The most admirable of his domestic novels are *The Caxtons, a Family Picture*, and *My Novel, or Varieties of English Life*.

Bulwer's works are characterised by brilliant wit, biting sarcasm, grandeur of imagination, and, latterly, by thoughtful and matured views of human life and character. His earlier novels are good examples of that breathless and exciting kind of plot and description which is now known as "sensational writing." The following is an illustration:—

[1] On the death of his mother, who belonged to the ancient Hertfordshire family of Lytton, Bulwer took her name and succeeded to the estates.

Death of Gawtrey the Coiner.

“At both doors now were heard the sounds of voices. ‘Open in the king’s name, or expect no mercy!‘ ‘Hist!‘ said Gawtrey. ‘One way yet—the window—the rope.’

“Morton opened the casement—Gawtrey uncoiled the rope. The dawn was breaking; it was light in the streets, but all seemed quiet without. The doors reeled and shook beneath the pressure of the pursuers. Gawtrey flung the rope across the street to the opposite parapet; after two or three efforts, the grappling-hook caught firm hold—the perilous path was made.

“ ‘Go first,’ said Morton; ‘I will not leave you now; you will be longer getting across than I shall. I will keep guard till you are over.’

“ ‘Hark! hark!—are you mad? *You* keep guard! What is your strength to mine? Twenty men shall not move that door while my weight is against it. Quick, or you destroy us both! Besides, you will hold the rope for me; it may not be strong enough for my bulk of itself. Stay!—stay one moment. If you escape, and I fall—Fanny—my father, he will take care of her—you remember—thanks! Forgive me all! Go; that’s right!‘

“With a firm pulse, Morton threw himself on that dreadful bridge; it swung and crackled at his weight. Shifting his grasp rapidly—holding his breath—with set teeth—with closed eyes—he moved on—he gained the parapet—he stood safe on the opposite side.”

(Gawtrey follows and almost reaches the parapet.)

“ ‘You are saved!‘ cried Morton; when at that moment a volley burst from the fatal casement—the smoke rolled over both the fugitives—a groan, or rather howl, of rage, and despair, and agony, appalled even the hardiest on whose ear it came. Morton sprang to his feet, and looked below. He saw on the rugged stones, far down, a dark, formless, motionless mass—the strong man of passion and levity—the giant who had played with life and soul, as an infant with the baubles that it prizes and breaks—was what the Cæsar and the leper alike are, when all clay is without God’s breath—what glory, genius, power, and beauty would be for ever and for ever, if there were no God!“—*Night and Morning.*



George Eliot Mary Ann Evans (*b.* 1820, *d.* 1880) was the most gifted female novelist of our time. She was the daughter of a Warwickshire land agent, and in her earliest years gave evidence of remarkable thoughtfulness, great earnestness of purpose, and wonderful power of memory. Her education, begun at a ladies’ school in Coventry, was afterwards almost wholly carried

on by herself. She acquired a knowledge of Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, German, and Italian; and one of her earliest efforts was a translation into English of *Strauss' Life of Christ*. Her views of religion now underwent such a change as to lead to an estrangement between her father and herself, and so we find her leaving Warwickshire. After some time spent in foreign travel, she settled down to work in London, living at the house of the editor of the *Westminster Review*, and contributing largely to the pages of that periodical. Her first contribution to the literature of fiction was her *Scenes of Clerical Life*, first published in the pages of *Blackwood*, which created some stir at the time; but it was not till the publication of *Adam Bede*, which gives so delightful a picture of English life and character, that public curiosity was aroused. The adoption of "George Eliot" as a *nom de plume*, and the discovery by Dickens that the writings bearing the name were the work, not of a man, but of a woman, served to excite still further interest in the mysterious author. After a time the secret was revealed: George Eliot and Miss Evans were one and the same person. Her other novels bearing on English life were the *Mill on the Floss, Silas Marner* (the shortest, and perhaps the best), *Felix Holt*, and *Middlemarch*. In this last, it is thought that in the character of Caleb Garth's daughter, we have a portrait of the author herself. In *Romola*, another of her novels, we have an admirable Italian tale of the times of Savonarola. Her last works were *Daniel Deronda* and *Theophrastus Such*. In these there is no entertainment for the ordinary reader of novels, but there is much to show how thoughtful and high-toned a writer she was.

Miss Evans was twice married—first to George Henry Lewes, and, some time after his decease, to Mr. Cross, an old friend. She died in December, 1880, aged sixty years. It may with truth be added, that for graphic power of description, and for close observation of the sources of human thought and action, she has had no equal among the female contributors to our literature.

Other Novelists. **G. P. R. James** was the author of innumerable historical novels. Most of them begin in a style which laid them open to be parodied by satirical writers, Thackeray among the rest. **W. Harrison Ainsworth** also wrote stories of an historical character.

Douglas Jerrold wrote two novels, entitled *St. Giles* and *St. James*, both descriptive of life in London.

Frederick Marryat, the favourite of schoolboys, was celebrated for his sea stories, which were written not merely for the amusement of his readers,

but for the purpose of drawing public attention to the many evils then prevailing in the British Navy. **James Hannay**, critic and journalist, also contributed several excellent novels to nautical literature.

Anthony Trollope, the author of *Framley Parsonage*. etc., is remarkable for his easy and elegant drawing-room descriptions of clerical life in connection with the Church of England.

D'Israeli—Lord Beaconsfield—the Conservative leader, wrote several political novels, the most recent of which was *Endymion*, a work rendered interesting in consequence of its allusion to eminent personages then living.

Thomas Hughes and **Professor D'Arcy Thomson** are the authors of novels descriptive of school life. *Tom Brown's School-days*, by the former, is a great favourite on account of the happy and healthy tone which pervades it from first to last.

Charles Lever, the author of *Harry Lorrequer,* etc., and **Samuel Lover**, the author of **Handy Andy**, are among the best of the Irish novelists.

Among other novelists, the following are the more prominent: **Currer Bell (Charlotte Bronte)**, the author of *Jane Eyre*; **Mrs. Gaskell**, the author of. *Mary Barton*; **Miss Mulock** (**Mrs. Craik**), the author of *John Halifax*; **Mrs. Oliphant**, the author of *Margaret Maitland*; and **Wilkie Collins**, the author of the *Woman in White*, etc.

Historians.

Sir Archibald Alison (*b.* 1792, *d.* 1867) was a native of Kenley in Shropshire. He was the son of the Rev. Archibald Alison, already referred to as the author of the *Essay on Taste*. The young historian received his education at Edinburgh, and thereafter became a member of the Scottish Bar. He then spent several years in continental travel, and on his return was appointed Sheriff of Lanarkshire (1834). His great history made its appearance in 1842; and four years afterwards he was created a baronet for his services to the Tory Government then in power. He continued to discharge his duties as Sheriff till his death in 1867.

In 1814, Alison visited Paris, and saw the entry of the allied forces into that city, after what was expected to be the downfall of Napoleon Bonaparte. The splendid spectacle made a strong impression on his mind, and as he had previously taken a great interest in the struggle going on in Europe, he determined to write its history. After fifteen years of travel over the principal

scenes of the great campaigns, and fifteen more spent in the labour of composition, he produced the *History of Europe from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons*—published in ten volumes. He afterwards added other eight volumes, bringing the history down to the accession of Napoleon III. in 1852.

Alison's descriptions of battles, sieges, etc., are somewhat interesting, it is true; but when, in a long historical work, consisting of eighteen closely printed volumes, the author introduces hobbies of his own, and rides upon them through many pages, the work of perusal becomes excessively laborious and wearisome. Alison, however, will always be admired for his industry in collecting such a mass of information, and for the accuracy of the facts which his history contains.

On the French Revolution.

"In no former period had the efforts of the people so completely triumphed, or the higher orders been so thoroughly crushed by the lower. The throne had been overturned, the altar destroyed; the aristocracy levelled with the dust, the nobles were in exile, the clergy in captivity, the gentry in affliction. A merciless sword had waved over the State, destroying alike the dignity of rank, the splendour of talent, and the graces of beauty. All that excelled the labouring classes in situation, fortune, or acquirement, had been removed; they had triumphed over their oppressors, seized their possessions, and risen into their stations. And what was the consequence? The establishment of a more cruel and revolting tyranny than any which mankind had yet witnessed; the destruction of all the charities and enjoyments of life; the dreadful spectacle of streams of blood flowing through every part of France. The earliest friends, the warmest advocates, the firmest supporters of the people, were swept off indiscriminately with their bitterest enemies; in the unequal struggle, virtue and philanthropy sank under ambition and violence, and society returned to a state of chaos, when all the elements of private or public happiness were scattered to the winds. Such are the results of unchaining the passions of the multitude: such the peril of suddenly admitting the light upon a benighted people."—*History of Europe.*



Thomas Babington Macaulay (*b.* 1800, *d.* 1859), the greatest historian of England, was born at Rothley, near Leicester, and was named Thomas

Babington after the uncle in whose house his birth took place. Macaulay 's grandfather was a Scotch minister, and his father, Zachary, after having spent some time in Jamaica, returned to England, and joined William Wilberforce and Thomas Clarkson in their efforts to abolish slavery in the British possessions. Macaulay was educated at Bristol and at Cambridge, where he gained great distinction, and twice won medals for his poems. He was also a member of the Union Debating Society—a famous club where young politicians tried their skill in the discussion of the affairs of State. While yet at the University, he contributed several papers to the magazines of the time, but his first great *Essay* was that on *Milton*, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*. After this he was called to the English Bar, and appointed by the Whig Government, Commissioner of Bankruptcy. He was a member of Parliament first for Colne, then for Leeds, and took part in the famous discussions connected with the Reform Bill of 1832. In return for his services to his party, he was appointed to a Government office at Calcutta, and while in that city wrote his famous essays on *Lord Olive* and *Warren Hastings*. In 1839, Macaulay returned to England, was elected member for Edinburgh; and, during the eight years of his connection with that city, held successively the offices of Secretary at War and Paymaster-General of the Forces. In 1847, he displeased his Edinburgh supporters, and in a pet they rejected him; but, in 1852, they re-elected him of their own accord, and in this way endeavoured to atone for the past. He devoted the interval between these two dates to the work of his history. He retired from Parliament in 1856, owing to failing health; and, in the following year, he was created a baron in consideration of his great literary merit. In 1859, he died suddenly of disease of the heart, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Lord Macaulay, as we have seen, excelled as a poet and essayist, but he is chiefly illustrious as a historian. In the year 1848 were published the first two volumes of his great work, the *History of England from the Accession of James II*. In the opening chapter, the author announces his intention to write a history from the time above named down to a time within the memory of men still living. In other words, his work was to have embraced a period of nearly *one hundred and fifteen years*. It was too long a task, and the historian had to lay down his pen after having written about five volumes, the record of little more than *fifteen years*! Short as it is, however, it is yet far before the history of Hume as to the accuracy of its facts, and greatly superior to that of Robertson in the brilliancy of its style. Its success was very great. History was

no longer dry and uninviting, for Macaulay had become painter as well as chronicler. The events of the past are depicted in such a fresh and striking colouring, that they have all the interest of absolute novelty. We have life-like portraits of the great men of the age, landscapes and street scenes, spirit-stirring descriptions of insurrections, and trials, and sieges, and graphic pictures of manners and customs. Macaulay had a very wonderful memory, and he was able to collect and retain stores of information from all manner of old books, papers, and parchments, and to make use of them in the production of his history. He is not always impartial, but sufficiently so to be considered the best authority on that portion of history with which he deals.

Macaulay‘s *Essays* are considered magnificent specimens of composition, and many of them—those of a biographical nature more especially—are unequalled for the brilliancy and fascination of their style. Macaulay‘s English is the purest and most elegant in the whole range of our modern literature.

The Relief of Londonderry (Abridged).

"It was the twenty-eighth of July. The sun had just set; the evening sermon in the Cathedral was over; and the heart-broken congregation had separated; when the sentinels on the tower saw the sails of three vessels coming up the Foyle. Soon there was a stir in the Irish camp. The besiegers were on the alert for miles along both shores. The ships were in extreme peril, for the river was low: and the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the headquarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous. At length the little squadron came to the place of peril. Then the *Mountjoy* took the lead, and went right at the boom [a large wooden erection, attached by ropes a foot thick to both sides of the river]. The huge barricade cracked, and gave way; but the shock was such that the *Mountjoy* rebounded, and stuck in the mud. A yell of triumph rose from the banks; the Irish rushed to their boats, and were preparing to board; but the *Dartmouth* poured on them a well-directed broadside, which threw them into disorder. Just then the *Phœnix* dashed at the breach which the *Mountjoy* had made, and was in a moment within the fence. Meantime the tide was rising fast. The *Mountjoy* began to move, and soon passed safe through the broken stakes and floating spars. . . . The night had closed in before the conflict at the boom began; but the flash of the guns was seen, and the noise heard by the lean and ghastly multitude which covered the walls of the city. Even after the barricade had been passed there was a terrible half-hour of suspense. It was ten o'clock before the ships arrived at the quay. The whole population was there to welcome them. A screen made of casks filled with earth was hastily thrown up to protect the landing place from the batteries on the other side of the river; and then the work of unloading began. First were rolled on shore barrels containing six thousand bushels of meal. Then came great cheeses, casks of beef, flitches of bacon, kegs of butter, sacks of pease and biscuit, ankers of brandy. Not many hours before,

half a pound of tallow and three quarters of a pound of salted hide had been weighed with niggardly care to every fighting man. The ration which each now received was three pounds of flour, two pounds of beef, and a pint of pease. It is easy to imagine with what tears grace was said over the suppers of that evening. There was little sleep on either side of the wall. The bonfires shone bright along the whole circuit of the ramparts. The Irish guns continued to roar all night; and all night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns with a peal of joyous defiance."—*History of England.*

James Anthony Froude (*b.* 1818, *d.* 1894) was the youngest son of the late Venerable R. H. Froude, Archdeacon of Totness. He was born at Dartington, in Devonshire, and was educated at Oxford, where he gained the Chancellor's prize for an *Essay on Political Economy*. He intended entering the Church, and took deacon's orders in 1844. His first production was a series of stories *entitled Shadows of the Clouds*. He contributed largely to the magazines, and in 1856 published the first two volumes of his most important work, the *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth*. This history he completed, though not quite to the point originally contemplated, for it stops short with the defeat of the Spanish Armada. He was made Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, in 1892.

Like Macaulay, Froude founded his history on the evidence afforded by a careful examination of the State papers of the period he discussed. He gave graphic descriptions of the social life of the people of England under the Tudor sovereigns; brought the great personages of the sixteenth century before us with great distinctness, made them play their parts again as if before our very eyes; and, indeed, told the whole story in the most vigorous and original style. Among the peculiarities of his history, it may be noted that the author's views regarding the character of Henry VIII. were somewhat different from those usually given in other histories. Froude sought to prove from the evidence before him that Henry was by no means such a wicked man as he has been painted; and that his subjects, so far from feeling the yoke of an oppressor, lived a very happy and contented life. In his later volumes, the historian painted the character and the closing scenes in the life of Mary Queen of Scots in the darkest colours. He seems to have been a hearty hater of that very unfortunate lady.

Henry VIII.

"Nature had been prodigal to him of her rarest gifts. In person he is said to have resembled his grandfather, Edward IV., who was the handsomest man in Europe. His form

and bearing were princely; and amidst the easy freedom of his address, his manner remained majestic. No knight in England could match him in the tournament, except the Duke of Suffolk; he drew with ease as strong a bow as was borne by any yeoman of his guard: and these powers were sustained in unfailing vigour by a temperate habit and by constant exercise. Of his intellectual ability we are not left to judge from the suspicious panegyrics of his contemporaries. His State papers and letters may be placed by the side of those of Wolsey or of Cromwell, and they lose nothing in the comparison. Though they are broadly different, the perception is equally clear, the expression equally powerful, and they breathe throughout an irresistible vigour of purpose. In addition to this, he had a fine musical taste, carefully cultivated; he spoke and wrote in four languages: and his knowledge of a multitude of other subjects, with which his versatile ability made him conversant, would have formed the reputation of any ordinary man. He was among the best physicians of the age; he was his own engineer, inventing improvements in artillery, and new constructions in shipbuilding; and this not with the condescending incapacity of a royal amateur, but with thorough workmanlike understanding."—*History*.

George Grote (*b.* 1794, *d.* 1872) was the son of a London banker. After receiving an excellent education, he entered his father's establishment as a clerk, devoting his leisure hours to hard study. After his marriage, his wife suggested to him the idea of writing a *History of Greece*, and he commenced forthwith to gather materials for the work, which occupied more than thirty years. It must be remembered, moreover, that, during nearly the whole of that period he attended to business, and in three successive parliaments represented the City of London. In 1841 he retired from public life, and devoted himself entirely to literary labours.

His *History of Greece*, the last volumes of which were published in 1856, is the best on the subject in any language. "The poets, historians, orators, and philosophers of Greece have been all rendered both more intelligible and more instructive to the student," while the political and social affairs of the Greeks have been described with the greatest minuteness and care. Mitford's *History*, already alluded to, praises the tyrants (or absolute kings) of Greece—the author wrongly imagining that all kinds of monarchical government must be good, since that enjoyed in Britain is so excellent. Grote, on the other hand, regards the Greek monarchs as despots who frequently ill-used their power, and so oppressed the people as to make them feel all the woes of actual slavery. He therefore praises the Greeks for taking the power out of the hands of such rulers, and assuming it to themselves in the interests of freedom. Mitford's is the conservative view—Grote's, the democratic.

A Curious Omen.

"Xenophon had equipped himself in his finest military costume at this his first official appearance before the army, when the scales seemed to tremble between life and death. Taking up the protest of Kleanor against the treachery of the Persians, he insisted that any attempt to enter into convention or trust with such liars would be utter ruin; but that if energetic resolution were taken to deal with them only at the point of the sword, and punish their misdeeds, there was good hope of the favour of the gods and of ultimate preservation. As he pronounced this last word, one of the soldiers near him happened to sneeze; immediately the whole army around shouted with one accord the accustomed invocation to Zeus the Preserver: and Xenophon, taking up the accident, continued: "Since, gentlemen, this omen from Zeus the Preserver has appeared at the instant when we were talking about preservation, let us here vow to offer the preserving sacrifice to that god, and at the same time to sacrifice to the remaining gods as well as we can, in the first friendly country which we may reach. Let every man who agrees with me hold up his hand.' All held up their hands; all then joined in the vow, and shouted the pæan."—*History of Greece.*

Other Historians. Sir Francis Palgrave has written several valuable works on the early history of England, showing the origin of many of our institutions, and exhibiting the powerful influence of the Romans in hastening the civilisation of European society. His principal works are a *History of the Anglo-Saxons, Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth*, and the *History of Normandy and of England*. **Henry Thomas Buckle** was the author of a *History of Civilisation in England* containing some strange ideas as to the connection between the prosperity and the religion of a nation. **John Hill Burton** threw a new light on Scottish history in his *History of Scotland from the Revolution to the Extinction of the Last Jacobite Insurrection* (1689-1748)—a work which was highly praised by Lord Macaulay.

Bishop Thirlwall was the author of a learned and philosophical *History of Greece*, but it is neither so animated as Mitford's nor so valuable as Grote's.

Dr. Thomas Arnold, of Rugby, one of the best and most amiable of men, began a *History of Rome*, which he did not live to complete. It closes with the second Punic war. The **Rev. Charles Merivale** published a very scholarly *History of the Romans under the Empire*. **Thomas Carlyle** was the author of a history of the *French Revolution* and a *History of Frederick the Great*. On account, however, of the vast variety of subjects on which he has written, he is classed among the miscellaneous writers.

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Biographers.

John Gibson Lockhart, the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, wrote a life of the illustrious novelist, which, for fulness of detail, must be considered next in importance to Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. He also wrote a *Life of Burns*, which, however, is a much less important work.

John Forster (*b*. 1812, *d*. 1876) was one of the principal biographers of our time. He was for years a contributor to the leading *Reviews*, and succeeded Dickens as editor of the *Daily News*, a position he retained for scarcely a year. In 1855 he was appointed Secretary to the Lunacy Commission, and in 1861 a Commissioner of Lunacy. His most important works were the *Life of Oliver Goldsmith*, the *Life of Charles Dickens*, and a first volume of the *Life of Swift*. Forster was remarkable for the accuracy of his facts, and for his general literary fitness for the duties of a biographer.

Samuel Smiles, born at Haddington in 1816, was educated for the medical profession, and for some time practised as a surgeon at Leeds. In 1845 he abandoned medicine, and became Secretary of the Leeds and Thirsk Railway, and latterly of the South Eastern Railway. He retired in 1866. His biographies, all of them very popular, consist of the *Life of George Stephenson, Lives of Engineers*, and *Lives of Boulton and Watt.*

Bottled Light.

"One Sunday, when the party had just returned from church, they were standing together on the terrace near the hall, and observed in the distance a railway train flashing along, throwing behind it a long line of white steam. 'Now, Buckland,' said Mr. Stephenson, 'I have a poser for you. Can you tell me what is the power that is driving that train?' 'Well,' said the other, 'I suppose it is one of your big engines.' 'But what drives the engine?' 'Oh, very likely a canny Newcastle driver.' 'What do you say to the light of the sun?' 'How can that be?' asked the doctor. 'It is nothing else,' said the engineer; 'it is light bottled up in the earth for tens of thousands of years—light, absorbed by plants and vegetables, being necessary for the condensation of carbon during the progress of their growth, if it be not carbon in another form—and now, after being buried in the earth for long ages in fields of coal, that latent light is again brought forth and liberated, made to work, as in that locomotive, for great human purposes.' The idea was certainly a most striking and original one: like a flash of light, it illuminated in an instant an entire field of science."—*Life of Stephenson.*

Geo. H. Lewes (*b.* 1817, *d.* 1878) was born in London. During the early part of his career he was first clerk in the establishment of a Russian merchant. He next became a student of anatomy, and finally adopted literature as his profession. He has written on many subjects, but his biographical studies are perhaps the most valuable. His principal works are a *Biographical History of Philosophy*, the *Life of Goethe*—an exceedingly interesting and important work—and a *Life of Robespierre*. Among his other works, *Sea-side Studies*, the *Physiology of Common Life*, and *Studies in Animal Life*, are best known. Mr. Lewes was the founder of the *Fortnightly Review*; but his failing health prevented his being able to conduct it for more than a year.

The Last Moments of Goethe.

"The following morning—it was the 22nd March, 1832—he tried to walk a little up and down the room, but, after a turn, he found himself too feeble to continue. Reseating himself in the easy chair, he chatted cheerfully with Ottilie [his daughter-in-law] on the approaching spring, which would be sure to restore him. He had no idea of his end being so near. The name of Ottilie was frequently on his lips. She sat beside him, holding his hand in both of hers. It was now observed that his thoughts began to wander incoherently. 'See,' he exclaimed, 'the lovely woman's head, with black curls, in splendid colours—a dark background!' Presently he saw a piece of paper on the floor, and asked them how they could leave Schiller's letters so carelessly lying about. Then he slept softly, and, on awakening, asked for the sketches he had just seen—the sketches of his dream. In silent anguish they awaited the close now so surely approaching. His speech was becoming less and less distinct. The last words audible were, *More light!* The final darkness grew apace, and he whose eternal longings had been for more light, gave a parting cry for it as he was passing under the shadow of death. He continued to express himself by signs, drawing letters with his forefinger in the air while he had the strength; and finally, as life ebbed, drawing figures slowly on the shawl which covered his legs. At half-past twelve he composed himself in the corner of the chair. The watcher placed a finger on her lip to intimate that he was asleep. If sleep it was, it was a sleep in which a life glided from the world. He woke no more."—*Life of Goethe.*

Other Biographers. Among these may be named **Lord Campbell**, the author of the *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*—a work which, though not very accurate, is remarkably pleasant to read; **Dean Stanley**, the author of an admirable *Life of Arnold*; **Agnes Strickland**, the author of *Lives of the Queens of England and of Scotland*, and the *Bachelor Kings of England*; and **William Hepworth Dixon**, the author of *Lives of John Howard, William Penn,* etc.

Writers on Religious Subjects.

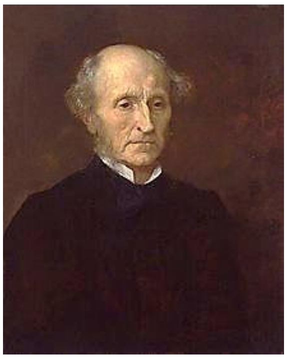
On purely theological subjects the most eminent writers are **Dr. Candlish**, author of *Reason and Revelation*, etc.; **Dr. Pusey**, who has contributed largely to the literature of the Church of England; **Cardinal Newman**, the author of various remarkable essays and lectures; **Principal Tulloch**, of St. Andrew's, author of works on *Theism, Puritanism*, etc.; **Henry Rogers**, Principal of the Lancashire Independent College, author of the *Eclipse of Faith, Reason and Faith*, etc.; and **J. F. D. Maurice**, a London clergyman of the Church of England, the author of various *Theological Essays.*

Among those who have excelled as commentators on the Bible may be mentioned the names of **John Kitto**, the author of the *Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*, the *Pictorial Bible*, etc.; of the **Most Rev. R. Chevenix Trench**, Archbishop of Dublin, who has written *Notes on the Parables and Miracles, Synonyms of the New Testament*, and several most interesting works on the study of English words; of **Dr. James Morison**, of Glasgow, the author of a *Commentary on the Gospel according to Matthew*, and other works, exhibiting great learning and critical ability; and that of **Henry Alford**, Dean of Canterbury, and editor of the *Greek Testament*.

Philosophers.

Sir William Hamilton (*b.* 1788, *d.* 1856) was the son of Dr. Hamilton, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Glasgow. After gaining high distinction as a student at Glasgow, he was sent to Oxford, where he soon took the highest position. In 1813 he became a member of the Scottish Bar, and his knowledge of the law enabled him to assume a baronetcy belonging to his ancestors, but which had been dropped more than a hundred years before he claimed it. In 1821 he was appointed Professor of History in Edinburgh, and in 1836 he was elected to the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics in the same University; and this position he held till his death in 1856. Sir William was a man of immense learning. He had studied law, medicine, and divinity, and his reading made him acquainted with a vast variety of other subjects. He was, without doubt, the greatest philosopher of recent times, and although he gave himself out to be merely a supporter and exponent of Reid's system, he may be said to have founded a system of his own, for he has explored paths in philosophy of which little was previously known. His first

important literary effort was a criticism of Cousin's *Course of Philosophy*, in the *Edinburgh Review*. It was greatly admired by the few who were able to understand it. Hamilton's chief works are *Discussions in Philosophy*, an edition of *Reid's Works, with Dissertations*, and his *Lectures*, all of them written in a clear and scholarly style.

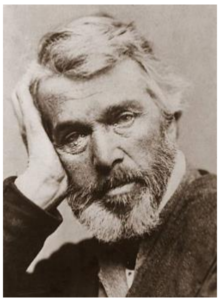


John Stuart Mill (*b.* 1806, *d.* 1873), son of the historian of India, was born in London. He was educated by his father, and in 1820 went to France, where, besides making himself master of the French language, he became acquainted with many distinguished scholars of that country. Returning to England, he entered the service of the East India Company, and was ultimately appointed Examiner of Indian Correspondence. When the Company's affairs were placed under the management of the English Government, he retired from the service, and from that time till his death occupied himself chiefly with literary work. He was, for a short period, member of Parliament for Westminster, and was remarkable for his attempts to extend the right of voting to women. He died at Avignon early in the summer of 1873.

His great works consist of a *System of Logic*, various essays on *Political Economy, Liberty*, etc., and an *Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy*. Mill has attempted to improve upon Bacon's system, "without which," Reid says, "experience is as blind as a mole." He was an original thinker, and was regarded as one of the foremost men of his time.

Other Philosophers. Of these the most notable are **Archbishop Whately**, author of the *Elements of Logic*; **William Whewell**, whose greatest work is the *History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*; **Professor Ferrier**, of St. Andrews, the author of the *Institutes of Metaphysics*; and **Isaac Taylor**, the writer of an able work on the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*.

Miscellaneous Writers.



Thomas Carlyle (*b.* 1795, *d.* 1881) was born at Ecclefechan, in Dumfriesshire, where his father, a man of much shrewdness, held a small farm. At the parish school, and afterwards at Annan, he received the early portion of his education. He continued his studies at the Edinburgh University, with the intention of becoming a minister of the Church of Scotland; but before he had completed his regular course, he left the college, and for two years taught a school in Fifeshire. Then began his career as a literary man. His earlier contributions to literature are to be found in the *Edinburgh Cyclopædia*, and consist for the most part of biographical sketches. He had become an excellent German scholar, and a warm admirer of German literature. Of this he gave evidence, first, by translating Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, and soon afterwards by his *Life of Schiller*. Indeed, Carlyle may be said to have introduced the two great poets of Germany to the English public. After his marriage, this half- German Scotchman settled at Craigenputtoch, a small estate "fifteen miles to the north-west of Dumfries, among the granite hills and the black morasses which stretch westward through Galloway, almost to the Irish Sea." "In this wilderness of heath and rock," says Carlyle in a letter to Goethe, "our estate stands forth a green oasis, a tract of ploughed, partly enclosed and planted ground, where corn ripens and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-woolled sheep." Here he wrote his *Sartor Resartus*. About 1837 he removed to London, and in that year produced the *French Revolution*, usually considered the grandest of all his works. During the eight years following he delivered lectures in London on *Heroes and Hero Worship*, and wrote the *Latter-day Pamphlets*. In 1845 a second great work appeared, namely, the *Letters and Speeches of Cromwell*, his most valuable contribution to the facts of history. Later, he published the *Life of John Sterling*, a friend of his. His last great work was his *History of Frederick the Great*. Carlyle died at the advanced age of eighty-six, and, at his own request, was buried in his native village of Ecclefechan. His

Reminiscences have been given to the world by Froude.

Sartor Resartus (the Tailor Re-tailored) is a very curious book. It is supposed to be written by Herr Teufelsdröckh, Professor in the University of Weissnichtwo (Don't-know-where). It is on the subject of clothing, by which word we are to understand the mere outside appearances of things; and is intended to teach us that we are too easily satisfied with these, and neither know enough nor care enough about the "Divine Ideal," or Truth, which clothing, such as hypocrisy and false doctrine, too often conceals.

The *French Revolution* stands alone among histories not only on account of the peculiarities of its style, but for the vivid descriptions which it contains. The author, so to speak, takes his reader to some safe place from which a good view can be obtained of the stirring events which are passing around him. He explains in excited language the causes which have led to this or that catastrophe. Now he shrieks with horror as the yells of the blood-thirsty mob are heard in the distance; shouts with delight as the true friend of liberty mounts the platform and harangues the multitude; or speaks words of encouragement to some hero as he passes to his doom. "Look there!" he cries, as poor Marie Antoinette is being led to the guillotine,

> "Look there! the bloom of that fair face is wasted, the hair is grey with care; the brightness of those eyes is quenched, their lids hang drooping; the face is stony pale, as of one living in death. Mean weeds, which her own hand has mended, attire the Queen of the World. The death-hurdle where thou sittest pale, motionless, which only curses environ, has to stop; a people, drunk with vengeance, will drink it again in full draught, looking at thee there. Far as the eye reaches, a multitudinous sea of maniac heads, the air deaf with their triumph-yell! The living-dead must shudder with yet one other pang; her startled blood yet again suffuses with the hue of agony that pale face, which she hides with her hands. There is there *no* heart to say, God pity thee! O think not of these; think of HIM whom thou worshippest, the crucified—who also, treading the wine-press *alone*, fronted sorrow still deeper; and triumphed over it and made it holy, and built of it a 'sanctuary of sorrow' for thee and all the wretched! Thy path of thorns is nigh ended, one long last look at the Tuileries, where thy step was once so light—where thy children shall not dwell. The head is on the block; the axe rushes—dumb lies the world; that wild-yelling world, and all its madness, is behind thee."

In the *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell, with Elucidations*, the character of the great Protector is established, not so much by anything which the historian has said, but by the production of Cromwell's own words and correspondence collected with great industry "from far and near."

In the *Latter-day Pamphlets*, we see Carlyle "with his blood up"—

thrashing with the thongs of his satire the institutions and people of England. Like many another angry man, however, he is careless where his blows fall, and thus we find him attacking institutions which were good and people who were innocent.

The *History of Frederick II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great*, is not only an excellent biography of that sovereign, but also a history of the early German empire and the formation of the Prussian monarchy. The historian is said to have visited the scenes connected with the Seven Years' War in order to describe them with accuracy.

Carlyle was lonely in his manner of living, and stood alone among English authors in his manner of writing. His books were usually written without any previously studied plan, nor did he arrange his thoughts in an orderly way. In the person of Teufelsdröckh, he says he does not care to have his truths "all stand in a row, each holding by the skirts of the other." His genius refuses to be bridled, and hence his writings are often difficult to follow. Again, his ideas are strange and out of the common, while his language is fantastic in the extreme. He often defies the rules of grammar, turns his sentences upside down, makes words to suit himself, and speaks in riddles. Nevertheless, Carlyle was ever an earnest, honest thinker, and, for more than half a century, he battled nobly in the cause of truth against falsehood and hypocrisy of every kind. In point of original genius he had no rival.

The French Revolution.
(*From the History of Frederick the Great.*)

"On the breaking out of that formidable Explosion and Suicide of his Century, Friedrich sank into comparative obscurity; eclipsed amid the ruins of that universal earthquake, the very dust of which darkened all the air, and made of day a disastrous midnight. Black midnight, broken only by the blaze of conflagrations, wherein, to our terrified imaginations, were seen, not men, French and other, but ghastly portents, stalking wrathful, and shapes of avenging gods. It must be owned the figure of Napoleon was titanic—especially to the generation that looked on him, and that waited shuddering to be devoured by him. In general, in that French Revolution, all was on a huge scale; if not greater than anything in human experience, at least more grandiose. All was recorded in bulletins, too, addressed to the shilling gallery; and there were fellows on the stage with such a breadth of sabre, extent of whiskerage, strength of windpipe, and command of men and gunpowder, as had never been seen before. How they bellowed, stalked, and flourished about, counterfeiting Jove's thunder to an amazing degree! Terrific Drawcansir figures, of enormous whiskerage, unlimited command of gunpowder; not without sufficient ferocity, and even a certain heroism, stage heroism, in them; compared with whom, to the shilling gallery, and frightened excited

theatre at large, it seemed as if there had been no generals or sovereigns before; as if Friedrich, Gustavus, Cromwell, William the Conqueror, and Alexander the Great, were not worth speaking of henceforth."



Thomas de Quincey (*b.* 1786, *d.* 1859) was the son of a wealthy merchant. He was born at Manchester, lost his father in his boyhood, and, in consequence, received the early part of his education at home. He was next sent to a grammar school, from which he ran away. He was allowed to reap the fruits of his own folly. His friends did not ask him to return, but sent him a guinea a week while he remained in Wales; for in that country he had taken up his abode. Wearied at length of his country life, he found his way to London, and here he was discovered by his friends in a state of extreme wretchedness. After he had been at home for some time, he was sent to Oxford. Here he suffered from a painful disease, and was induced to try opium as a remedy. The result was that he took to opium-eating as a regular habit, and was a slave to it for eighteen years. He managed to cure himself at last, but not till he had suffered the most frightful agony of mind and body. On leaving Oxford, he resided for a time at Grasmere, in Cumberland, where he enjoyed the society of the Lake Poets. In 1843 he removed with his family to Scotland, and settled at Lasswade, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. He died in 1859.

De Quincey's writings, which were mostly contributions to the magazines, may be divided into three kinds—Interesting and Amusing Sketches, Thoughtful Essays, and Prose Poems. The works by which he is best known are the *Confessions of an English Opium Eater* and *Suspiria de Profundis*. The former is the strange but fascinating story of his early life, while the latter is an imaginative work of the prose-poem kind.

Like Coleridge, and indeed like all unnatural dreamers from the effects of opium, De Quincey seldom finished what he began. Most of his works, therefore, are but fragments—specimens merely of the genius which might have accomplished greater things, for he could write well on almost any subject, and he must be ranked with Addison and Macaulay as one of the

great masters of English composition.

Joan of Arc

"Never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aërial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints; these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard for ever.

"Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her*; but, on the contrary, that she was for *them*; not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them. But well Joanna knew, early at Domremy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her*. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom would ever bloom for *her*."

Douglas Jerrold (*b.* 1803, *d.* 1857), already mentioned as a dramatist and novelist, was a native of London. His father was manager of a theatre, and could afford his son but little education. He spent the earlier part of his life at sea, and in this way gathered experiences of which he made use in *Black-eyed Susan*, his great nautical drama. He left the navy when peace had been proclaimed, and became a printer's apprentice. It was now that he began to write his dramatic pieces. Afterwards he distinguished himself as a novelist, and to the pages of *Punch* contributed those delightfully humorous papers entitled the *Caudle Curtain Lectures*. He latterly edited *Lloyd's Newspaper*. His ready wit was greater than his studied writings, and many of his clever and witty remarks are well known and often repeated.

Dedications.

"A mere high title at the head of a dedication is a piece of pompous lumber. In the shallowness of our judgment, we bestow a humiliating pity on the forlorn savage who lays his offering of fruits and flowers before his wooden idol with a formidable name—an idol certainly with gold rings in its nose and ears, and perhaps an uncut diamond in its forehead; but, nevertheless, an insensible block. The fruits shrivel and rot—the flowers die a death of profitless sweetness; for the idol has no gustatory sense, no expanding nostril. I say, we pity

the poor darkened fool who may have risked his limbs for cocoanuts, who may have tempted the whole family of mortal snakes, groping his way through woods, scrambling up ravines to gather flowers, and only to lay the hard winnings of his toil before a stock, a stone, that cannot even so much as wink a thankfulness for such desperate duty done. And what shall we say of the author who, choosing a patron merely for his titles—for the gold rings in his nose and ears, and certainly not for the diamond in his head—lays before him a book for which the poor creature has not the slightest relish?“

Some of Jerrold's Witty Sayings.

"In a railway carriage one day, a gentleman expatiated on the beauty of nature. Cows were grazing in the fields. 'In reading in the fields,' said he, 'sometimes a cow comes and bends its head over me. I look up benignantly at it.' 'With a filial smile,' rejoined Jerrold.

"Earth is so kindly there [Australia], that tickle her with a hoe, and she laughs with a harvest.

" 'Call that a kind man,' said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance;' a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing! Call that kindness!' 'Yes, unremitting kindness,' replied Jerrold.

"Some member of 'Our Club,' hearing an air mentioned, exclaimed: 'That always carries me away when I hear it.' 'Can nobody whistle it?' exclaimed Jerrold."

Arthur Helps (*b.* 1817, *d.* 1875) was thought one of the best essayists since Charles Lamb's days. He occupied the position of private secretary to more than one statesman, and in 1859 he was made Clerk of the Privy Council. Dramas and histories both have proceeded from his fertile pen, but it is as an essayist he will be best remembered. His principal work is *Friends in Council*. It consists of a series of imaginary conversations. In the first series, three college friends are represented as sitting in a country house, discussing the merits of an essay which one of them has written. In the second series, they are on the continent, conversing on the beauties of the scenery, or on the historical memories which certain places recall; as well as on such subjects as politics, morality, etc. These essays are remarkable for purity both of thought and expression, and are greatly admired for the wisdom they contain.

Advantages of Foreign Travel.

"This, then, is one of the advantages of travel, that we come upon new ground, which we tread lightly, which is free from associations that claim too deep and constant an interest from us; and not resting long in any one place, but travelling onwards, we maintain that desirable lightness of mind. Another of the great advantages of travel lies in what you learn from your companions; not merely from those you set out with, or so much from them as from those whom you are thrown together with on the journey. I reckon this advantage to be

so great, that I should be inclined to say, that you often get more from your companions in travel than from all you come to see. Then the diversities of character you meet with instruct and delight you. The variety in language, dress, behaviour, religious ceremonies, mode of life, amusements, arts, climate, government, lays hold of your attention and takes you out of the wheel-tracks of your every-day cares. He must, indeed, be either an angel of constancy and perseverance, or a wonderfully obtuse Caliban of a man, who, amidst all this change, can maintain his private griefs or vexations exactly in the same place they held in his heart while he was packing for his journey. The change of language is alone a great delight. Children's talk in another language is not childish to you, and indeed everything is literature, from the announcement at a railway station to the advertisements in a newspaper."

Other Miscellaneous Writers. Of these the names of **William** and **Mary Howitt** and **Harriet Martineau** are conspicuous. The former (husband and wife) have written a great deal—poetry, dramas, and miscellaneous works. Mr. Hewitt's *Book of the Seasons* abounds in picturesque descriptions; and Mrs. Howitt, besides distinguishing herself as a poet, has been the popular translator of several works in the Swedish language. H. Martineau was the most thoughtful writer of the three above named, and her name is well known in various departments of literature. **Mrs. S. C. Hall** may also be named as the writer of many pleasant sketches of Irish character.

Scientific Writers.

Michael Faraday (*b.* 1791, *d.* 1867) was one of the greatest scientific men belonging to the present century. He was born in London, and was the son of a blacksmith. He received a very plain education, and was successively newspaper boy and bookseller's apprentice. In the latter capacity, and by the kindness of his master, he was allowed to read what books he chose. These were mostly scientific works; and, by making homely apparatus, he endeavoured to prove the truth of the statements which such books contained. His brothers helped him to attend lectures on science; and, by constant perseverance and untiring industry, he at length became successor to the great Sir Humphry Davy, as Professor of Chemistry in the London Institution. Electricity and magnetism were his favourite subjects, and his discoveries in these branches of science were both numerous and important. His contributions to literature consist, for the most part, of his *Lectures*, many of which were addressed to the young. He had the gift of making difficult subjects clear and simple, and the experiments with which his lectures were illustrated seem to have been unusually successful. He was a model lecturer.

The great work of his life is entitled *Experimental Researches on Electricity*; but only those who know the subject well can have any idea of the immense importance of these most wonderful and valuable contributions to science.

The Rainbow in the Spray.

"To-day every fall was foaming from the abundance of water, and the current of wind brought down by it was in some parts almost too strong to stand against. The sun shone brightly, and the rainbows seen from various points were very beautiful. One at the bottom of a fine but furious fall was very pleasant. There it remained motionless, whilst the gusts and clouds of spray swept furiously across its place, and were dashed against the rock. It looked like a spirit strong in faith and steadfast in the midst of the storm of passions sweeping across it; and, though it might fade and revive, still it held on to the rock as in hope and giving hope, and the very drops which, in the whirlwind of their fury, seemed as if they would carry all away, were made to revive it and give it greater beauty.

"How often are the things we fear and esteem as troubles made to become blessings to those who are led to receive them with humility and patience."

Hugh Miller (*b.* 1802, *d.* 1856) was a self-taught geologist. He was born at Cromarty, and received a very plain education at a country school. For this he was indebted to two of his uncles, his father having perished at sea while Hugh was yet a child. He became a stonemason, and, while engaged in the quarries of Cromarty, began to take an interest in the stone he was cutting, and in the wonderful fossil remains which were continually coming to light. Removing to Edinburgh, he continued at his mason work, and excelled as a carver of inscriptions on tombstones. All his leisure hours were occupied in study; and, after the publication of one or two unimportant works, he returned to Cromarty, studied the geology of the Moray Firth, and, in 1841, produced his first great book, the *Old Red Sandstone*. His circumstances by this time had somewhat changed. He had been engaged for about six years in a banking establishment, and was afterwards appointed editor of *The Witness*, an Edinburgh newspaper. It was in this paper that some of his works first made their appearance. Miller died in 1856. He had for some time previously been overworking his brain, and in a fit of temporary insanity, he shot himself.

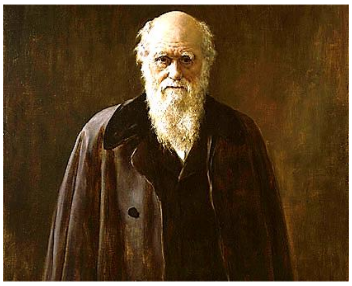
Besides the work already named, he wrote *Footprints of the Creator, Cruise of the Betsy, or a Summer Ramble among the Fossiliferous Deposits of the Hebrides, Sketch Book of Popular Geology,* the *Testimony of the Rocks*, and several works of a miscellaneous character, such as *My Schools and Schoolmasters*, etc. In the *Testimony of the Rocks*, Miller endeavours to prove,

from the results of geological discovery, that the six days mentioned in Genesis as the time occupied in the creation of the world, were in reality six ages of time, and not days of twenty-four hours each.

Miller makes geology very attractive. His works display wonderful wealth of illustration and great power of description, while his English is exceedingly pure and correct.

The Fifth Day of the Creation.
(As it may have been revealed to Moses in a Vision.)

"Again the day breaks; the prospect consists, as before, of land and ocean. There are great pine-woods, reed-covered swamps, wide plains, winding rivers, and broad lakes; and a bright sun shines over all. But the landscape derives its interest and novelty from a feature unmarked before. Gigantic birds stalk along the sands, or wade far into the water in quest of their ichthyic food, while birds of lesser size float upon the lakes, or scream discordant in hovering flocks, thick as insects in the calm of a summer evening, over the narrower seas, or brighten with the sunlit gleam of their wings the thick woods. And ocean has its monsters: great *tanninim* tempest the deep, as they heave their huge bulk over the surface to inhale the life-sustaining air; and out of their nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a 'seething pot or cauldron.' Monstrous creatures, armed in massive scales, haunt the rivers, or scour the flat rank meadows; earth, air, and water are charged with animal life; and the sun sets on a busy scene, in which unerring instinct pursues unremittingly its few simple ends—the support and preservation of the individual, the propagation of the species, and the protection and maintenance of the young."—*Testimony of the Rocks.*



Charles Darwin (*b.* 1809, *d.* 1882) was the son of Dr. Robert Darwin, and grandson of Erasmus Darwin, the botanical poet. His mother was a daughter of Wedgwood, the famous potter. He was educated at Edinburgh and Cambridge. In 1831, he accompanied Captain (afterwards Admiral) Fitzroy, as naturalist, in the voyage of H.M.S. *Beagle* round the world, and returned in 1836. His great powers of observation enabled him to gather vast treasures of knowledge regarding the geology and natural history of the various countries he visited. Of his works on science, that named the *Monograph of the Family Cirrepedia* is considered the most valuable book on zoology which

has appeared during the present century. The volume which rendered his name familiar was his *Origin of Species*, in which he stated his belief that man is only a higher species of ape. He wrote several excellent books in support of this idea, but they are more valuable for the wonderful facts in natural history which they record than for the arguments which Darwin sought to base upon them.

Darwin was a thorough master of the English language, and his style is extremely fascinating.

The Galapagos.

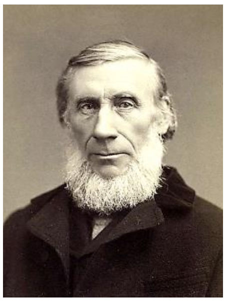
"When I visited, during the voyage of H.M.S. *Beagle* the Galapagos Archipelago, situated in the Pacific Ocean, about 500 miles from the shore of South America, I found myself surrounded by peculiar species of birds, reptiles, and plants, existing nowhere else in the world. Yet they nearly all bore the American stamp. In the song of the mocking-thrush, in the harsh-cry of the carrion-hawk, in the great candlestick-like opuntias, I clearly perceived the neighbourhood of America, though the islands were separated by so many miles of ocean from the mainland, and differed much from it in their geological constitution and climate. The Archipelago, with its innumerable craters and bare streams of lava, appeared to be of recent origin; and thus I fancied myself brought near to the very act of creation. I often asked myself how these many peculiar animals and plants had been produced; the simplest answer seemed to be that the inhabitants of the several islands had descended from each other; and that all the inhabitants of the Archipelago had descended from those of the nearest land, namely, America, whence colonists would naturally have been derived."—*Natural Selection.*

Thomas Henry Huxley (*b.* 1825, *d.* 1895) was born at Ealing, Middlesex, and educated for the medical profession. In 1846 he entered the Royal Navy, and as assistant-surgeon on the *Rattlesnake*, which was despatched to Australia on a surveying expedition, Mr. Huxley acquired very valuable information regarding the numerous sea animals which were collected in the course of the survey, and sent home so many excellent papers on the subject, that he was soon recognised as a naturalist of the highest ability. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and awarded a medal for his papers. In 1854 he was appointed Professor of Natural History in the Royal School of Mines, and has held the honourable position of President of the British Association for the Promotion of Science. His works are mostly on the subject of natural history, although he has also touched upon other scientific matters. His *Lectures and Lay Sermons* are among his more popular writings. Professor Huxley wrote in a clear and expressive manner. He had the power of rendering his subject both interesting and instructive.

The Bottom of the Atlantic.

"The bottom of the Atlantic is a prodigious plain—one of the widest and most even plains in the world. If the sea were drained off you might drive a waggon all the way from Valentia, on the west coast of Ireland, to Trinity Bay, in Newfoundland. And, except upon one sharp incline about 200 miles from Valentia, I am not quite sure that it would even be necessary to put the skid [or *drag*] on, so gentle are the ascents and descents along the whole route. From Valentia the road would lie down hill for about 200 miles to the point at which the bottom is now covered by 1700 fathoms of sea water. Then would come the central plain more than a thousand miles wide, the inequalities of the surface of which would be hardly perceptible, though the depth of the water upon it now varies from 10,000 to 15,000 feet: and there are places in which Mont Blanc might be sunk without showing its peak above water. Beyond this the ascent to the American side commences, and gradually leads, for about 300 miles, to the Newfoundland shore.

"Almost the whole of the bottom of this central plain (which extends for many hundred miles in a north and south direction) is covered by a fine mud, which, when brought to the surface, dries into a grayish-white friable [*easily crumbled*] substance. You can write with this on a blackboard, if you are so inclined; and, to the eye, it is quite like very soft, grayish chalk. Examined chemically, it proves to be composed almost wholly of carbonate of lime [*chalk*]; and if you make a section of it, and view it with a microscope, it presents innumerable *globigerinæ* [*skeletons of very minute shell-fish*] imbedded in a granular matrix [*mould consisting of grains*]."—*Lectures.*



John Tyndall (*b.* 1820, *d.* 1893), famous for his wonderful discoveries in regard to heat and sound, was born in Ireland, of humble parents. His scientific studies were carried on in Germany; and in consequence of his extensive knowledge he was, in 1853, appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution of Great Britain. He was an earnest student, and extraordinarily successful in winning from Nature the secrets which she had hitherto denied to others. No personal inconvenience or trouble prevented this energetic professor from finding out what he set himself to discover. Thus, in 1859, he spent his Christmas night among the snows of the Alps, and continued among the mountains during the severest weather, in order to satisfy himself as to the winter movements of the Mer-de-Glace

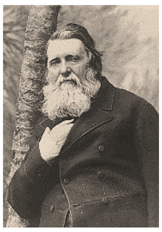
(Sea of Ice). He was continually extending our knowledge sometimes by papers in the magazines, sometimes by publishing his London lectures, and occasionally by the publication of larger and more important works. The following are among the subjects of these last: *The Glaciers of the Alps*, the *Use of the Imagination*, *Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion*, *Radiation*, and *Sound*. Tyndall's writings are very popular, and are reckoned among the most interesting and valuable contributions to modern scientific knowledge. He died in 1893.

The Nerves and Sensation.

"The various nerves of the human body have their origin in the brain, and the brain is the seat of sensation. When you wound your finger, the nerves which run from the finger to the brain convey intelligence of the injury; and, if these nerves be severed, however serious the hurt may be, no pain is experienced. We have the strongest reason for believing that what the nerves convey to the brain is in all cases *motion*. It is the motion excited by sugar in the nerves of taste which, transmitted to the brain, produces the sensation of sweetness; while bitterness is the result of the motion produced by aloes. It is the motion excited in the olfactory nerves by the effluvium of a rose, which announces itself in the brain as the odour of the rose. It is the motion imparted by the sunbeams to the optic nerve which, when it reaches the brain, awakes the consciousness of light; while a similar motion imparted to other nerves resolves itself into heat in the same wonderful organ."—*Lectures on Sound*.

Other Scientific Writers. In the literature of astronomy and optics, S**ir David Brewster** and **Dr. J. P. Nichol** of Glasgow have excelled; in that of electricity, **Wheatstone** and **Sir William Thomson**, created Baron Kelvin of Largs by command of Her Majesty the Queen in 1892; in that of geology, **Dr. Buckland**, **Sir Charles Lyell**, and **Sir Roderick I. Murchison**, are conspicuous names; in that of physiology and anatomy, **Professor Owen** and **Dr. Carpenter**; in that of chemistry **Sir Humphry Davy**, etc.; and in physical geography, **Mrs. Somerville**.

Writers on Art.



John Ruskin (*b.* 1819, *d.* 1900) was the son of a London merchant. He

studied at Oxford, and there distinguished himself as a poet. Early devoting himself to the literature of art, he produced, in 1843, the first volume of the *Modern Painters*, in which he endeavoured to show that Turner and the other great landscape painters of our time are superior to the painters of the past. His opinions were attacked and condemned by many who had long been accustomed to consider the old masters the best. The book, however, was so magnificently written, contained such gorgeous descriptions, and was so unlike any book which had preceded it, that it was read with intense admiration by all who took an interest in the subject. In the second volume of the same work, he wrote more particularly of the great Italian painters, describing the various schools to which they belonged. Other three volumes followed, the last containing illustrations from the author's own pencil; for Ruskin had already learned the art of drawing under two distinguished teachers. His next important art work was entitled the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, which was followed by another on the *Stones of Venice*; but, besides these, he published a vast variety of books, lectures, and pamphlets bearing on the subject of art. He also wrote on political and social economy, but his labours in this field are not important.

By his wonderful ability as a writer, Ruskin has done excellent service to art, and has raised and ennobled the work of the artist by showing that the true painter does not work for mere recreation or for the gratification of others, but because of his love for Nature and Art. Ruskin's influence is also acknowledged in the great improvements which have recently taken place in the architecture of our houses and streets. His style, as already indicated, is extremely eloquent, poetical, and attractive.

Advice to Artists.

"Ask yourselves what is the leading motive which actuates you while you are at work. I do not ask what your leading motive is for working—that is a different thing; you may have families to support, parents to help, brides to win; you may have all these, or other such sacred and pre-eminent motives, to press the morning's labour and prompt the twilight thought. But, when you are fairly *at* the work, what is the motive which tells upon every touch of it? If it is the love of that which your work represents—if, being a landscape painter, it is love of hills and trees that moves you—if, being a figure painter, it is love of human beauty and human soul that moves you if, being a flower or animal painter, it is love, and wonder, and delight in petal and in limb that move you—then the spirit is upon you, and the earth is yours, and the fulness thereof. But if, on the other hand, it is petty self-complacency in your own skill, trust in precepts and laws, hope for academical or popular approbation, or avarice

of wealth—it is quite possible that by steady industry, or even by fortunate chance, you may win the applause, the position, the fortune, that you desire; but one touch of true art you will never lay on canvas or on stone as long as you live."—*The Two Paths.*

Mrs. Jameson, another writer on art, next in importance to Ruskin, was born in Dublin in 1797. Her father was a painter. Her married life does not seem to have been happy, for she separated from her husband and afterwards betook herself to literature. Of her very numerous works may be mentioned her *Memoirs of Italian Painters, Sacred and Legendary Art*, and the *Scriptural and Legendary History of our Lord.*

Venice, as Painted by Canaletti.

"It is this all-pervading presence of light, and this suffusion of rich colour glowing through the deepest shadows, which make the very life and soul of Venice; but not all who have dwelt in Venice, and breathed her air and lived in her life, have felt their influences; it is the want of them which renders so many of Canaletti's pictures false and unsatisfactory—to me at least. All the time I was at Venice I was in a rage with Canaletti. I could not come upon a palace, or a church, or a corner of a canal which I had not seen in one or other of his pictures. At every moment I was reminded of him. But how has he painted Venice? Just as we have the face of a beloved friend reproduced by the daguerreotype, or by some bad, conscientious painter—some fellow who gives us eyes, nose, and mouth by measure of compass, and leaves out all sentiment, all countenance; we cannot deny the identity, and we cannot endure it. Where, in Canaletti, are the glowing evening skies—the transparent, gleaming waters—the bright green of the vine-shadowed *Traghetto*—the freshness and the glory—the dreamy, aerial, fantastic splendour of this city of the sea? Look at one of his pictures—all is real, opaque, solid, stony, formal; even his skies and water—and is *that* Venice?"

Writers on Travel.

Sir Henry Austen Layard (*b.* 1817, *d.* 1894). Of the many writers on subjects of travel, we can here select but one or two of the more conspicuous. Sir Henry was born of English parents in Paris. He was educated for the law, but soon gave up that for something more in accordance with his own taste. He became fond of travel, and after visiting several little-known localities in Europe, he proceeded to the East, learned the Arabic and Persian languages, and, becoming interested in the discoveries which were being made by a Frenchman named M. Botta, near the site of the ancient Nineveh, he determined to be a discoverer himself. With the assistance of Sir Stratford

Canning, afterwards Lord Redcliffe, he was enabled to excavate the most wonderful specimens of Assyrian art—winged lions, winged bulls, sphinxes, and strangely carved marbles. Many of these are now to be seen in the British Museum. Layard published a most interesting account of these discoveries in 1848, in a work entitled *Nineveh and its Remains*; and, in 1853, he published an account of his second expedition, *Discoveries in the Ruins of Babylon and Nineveh*. These works were highly valued, not only on account of the very important information which they contained, but also for the admirable manner in which they were written. Layard was frequently a member of Parliament, and occupied at various times high offices of State.

Discovery of a Winged Lion.

"On reaching the ruins I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen, who had already seen me as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. Whilst Awad advanced and asked for a present to celebrate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human head sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of a figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull, similar to those of Khorsabad and Persepolis. It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm, yet majestic, and the outline of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period. The cap had three horns, and, unlike that of the human-headed bulls hitherto found in Assyria, was rounded and without ornament at the top.

"I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below."

Dr. David Livingstone (*b.* 1813, *d.* 1873), the great African traveller, was born at Blantyre, near Glasgow. His parents being very poor, he was early sent to work in a cotton mill; and being eager for knowledge, he wrought hard till he had gained enough to take him to Glasgow, where during the winter season he studied at the University. He took his degree in medicine, and resolved to devote himself to missionary labour. In 1840 he was sent by the London Missionary Society to Port Natal, where he became acquainted with the language and customs of the natives, twice crossed the continent of Africa, and made interesting and important discoveries. After sixteen years' absence he returned to England and was warmly welcomed. In 1858 he went back to

Africa, determined to discover the true source of that most mysterious of rivers, the Nile. Several times ugly rumours were received in this country that he had been killed by the natives; but, through the enterprise of an American journalist, a correspondent was despatched in search of him, and happily succeeded in discovering that he was alive and well. He refused to return to England till his great task had been accomplished; but alas, in May, 1873, he succumbed to an attack of dysentery, and his body, embalmed in salt, was brought to this country, and found a fitting resting-place in Westminster Abbey. His *Researches in South Africa*, and his *Journal*, published posthumously, are most valuable books, and are written with all the fascination and interest of an Arabian tale.

Makololo Children at Play.

"The children have merry times, especially in the cool of the evening. One of their games consists of a little girl being carried on the shoulders of two others. She sits with outstretched arms, as they walk about with her, and all the rest clap their hands, and, stopping before each hut, sing pretty airs, some beating time on their little kilts of cowskin, others making a curious humming sound between the songs. Excepting this and the skipping rope, the play of the girls consists in imitation of the serious work of their mothers, building little huts, making small pots, and cooking, pounding corn in miniature mortars, or hoeing tiny gardens. The boys play with spurs of reeds pointed with wood, and small shields, or bows and arrows; or amuse themselves in making little cattle-pens, or moulding cattle in clay; they show great ingenuity in the imitation of various shaped horns. Some, too, are said to use slings; but as soon as they can watch the goats or calves, they are sent to the field. We saw many boys riding on the calves they had in charge; but this is an innovation since the arrival of the English with their horses. Tsilane, one of the ladies, on observing Dr. Livingstone noting observations on the wet and dry bulb thermometers, thought that he too was engaged in play; for, on receiving no reply to her question, which was rather difficult to answer, as the native tongue has no scientific terms, she said, with roguish glee, 'Poor thing, playing like a little child!' "



Chapter XVIII.
Supplementary.

Poets. W. C. Smith. Other Poets. Novelists. George Eliot (Extracts); Dr. George Macdonald; William Black. Other Novelists. Historians. Kinglake; Freeman; Stubbs. Other Historians. Writers on Religious Subjects. Biographers. David Masson. Other Biographers. Writers on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Poets.

Dr. Walter Chalmers Smith. In 1872, public curiosity was excited regarding the appearance of a semi-dramatic poem entitled *Olrig Grange, edited by Hermann Kunst, Philol. Professor*. This was followed by *Borland Hall, Hilda among the Broken Gods*, and *Raban*. In the last only did the author permit his real name to be known. Dr. Smith was the minister of the Free High Church in Edinburgh. His poems exhibit great poetical talent, shrewdness of observation, and depth of passion, and entitle their author to be considered one of the best of our minor poets. He died in 1908.

God's Voice.

"What soft, low notes float everywhere
In the soft glories of the moon!
Soft winds are whispering in the air,
And murmuring waters softly croon
To mossy banks a muffled tune;
Softly a rustling faint is borne
Over the fields of waving corn—
God's still small voice, we drown at noon,
Which is everywhere heard in the even and morn."
—*Olrig Grange.*

Thomas Lovell Beddoes (*b.* 1803, *d.* 1849) was born at Clifton. He was educated at Oxford, and lived abroad from 1825 to 1846. The *Improvisatore* (1821), and *The Bride's Tragedy*, in the following year, were both published during his life-time. In the year after his death appeared what he had meant to be his masterpiece, *Death's Jest Book*, and in 1851, *Poems*, the last of his works, was published.

His position as a poet is somewhat difficult to define. His blank verse is workmanship of a very high order indeed, but it lacks that subtle something

which the verse of Shakespeare and many of the Elizabethan dramatists possesses, that power of forcing its music upon the mind when the verse itself is silent.

He is better as a writer of lyrics. His songs are based on the models of Shakespeare and Shelley, and are very enjoyable, though by no means reaching the standard set by these poets.

The extracts given illustrate two different strains in his lyrics. The first is from *Death's Jest Book*, and the second from *Dream-Pedlary*.

Dirge for Wolfram.

"If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep;
And not a sorrow
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
Lie still and deep,
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
In eastern sky.

"But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then die, dear, die;
'Tis deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rose-bank to lie dreaming
With folded eye;
And there alone, amid the beaming
Of Love's stars, thou'lt meet her
In eastern sky."

From "Dream-Pedlary."

"If there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell;
Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rang the bell,
What would you buy?

“A cottage lone and still,
With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still,
Until I die.
Such pearl from Life’s fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down.
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
This would I buy.”



Arthur Hugh Clough (*b.* 1819, *d.* 1861) was born at Liverpool. When very young, the boy was taken to Charleston, in South Carolina, where for six years he lived a very happy life. He was sent home in 1828, and in the summer of that year entered Rugby School, then under the guidance of Dr. Arnold. From Arnold he received, as so many Rugby boys did, a deep impression of the meaning of duty.

Leaving Rugby he went to Oxford, where he entered Balliol College. The University was at that time the centre of religious differences, and these impressed themselves upon Clough’s sensitive mind.

He left Oxford in 1848, and became Principal of University Hall, London, but soon afterwards went to America. In 1853 he returned to England, and eight years later died at Florence.

His poems were written chiefly from 1840 to 1850, and of them the best known and longest *is The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*, published in 1848.

The struggle through which he passed at Oxford impressed itself on his poetry, which is marked by sincerity, without which all writing is a mere beating of the empty air, by love and reverence for truth, and by the strong expression of his desire for reality.

Both as regards subject-matter and the method of presenting it, his lyrics—they are few in number are well nigh perfect. He had, too, a rare gift of humour. A specimen of his lyric gems is given here:—

Say not the Struggle Nought Availeth.

"Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

"If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

"For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main,

"And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright."

Charles Kingsley (*b.* 1819, *d.* 1875) was born at Holne Vicarage, in Devonshire. After leaving school he went to King's College, London, and later to Magdalene College, Cambridge. He became a clergyman, was Rector of Eversley, in Hampshire, and was Professor of Modern History, at Cambridge, from 1860-1869. In 1872 he was made Canon of Westminster.

Kingsley was a man of great natural ability, and used his talents to the utmost advantage. Idleness had no place with him: he was indeed one of the very busiest men of his time.

He is perhaps best known as a prose writer, but his poetry also is of good quality. In it, as in his prose, there are many telling phrases which haunt the memory long after they have been read. The opening verses of *The Sands of Dee* form a case in point.

In all he published thirty-five works, the best known of which are *The Saint's Tragedy* (1848), *Alton Locke* (1849), *Yeast* (1849), *Hypatia* (1853), *Westward Ho!* (1855), *The Heroes* (1856), *Two Years Ago* (1857), *Andromeda* (1858), *The Water Babies* (1863), and *Prose-Idylls* (1873).

Westward Ho!
A whisper, a rustling close beside him, and Brimblecombe's voice said softly—

"Give him more wine, Willi; his eyes are opening."

"Heyday!" said Amyas faintly, "not past the Shutter yet! How long she hangs in the wind!"

"We are long past the Shutter, Sir Amyas," said Brimblecombe.

"Are you mad? Cannot I trust my own eyes?"

There was no answer for a while.

"We are past the Shutter, indeed," said Cary, very gently, "and lying in the cove at Lundy."

"Will you tell me that that is not the Shutter, and that the Devil's Limekiln, and that the cliff—that villain Spaniard only gone—and that Yeo is not standing here by me, and Cary there forward, and—why, by the bye, where are you, Jack Brimblecombe, who were talking to me this minute?"

"Oh, Sir Amyas Leigh, dear Sir Amyas Leigh," blubbered poor Jack, "put out your hand, and feel where you are, and pray the Lord to forgive you for your wilfulness!"

A great trembling fell upon Amyas Leigh; half-fearfully he put out his hand; he felt that he was in his hammock, with the deck-beams close above his head. The vision which had been left upon his eyeballs vanished like a dream.

"What is this? I must be asleep! What has happened? Where am I?"

"In your cabin, Amyas," said Cary.

"What? And where is Yeo?"

"Yeo is gone where he longed to go, and as he longed to go. The same flash which struck you down, struck him dead."

"Dead? Lightning? Any more hurt? I must go and see. Why, what is this?" and Amyas passed his hand across his eyes. "It is all dark—dark, as I live!" And he passed his hand over his eyes again.

There was another dead silence. Amyas broke it.

"Oh, God!" shrieked the great, proud sea-captain, "Oh, God, I am blind! blind! blind!" And writhing in his great horror, he called to Cary to kill him and put him out of his misery, and then wailed for his mother to come and help him, as if he had been a boy once more; while Brimblecombe and Cary, and the sailors who crowded round the cabin-door, wept as if they too had been boys once more.

The Sands of Dee.

" 'O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee;'
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

"The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,

As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
And never home came she.

" 'Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee.'

"They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee,"



Matthew Arnold (*b.* 1822, *d.* 1888) was the eldest son of Dr. Arnold, the famous headmaster of Rugby. Educated at Winchester, Rugby, and Balliol College, Oxford, he early began to write poetry. In 1843 he published *The Strayed Reveller and other Poems*. This was followed, in 1852, by *Empedocles on Etna*. Next year *Poems, First Series*, appeared, and two years later, *Poems, Second Series*.

He was Professor of Poetry at Oxford for ten years (1857-1867), and it was as professorial lectures that many of his essays on criticism—such as *On Translating Homer* (1861) and *On the Study of Celtic Literature* (1867)—first appeared.

In 1858 he published *Merope, a Tragedy*; in 1867, *New Poems*; and in 1877, 1881, and 1885 he sent out his Poems in Collections.

He is as well known for his essays, criticisms, and prose writings as for his poetry. It was, indeed, as a critic that he was best known during his life-time.

This extract is a lyric from *Faded Leaves*.

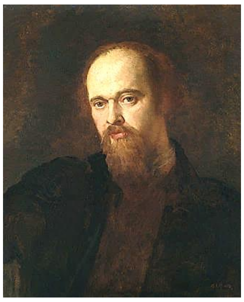
Longing.

"Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again!
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

"Come, as thou cam'st a thousand times,
A messenger from radiant climes,
And smile on thy new world, and be
As kind to others as to me!

"Or, as thou never cam'st in sooth,
Come now, and let me dream it truth;
And part my hair, and kiss my brow,
And say: *My love! why sufferest thou*?

"Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again!
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day."



Dante Gabriel Rossetti (*b.* 1828, *d.* 1882), who was both painter and poet, was born in London. His works are *Translations from the Early Italian Poets* (1861), *Poems* (1870), and *Ballads and Sonnets* (1881).

In his artistic life he warmly supported great minuteness of detail in painting—a style known as the Pre-Raphaelite, and in his work he carried out the same principle. His work is always sincere, and his language always fits in exactly with the emotion his mind intends to express.

Allied with this, and to some extent, perhaps, dependent upon it, is the clear-cut way in which his figures of speech are presented; and his personifications are, for the same reason, wonderfully vivid.

The extract given here is from "Ave."

"Mind'st thou not (when June's heavy breath

Warmed the long days in Nazareth,)
That eve thou didst go forth to give
Thy flowers some drink that they might live
One faint night more amid the sands?
Far off trees were as pale wands
Against the fervid sky: the sea
Sighed further off eternally
As human sorrow sighs in sleep.
Then suddenly the awe grew deep,
As of a day to which all days
Were footsteps in God's secret ways:
Until a folding sense, like prayer,
Which is, as God is, everywhere,
Gathered about thee; and a voice
Spake to thee without any noise,
Being of the silence:—'Hail,' it said,
'Thou that art highly favoured;
The Lord is with thee here and now;
Blessed among all women thou.' "

Other Poets. William Morris was the author of several Chaucer-like poems, the most notable being the *Earthly Paradise* and *the Story of Sigurd the Volsung and the Fall of the Niblungs*. Of these the *Earthly Paradise* (1868-70), published in four volumes, is generally regarded as his masterpiece. The language in which Morris wrote is a close imitation of fifteenth century English. This style of writing, while to a certain extent suitable to the subjects of which the poet treated, should not be imitated. **Robert Buchanan**, author of *Undertones* and several other poems, distinguished himself also as a dramatist and novelist. **Alfred Austin** (1835-1913), who succeeded Lord Tennyson as poet-laureate in 1896, published *The Human Tragedy, The Poet's Diary*, and many other volumes of poetry. **Theodore Watts-Dunton** (1832-1914), the friend of Swinburne, wrote some fine sonnets, and is well known as a critic. **John Davidson** (1857-1909) published *Fleet Street and Other Poems, A Rosary* (prose and verse), etc.

Novelists.

George Eliot. The following quotations are examples of the earlier and later styles of this author:—

Men and Women—A Discussion.

" 'What!' said Bartle, with an air of disgust. 'Was there a woman concerned? Then I give you up, Adam.'

" 'But it's a woman you spoke well on, Bartle,' said Mr. Poyser. 'Come, now, you canna draw back; you said once as women wouldna' ha' been a bad invention if they'd all been like Dinah.'

" 'I meant her voice, man—I meant her voice that was all,' said Bartle. 'I can bear to hear her speak without wanting to put wool in my ears. As for other things, I daresay she's like the rest o' the women—thinks two and two'll come to five, if she cries and bothers enough about it.'

" 'Ay, ay!' said Mrs. Poyser; 'one 'ud think, an' hear some folks talk, as the men were cute enough to count the corns in a bag o' wheat wi' only smelling at it. They can see through a barn-door, *they* can. Perhaps that's the reason they can see so little o' this side on't.

"Martin Poyser shook with delighted laughter, and looked to Adam as much as to say that Bartle was in for it now.

" 'Ah,' said Bartle, sneeringly, 'the women are quick enough—they're quick enough. They know the rights of a story before they hear it, and can tell a man what his thoughts are before he knows them himself.'

" 'Like enough,' said Mrs. Poyser; 'for the men are mostly so slow, their thoughts overrun 'em, an' they can only catch 'em by the tail. I can count a stocking top while a man's getting his tongue ready; an' when he out wi' his speech at last, there's little broth to be made on't. However, I'm not denyin' that women are foolish; they were made to match the men.' "—*Adam Bede.*

Theresas among Women.

"Saint Theresa, who lived three hundred years ago, was certainly not the last of her kind. Many Theresas have been born who found for themselves no epic life wherein there was a constant unfolding of far-resonant action; perhaps only a life of mistakes, the offspring of a certain spiritual grandeur ill-matched with the meanness of opportunity; perhaps a tragic failure which found no sacred poet, and sank unwept into oblivion. With dim lights and tangled circumstance they tried to shape their thought and deed in noble agreement; but after all, to common eyes their struggles seemed mere inconsistency and formlessness; for these later-born Theresas were helped by no coherent social faith and order which could perform the function of knowledge for the ardently willing soul."—*Middlemarch.*

George Macdonald, LL.D. (*b.* 1824, *d.* 1905), a native of Aberdeenshire. His first efforts were poetical; but, highly praiseworthy as many of his poems were, his fame was not to be built on these. It is as a novel writer that he has attained celebrity. Some of the more important of his very numerous works are *David Elginbrod, Alec Forbes of Howglen, Robert Falconer, Malcolm*, and the *Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood*. This last is a good example of a new

variety in the literature of fiction—the Sunday Novel. Macdonald's best books are original and striking, and many of them contain excellent specimens of the racy Scotch dialect common in the north-eastern counties. It is peculiar to this author that in most of his novels there is a large admixture of religious thought and sentiment



George Meredith (*b.* 1828, *d.* 1909) was born in Hampshire. When he was about twenty-one a poem from his pen appeared in *Chambers's Journal*. Two years later he issued a little volume of poems, followed, four years later, by the highly original tale, *The Shaving of Shagpat*, written in the style affected by Eastern story-tellers.

His greater works began with *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* (1859), a romantic tragedy dealing with the ethical side of education. Then followed *Evan Harrington* (1861), *Sandra Belloni* (1864)—it first appeared as *Emilia in England*—and its sequel, *Vittoria* (1866); *Rhoda Fleming* (1865), the *Adventures of Harry Richmond*, and, what is perhaps the best constructed of the series, *Beauchamp's Career* (1875). Others of his works are *The Egotist*, a study of selfishness; *The Tragic Comedians* (1881), *Diana of the Crossways* (1885), *One of Our Conquerors* (1891), *Lord Armont and his Aminta* (1894), and *The Amazing Marriage* (1895).

Meredith was one of the foremost of our novelists, though by no means the most popular. Those who write fiction or poetry, those who can understand and appreciate the beauties of good English, are the people who read and love Meredith's works and style.

His wide and accurate observation of wild nature and human life, his sympathy, his descriptions of scenery, and his wonderful power of delineating feeling, all combine to make him a master of his art. As against this, he is often too restrained, too reticent, so that there is sometimes a certain lack of clearness in working out his plots.

The End of the Evening.

"Gallantly had the veteran general and hero held on into the night, that the festivity

might not be dashed by his departure; perhaps, to a certain degree, to prolong his enjoyment of a flattering scene. At last Sir Lukin had the word from him, and came to his wife. Diana slipped across the floor to her accommodating chaperon, whom, for the sake of another five minutes with her beloved Emma, she very agreeably persuaded to walk in the train of Lord Larrian, and forth they trooped down a pathway of nodding heads and curtsies, resembling oak and birch trees under a tempered gale, even to the shedding of leaves, for here a turban was picked up by Sir Lukin, there a jewelled ear-ring by the self-constituted attendant, Mr. Thomas Redworth. At the portico rang a wakening cheer, really worth hearing. The rain it rained, and hats were formless, as in the first conception of the edifice, backs were damp, boots liquidly musical, the pipe of consolation smoked with difficulty, with much pulling at the stem, but the cheer arose magnificently, and multiplied itself, touching at the same moment the heavens and Diana's heart—at least, drawing them together; for she felt exalted, enraptured, as proud of her countrymen as of their hero.

" 'That's the natural shamrock, after the artificial!' she heard Mr. Redworth say, behind her.

"She turned and sent one of her brilliant glances flying over him, in gratitude for a timely word well said. And she never forgot the remark, nor he the look."—*Diana of the Crossways.*



Thomas Hardy (*b.* 1840) was born at Upper Beckhampton. He was trained as an architect, but gave up that calling for literature. Among his novels are *Under the Greenwood Tree* (1872), one of his most charming stories; *A Pair of Blue Eyes* (1873), and *Far from the Madding Crowd*, his first really great work. His best known novels are *The Return of the Native* (1878), *The Trumpet-Major* (1880), and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles.*

Throughout his life he remained a Wessex man, and his stories of the West Country, with its racy humour, rustic wit, and quaint dialect, are redolent of the soil.

Perhaps the most prominent trait of his writing is the tendency to dwell upon the darker and more tragic side of life. To a certain extent it is true to say that his work is pessimistic in tone, but the pessimism is free from cynical indifference. The sincerity of the man caused him to treat his work in a natural fashion, and forbade the conventional happy ending where such was, in the nature of things, impossible.

The extract here given is from *Under the Greenwood Tree*. A party of villagers have gone caroling, and have just come to a farm house.

"The front of this building was reached, and the preliminaries arranged as usual.

" 'Forty breaths, and number thirty-two—' 'Behold the morning star,' " said old William.

"They had reached the end of the second verse, and the fiddlers were doing the up-bow stroke previously to pouring forth the opening chord of the third verse, when, without a light appearing or any signal being given, a roaring voice exclaimed:

" 'Shut up! Don't make your blaring row here. A feller wi' a headache enough to split likes a quiet night.'

"Slam went the window.

" 'Hallo, that's an ugly blow for we artistes!' said the tranter, in a keenly appreciative voice, and turning to his companions.

" 'Finish the carrel, all who be friends of harmony!' said old William commandingly; and they continued to the end.

" 'Forty breaths, and number nineteen!' said William firmly. 'Give it him well; the choir can't be insulted in this manner!'

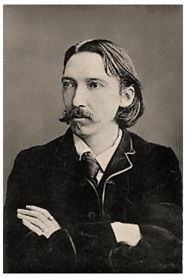
"A light now flashed into existence, the window opened, and the farmer stood revealed as one in a terrific passion.

" 'Drown en!—drown en!' the tranter cried, fiddling frantically. 'Play fortissimy, and drown his spaking!'

" 'Fortissimy!' said Michael Mail, and the music and singing waxed so loud that it was impossible to know what Mr. Shinar had said, was saying, or was about to say; but wildly flinging his arms and body about in the form of capital X's and Y's, he appeared to utter enough invectives to consign the whole parish to perdition.

" 'Very unseemly very!' said old William, as they retired. 'Never such a dreadful scene in the whole round o' my carrel practice—never! And he a churchwarden!' "

William Black (*b.* 1841, *d.* 1898), a native of Glasgow, is remarkable as the writer of several successful novels, the leading characteristics of which are magnificent descriptions of Nature in her various moods, and graphic sketches of scenery. His best books are *A Daughter of Heth, The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*, and *A Princess of Thule*. In the opinion of many, his later novels do not fulfil the promise of those now mentioned.



Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson (*b.* 1850, *d.* 1894) was born in Edinburgh, It was intended that he should become an engineer, but disliking this, Stevenson read for law in Edinburgh University, and, in due time, was called to the Scottish bar.

No long time elapsed before he found his true vocation in literature, and the excellence of his style soon brought him into the front rank of writers.

Among the earliest of his books were *An Inland Voyage* (1878), *Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes* (1878), *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes* (1879), *Virginibus Puerisque* (1881), and *Familiar Studies of Men and Books* (1882), these last two containing some of his best essays. In 1882 he issued the *New Arabian Nights*, a collection of odd romances; and in the following year *Treasure Island*, a successful piece of work in a species of literature the secret of which appeared to have gone for ever. *Kidnapped* (1886) was nearly as good; but he was not so happy in *The Black Arrow* (1888), *The Master of Ballantrae* (1889), and *The Wrecker* (1891-2), in *Scribner's Magazine*, written in collaboration with his step-son.

Among his other novels are *The Silverado Squatters* (1884), *Prince Otto* (1885), *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1886), and *Catriona* (1893), a sequel to *Kidnapped*. With his step-son he also wrote *The Ebb Tide* (1894) and *The Wrong Box*; while with his wife he wrote *The Dynamiter*.

Stevenson's style shows distinct individuality, and is perfect of its kind. At the time of his death he was, perhaps, the most important writer of English literature. The following extract is from *Treasure Island*:—

"The 'Hispaniola' was rolling scuppers under in the ocean swell. The booms were tearing at the blocks, the rudder was banging to and fro, and the whole ship creaking, groaning, and jumping like a manufactory. I had to cling tight to the backstay, and the world turned giddily before my eyes; for though I was a good enough sailor when there was way on, this standing still and being rolled about like a bottle was a thing I never learned to stand without a qualm or so, above all in the morning, on an empty stomach.

"Perhaps it was this—perhaps it was the look of the island, with its grey, melancholy woods, and wild stone spires, and the surf that we could both see and hear foaming and thundering on the steep beach—at least, although the sun shone bright and hot, and the shore birds were fishing and crying all around us, and you would have thought anyone would have been glad to get to land after being so long at sea, my heart sank, as the saying is, into my boots; and from that first look onward, I hated the very thought of Treasure Island."

Mary Augusta Ward (Mrs. Humphry Ward), a grand-daughter of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, deserves mention as the authoress of *Robert Elsmere* and

David Grieve, novels dealing with some of the religious problems of our time.

Other Novelists. Among those worthy of mention may be reckoned the late **Major Whyte-Melville**, author of *Digby Grand,* etc., whose *Riding Recollections* give us also interesting experiences of the chase; **Sir Walter Besant**, author of *Armorel of Lyonesse*, etc.; **James Payn**, author of *Lost Sir Massingberd*, etc.; **Rudyard Kipling**, the writer of *Plain Tales from the Hills*, and other works descriptive of life in India; and **J. M. Barrie**, whose *Auld Licht Idylls* and a *Window in Thrums* are delightful descriptions of village life in Scotland. Many writers followed in the same style, the chief of whom are **Ian Maclaren** (Rev. John Watson), author of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, etc., and **S. R. Crockett**, author of the *Stickit Minister*, etc.

Historians.

Alexander William Kinglake (*b.* 1809, *d.* 1891). Originally a barrister, this writer devoted himself to literature. His first great effort was *Eothen*, a book of Eastern travel, in which the impressions made upon the traveller are vividly and faithfully photographed. More recently, he published a voluminous work, entitled the *Invasion of the Crimea*; *its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan*. It is a bold and independent description of the Russian war in 1854, and so out-spoken in regard to the French policy of the time, as to have roused the anger of Napoleon III. Its style is spirited, and its eloquence undoubted.

Edward A. Freeman (*b.* 1823, *d.* 1892) was a Staffordshire man, and began his career as a writer on architectural subjects, but later he wrote many important historical works, the most noteworthy being that on the *History of the Norman Conquest,* which will take rank with the best works of its kind. His style varied. Sometimes it is “dry,” but more frequently it is brilliant.

Slavery.

“The existence of the slave, harshly as the name now grates on our ears, is no special shame or blame to our own forefathers. Slavery in some shape or other has unhappily been the common law of most nations in most ages; it is a mere exception to the general rule that, partly through the circumstances of most European countries, partly through the growth of humanity and civilisation, the hateful institution has, during a few centuries past, gradually

disappeared from a certain portion of the earth's surface. And we must not forget that, in many states of society, the doom of slavery may have been thankfully received as an alleviation of his lot by the man whose life was forfeited either as a prisoner in merciless warfare, or as a wrong-doer sentenced for his crime."

Rev. William Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford (*b.* 1825, *d.* 1901), is the author of the best *Constitutional History of England* to be found in our literature. He was a native of Yorkshire, and all along devoted himself to history. He occupied the important position of Regius Professor of Modern History in Oxford, and was afterwards appointed curator of the famous Bodleian Library in the same university. His style is dignified and scholarly, and his account of the development of our constitution is admirably supported by the large number of antiquarian documents which he published along with it.

Constitutional History.

"The roots of the present lie deep in the past, and nothing in the past is dead to the man who would learn how the present comes to be what it is. It is true, constitutional history has a point of view, an insight, and a language of its own; it reads the exploits and characters of men by a different light from that shed by the false glare of arms, and interprets positions and facts in words that are voiceless to those who have only listened to the trumpet of fame."

James Bryce (*b.* 1838) was born at Belfast, and educated at the Universities of Glasgow and Oxford. His works are *The Holy Roman Empire* (1864), *Transcaucasia and Ararat* (1877), *The American Commonwealth* (1888), and *Impressions of South Africa* (1897).

"The modern traveller, after his first days in Rome, when he has looked out upon the Champagna from the summit of St. Peter's, paced the chilly corridors of the Vatican, and mused under the echoing dome of the Pantheon, when he has passed in review the monuments of regal and republican and papal Rome, begins to seek for some relics of the twelve hundred years that lie between Constantine and Pope Julius the Second. 'Where,' he asks, 'is the Rome of the Middle Ages, the Rome of Alberic and Hildebrand and Rienzi; the Rome which dug the graves of so many Teutonic hosts; whither the pilgrims flocked; whence came the commands at which kings bowed? Where are the memorials of the brightest age of Christian architecture, the age which reared Cologne and Rheims and Westminster, which gave to Italy the cathedrals of Tuscany and the wave-washed palaces of Venice?'

"To this question there is no answer. Rome, the mother of the arts, has scarcely a building to commemorate those times, for to her they were times in which the shame of the present was embittered by recollection of a brighter past. Nevertheless a minute scrutiny may still discover, hidden in dark corners or disguised under an unbecoming modern dress, much

that carries us back to the mediæval town, and helps us to realize its social and political condition."—*The Holy Human Empire.*

Other Historians. Among these the names of **John Richard Green**, author of a *Short History of the English People*, and **Justin McCarthy** (*The History of Our Own Times*, 1837-1901), are deserving of mention.

Writers on Religious Subjects. To the list of authors mentioned in a previous chapter who have excelled as writers on religious subjects, there ought to be added the following: **Cardinal Manning**, a distinguished Roman Catholic clergyman; **Bishop Ellicott**, who has written many important *Commentaries*; **Professor Jowett**, late Master of Balliol College, Oxford, author of theological *Essays and Commentaries*; **Dr. Marcus Dods**, a professor in the New College, Edinburgh, author of *Israel's Iron Age*; *Mahommed, Buddha, and Christ*, etc.; **Dr. John Caird**, late Principal of Glasgow University, author of the *Philosophy of Religion*, and other works.

Biographers.

David Masson (*b.* 1822, *d.* 1907), Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh, has written the most remarkable biography of our time, the *Life of John Milton, narrated in connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time*. Clear and vigorous in style, just in criticism, accurate in the narration of facts, Masson's volumes form a noble monument to a noble poet.

An Elegy.

"When the poets wish to honour the dead, they carry the image of the dead one with them; they let the thought of the dead intertwine itself with all else that arises in their minds for a space less or more; and, if they are to pay the tribute of some single poem, then out of the best, choosing still the best, and giving to the result its most perfect shape, they lay *that* upon the tomb, saying, 'This belongs to *you*.' "

John Morley (*b.* 1838), created Viscount Morley in 1908, has had a distinguished career both as a politician and as a man of letters. The best known of his works are *Edmund Burke* (1867), *Voltaire* (1872), *Diderot and the Encyclopædists* (1878), *Richard Golden* (1881), the *Life of Gladstone* (1903),

Recollections (1917). This extract is taken from *Edmund Burke*:—

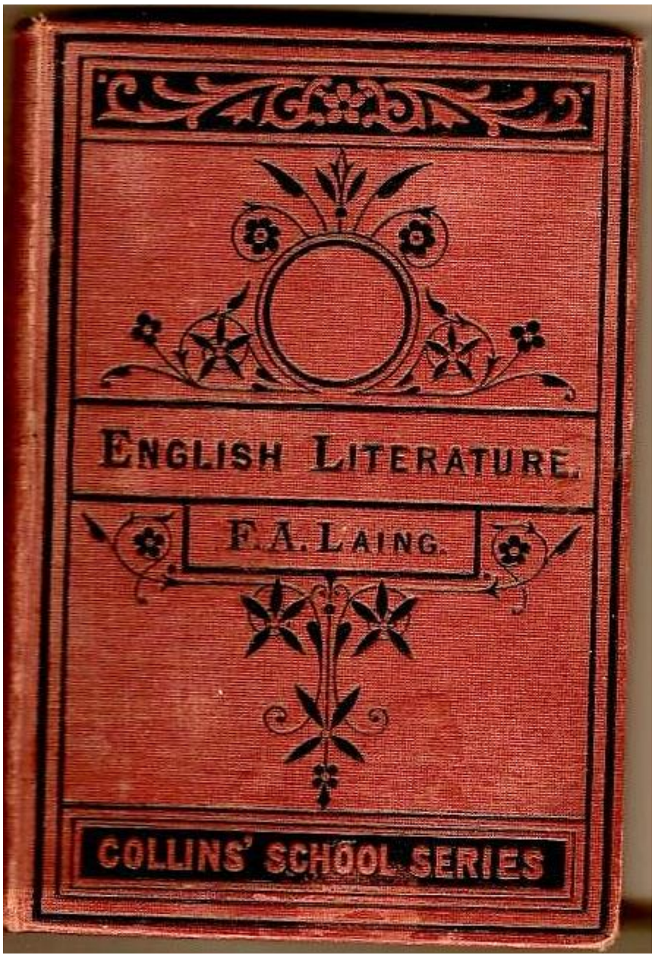
"If this were merely an incidental blunder in a fact, it might be of no importance. But it was a blunder which went to the very root of the discussion. The fact that France was now at the back of the Assembly, inspiring its counsels and ratifying its decrees, was the cardinal element, and that is the fact which at this stage Burke systematically ignored. That he should have so ignored it, left him in a curious position, for it left him without any rational explanation of the sources of the policy which kindled his indignation and contempt A publicist can never be sure of his position, until he can explain to himself even what he does not wish to justify to others. Burke thought it enough to dwell upon the immense number of lawyers in the Assembly, and to show that lawyers are naturally bad statesmen. He did not look the state of things steadily in the face. It was no easy thing to do, but Burke was a man who ought to have done it. He set all down to the ignorance, folly, and wickedness of the French leaders. This was as shallow as the way in which his enemies, the philosophers, used to set down the superstition of eighteen centuries to the craft of priests, and all defects in the government of Europe to the cruelty of tyrants. How it came about that priests and tyrants acquired their irresistible power over men's minds, they never inquired. And Burke never inquired into the enthusiastic acquiescence of the nation, and, what was most remarkable of all, the acquiescence of the army, in the strong measures of the Assembly."

After Professor Masson, the most notable biographer **is Sir G. Otto Trevelyan, M.P.**, who has written a most excellent *Life of Lord Macaulay*, a work which, if he had written nothing else, would alone have entitled him to a place in our literature.

Writers on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Among these may be named **Mr. W. E. Gladstone** (*d.* 1898), who wrote many political pamphlets, and who contributed largely to our Homeric literature; **Professor Max Muller** (*d.* 1900), the most accomplished Oriental scholar of his time, whose *Chips from a German Workshop* is well known and appreciated in this country; and **Herbert Spencer** (*d.* 1903), who, although he made *Sociology* his principal study, has written much on a variety of subjects. Among his essays are *Manners and Fashion, The Genesis of Science, Progress*: *Its Law and Cause*, and the *Principles of Psychology, Principles of Biology, Principles of Sociology*, and the *Principles of Ethics* (1879). His *Education* (1861) has been translated into several languages. **Sir F. Galton**, the famous anthropologist and traveller, who died in 1911, was the author of *The Art of Travel, Inquiries into Human Faculty and its Development*, and other works

Revised Editions of the Old and New Testaments. In 1870 it was resolved to revise the translation of the Hebrew Bible, and of the Greek Testament, with both of which we had so long been familiar. Some of the greatest scholars of our time, and belonging to all Protestant denominations, both of Great Britain and America, were selected for the work of revision. The Revised Edition of the New Testament was issued in 1881, and that of the Old Testament in 1885. The object of the Revisers was not to give an entirely new rendering, but to make such changes on the authorised version as would help to make it better understood—modernising the language, and throwing the light of better scholarship on many passages of doubtful meaning.



American Literature.

Poets. Bryaut; Longfellow. Other Poets. Historians. Prescott; Bancroft; Motley. Other Historians. Novelists. Cooper; Haliburton; Hawthorne. Essayists, Etc. Channing; Everett; Emerson. Other Essayists. Writers on Religious Subjects. Jonathan Edwards, And Others. Miscellaneous Writers. Franklin; Irving. Other Miscellaneous Writers. Scientific Writers. Audubon; Maury. Writers on Travel.

William Cullen Bryant (*b.* 1794, *d.* 1878) was the son of a physician. At the age of thirteen he commenced to write poetry, and when he was eighteen he published his most important poem, *The Thanatopsis*, or View of Death, a solemn and impressive work in blank verse. Bryant was educated at William's College; and, becoming a member of the American bar, he practised for several years with tolerable success. He afterwards abandoned the law, and became the founder of the *New York Review*, to which he contributed many of his poems. *The Review*, and the numerous other newspapers with which his name was associated, are noted for their healthiness and purity of tone. In addition to *The Thanatopsis,* Bryant has written many poems of great excellence, among which may be noted the *Death of the Flowers, The Prairies, The Battlefield*, and the poem quoted below. He was remarkable for his power of painting American scenery, as well as for the clearness and beauty of his style.

The Indian at the Burial Place of his Fathers.

"It is the spot I came to seek—
  My father's ancient burial place.
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
  Withdrew our wasted race.
It is the spot—I know it well—
Of which our old traditions tell.

"For here the upland bank sends out
  A ridge towards the river side;
I know the shaggy hills about,
  The meadows smooth and wide;
The plains that, towards the eastern sky,
Fenced east and west by mountains lie.

"A white man, gazing on the scene,
  Would say a lovely spot was here,

And praise the lawns so fresh and green,
  Between the hills so sheer.
I like it not—I would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again.

"The sheep are on the slopes around,
  The cattle in the meadows feed,
And labourers turn the crumbling ground,
  Or drop the yellow seed,
And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,
Whirl the bright chariot o'er the way.
....
"Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
  Full to the brim our rivers flowed;
The melody of waters filled
  The fresh and boundless wood;
And torrents dashed, and rivulets played,
And fountains spouted in the shade.

"Those grateful sounds are heard no more:
  The springs are silent in the sun,
The rivers, by the blackened shore,
  With lessening current run;
The realm our tribes are crushed to get,
May be a barren desert yet!"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (*b.* 1807, *d.* 1882) was born at Portland, Maine. After receiving a college education he was appointed Professor of Modern Languages, in Bowdoin College; and, in order to qualify himself for his duties, he spent three years in European travel. In Harvard College, and afterwards in Cambridge, Mass., he held similar professorships, and finally, in 1854, retired from public life. His first collection of poems appeared in 1841, and was entitled *Voices of the Night*, and these were followed at intervals by many others—the most remarkable being *Evangeline, Hiawatha, Miles Standish, Tales of a Wayside Inn, Translation of Dante*, and *Keramos*, the last of his poems. He wrote also some excellent prose poems, the longest and best of which is entitled *Hyperion*. Longfellow was the American Tennyson, and resembled him principally in the elegance and purity of his language, and in the music of his verse. His writings were characterised by simplicity and tenderness of thought and expression.

The Brook and the Wave.
(*From Aftermath.*)

"The brooklet came from the mountain,
As sang the bard of old,
Running with feet of silver,
Over the sands of gold!

"Far away in the briny ocean
There rolled a turbulent wave,
Now singing along the sea beach,
Now howling along the cave.

"And the brooklet has found the billow,
Though they flowed so far apart,
And has filled with its freshness and sweetness
That turbulent, bitter heart!"

Aftermath.

"When the Summer fields are mown,
When the birds are fledged and flown,
And the dry leaves strew the path;
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow
And gather in the aftermath.

"Not the sweet new grass with flowers
Is this harvesting of ours;
Not the upland clover bloom;
But the rowen mixed with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
In the silence and the gloom."

John Greenleaf Whittier (*b.* 1807, *d.* 1892) was born near Haverhill, Massachusetts. Till he was eighteen he worked on the farm, and this influenced him deeply in creating and preserving an abiding interest in humble life.

He spent two years at college, and then took to literature as a profession. In 1831 he published *Legends of New England*. Other well-known works are his *Mogg Megone* and *The Bridal of Pennacook*.

A very large amount of his poetry was written against negro slavery, which he hated with all his might. His prose works, in three volumes, consist mainly of contributions to various journals.

As an example, showing his admiration for, and appreciation of, nature, the following is given:—

A Day.

"Talk not of sad November, when a day
Of warm, glad sunshine fills the sky of noon,
And a wind, borrowed from some morn of June,
Stirs the brown grasses and the leafless spray.

"On the unfrosted pool the pillared pines
Lay their long shafts of shadow: the small rill,
Singing a pleasant song of summer still,
A line of silver, down the hill-slope shines.

"Hushed the bird- voices and the hum of bees,
In the thin grass the crickets pipe no more;
But still the squirrel hoards his winter store,
And drops his nut-shells from the shag-bark trees.

"Softly the dark green hemlocks whisper: high
Above, the spires of yellow larches show,
Where the wood-pecker and home-loving crow
And jay and nut-hatch winter's threat defy.

"O gracious beauty, ever new and old!
O sights and sounds of nature, doubly dear
When the low sunshine warns the closing year
Of snow-blown fields and waves of Arctic cold!

"Close to my heart I fold each lovely thing
The sweet day yields; and, not disconsolate,
With the calm patience of the woods I wait
For leaf and blossom when God gives us Spring!"

James Russell Lowell (*b.* 1819, *d.* 1891) was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and educated at Harvard College, which he left in 1838. He was soon recognized as a writer of great promise. His *Collected Writings* were published in ten volumes in 1890-91.

The Vision of Sir Launfal (1848) is one of the best and most popular of his poems. *The Biglow Papers*, begun in 1846, take rank among the very finest of modern satires in English.

His prose writings—*My Study Windows* and *Among my Books*—are charmingly written, the essays upon Shakespeare, Dryden, and Chaucer being masterpieces of literature. They are light and brilliant, though containing much sound criticism; one feels that they must have been written by a poet, and they contain the "saving grace of humour."

The two extracts given are from the essay on Chaucer:—

"But poetry is not made out of the understanding; that is not the sort of block out of which you can carve wing-footed Mercuries. The question of common sense is always, 'What is it good for?'—a question which would abolish the rose and be answered triumphantly by the cabbage. The danger of the prosaic type of mind lies in the stolid sense of superiority which blinds it to everything ideal, to the use of anything that does not serve the practical purposes of life. Do we not remember how the all-observing and all-fathoming Shakespeare has typified this in Bottom, the weaver? Surrounded by all the fairy creations of fancy, he sends one to fetch him the bag of a humble-bee, and can find no better employment for Mustard seed than to help Cavalero Cobweb scratch his ass's bead between the ears. When Titania, queen of that fair ideal world, offers him a feast of beauty, he says he has a good stomach to a pottle of hay!"

"It matters not where you try him (Gower), whether his story be Christian or pagan, borrowed from history or fable, you cannot escape him. Dip in at the middle or the end, dodge back to the beginning, the patient old man is there to take you by the button and go on with his imperturbable narrative. You may have left off with Clytemnestra, and you may begin again with Samson; it makes no odds, for you cannot tell one from t'other. His tediousness is omnipresent, and like Dogberry he could find in his heart, to bestow it all (and more if he had it) on your worship."

Other Poets. N. P. Willis, a contributor to the literary journals of America, wrote many poems of a Scriptural character, although he is better known in this country as the author of a prose work, entitled *Pencillings by the Way*. **Edgar Allan Poe**, a true genius, who lived a strange and reckless life, was perhaps the most musical of modern poets. His well-known poem called *The Raven* is a good illustration of the unearthly notions in which he was wont to indulge. **Oliver Wendell Holmes** was a humorous poet, and author of several light sparkling works, both in poetry and in prose.

Among the female poets of America are **Lydia Huntly Sigourney** and **Mrs. Ward Howe**, famous for her *Battle Hymn of the Republic*.

Historians.

William H. Prescott (*b.* 1796, *d.* 1859), the son of a distinguished lawyer, was born at Salem, Massachusetts. While at college, he lost the use of an eye through a piece of bread having been carelessly thrown at him by a fellow-student. The result was that his studies rendered the other eye so weak that he was obliged to give up work for a time, and to travel abroad for his health. On his return, his life was devoted to literature. While he was preparing to write his first great history, he became completely blind, and his studies had to be carried on by the help of a reader engaged for the purpose. Blind though he was, his perseverance was unbounded, and we have from his pen the *History of Ferdinand and Isabella*, the *History of the Conquest of Mexico, the Conquest of Peru*, and a *History of Philip II.*, which, however, he did not live to finish. This is, perhaps, the most charming series of histories ever written; and on this account, as well as because of the accuracy of the facts they contain, more than one of them have been translated into several European languages.

Battle on the Summit of a Teocalli, or
Temple-Pyramid.

"The parties closed with the desperate fury of men who had no hope but in victory. Quarter was neither asked nor given; and to fly was impossible. The edge of the area was unprotected by parapet or battlement. The least slip would be fatal; and the combatants, as they struggled in mortal agony, were sometimes seen to roll over the sheer sides of the precipice together. Cortés himself is said to have had a narrow escape from this dreadful fate. Two warriors, of strong muscular frames, seized on him, and were dragging him violently towards the brink of the pyramid. Aware of their intention, he struggled with all his force, and, before they could accomplish their purpose, succeeded in tearing himself from their grasp, and hurling one of them over the walls with his own arm.

"The victorious cavaliers now rushed towards the sanctuaries. The lower storey was of stone, the two upper were of wood. Penetrating into their recesses, they had the mortification to find the image of the Virgin and Cross removed. But in the other edifice they still beheld the grim figure of Huitzilopotchli, with his censer of smoking hearts, and the walls of his oratory reeking with gore—not improbably of their own countrymen. With shouts of triumph the Christians tore the uncouth monster from his niche, and tumbled him, in the presence of the horror-struck Aztecs, down the steps of the teocalli. They then set fire to the accursed building. The flame speedily ran up the slender towers, sending forth an ominous light over city, lake, and valley, to the remotest hut among the mountains. It was the funeral pyre of paganism, and proclaimed the fall of that sanguinary religion which had so long hung like a dark cloud over the fair regions of Anahuac."—*Conquest of Mexico.*

George Bancroft (*b.* 1800, *d.* 1891), the son of an eminent Unitarian minister, was born at Worcester, Massachusetts. After receiving a good education, both in America and in Germany, he devoted himself to politics, and was at one time ambassador to England. While in this country he collected materials for his *History of America*, which is written in a fair and liberal spirit; and is highly valued both for the excellence of its style and the accuracy of its information. This history, like Prescott's, has been translated into several continental languages.

Boston in the Last Century.

"The king set himself, and his ministry, and parliament, and all Great Britain, to subdue to his will one stubborn little town on the sterile coast of the Massachusetts Bay. The odds against it were fearful; but it showed a life inextinguishable, and had been chosen to keep guard over the liberties of mankind.

"The Old World had not its parallel. It counted about 16,000 inhabitants of European origin, all of whom learned to read and write. Good public schools were the foundation of its political system; and Benjamin Franklin, one of their grateful pupils, in his youth apprenticed to the art which makes knowledge the common property of mankind, had gone forth from them to stand before the nations as the representative of the modern plebeian class.

"As its schools were for all its children, so the great body of its male inhabitants of twenty-one years of age, when assembled in a hall which Faneuil, of Huguenot ancestry, had built for them, was the source of all municipal authority. In the meeting of the town, its taxes were voted; its affairs discussed and settled; its agents and public servants annually elected by ballot; and abstract political principles freely debated. A small property qualification was attached to the right of suffrage, but did not exclude enough to change the character of the institution. There had never existed a considerable municipality, approaching so nearly to a pure democracy; and, for so populous a place, it was undoubtedly the most orderly and best governed in the world."—*History of America.*

John L. Motley (*b.* 1814, *d.* 1877), the historian of the Netherlands, was educated at Harvard University, Massachusetts. Several of his earlier years were spent in European travel; and in 1841 he went to St. Petersburg as Secretary to the United States' Legation. Later he settled at Dresden and prepared his *History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic*, which has been a very popular book not only in America and in England, but in France, Germany, and Holland. Motley afterwards published the *History of the United Netherlands*, and the *Life and Death of John of Barnevelde*, a story of the Thirty Years' War. In 1871, he was sent to the court of Queen Victoria as the

ambassador of the United States, and afterwards he retired to Holland. Motley's histories are exceedingly interesting, and are written in a graphic and fascinating style.

Other Historians. The greatest historians, after those already named, are **George Ticknor**: he was the predecessor of Longfellow in the Chair of Modern Literature in Harvard College, and has written a *History of Spanish Literature*; and **Richard Hildreth**, author of a *History of the United States.*

Novelists.

James Fenimore Cooper (*b.* 1789, *d.* 1851) was born at Burlington, New Jersey. At the age of seventeen he became a midshipman in the American navy, and spent six years of his life as a sailor. In 1811, he retired from the sea, and began to write his famous novels. These are thirty-seven in number, and may be divided into two groups—the one descriptive of sea life, and the other relating to the manners and habits of the American Indians. The best of the former class is *The Pilot;* and, of the latter, *The Spy, The Prairie*, the *Last of the Mohicans*, and the *Red Rover*. These novels have been translated into most European languages, and *The Spy* has been translated into Persian. Cooper may be considered the Scott of America. His writings abound in magnificent descriptions of the gorgeous scenery of his native land, while they also exhibit a thorough knowledge of character.

Thomas C. Haliburton (*b.* 1796, *d.* 1865), better known in literature as "Sam Slick," was born at Windsor, Nova Scotia. He was educated for the law, practised as a barrister, and finally became a judge. In 1850 he retired from the bench, and took up his abode in England, where, at one time, he sat in the House of Commons as Member for Launceston. *Sam Slick* is represented as a Yankee clockmaker and pedlar, who goes about the country selling clocks. In this character we have the best possible example of Yankee wit and drollery, as well as of the extraordinary "cuteness" of the American people. In one of the novels, Sam is made to visit England, and to give some side-splitting accounts of his experiences in this country. The most remarkable of Judge Haliburton's books are *The Clockmaker*, *The Attaché*, or *Sam Slick in England*, the *Old Judge*, and *Nature and Human Nature.*

Hurry.

" 'Yes,' said the Clockmaker, 'we are all in a hurry in the States; we eat in a hurry, drink in a hurry, and sleep in a hurry. We all go ahead so fast, it keeps one full spring to keep up with the others; and one must go it hot foot if he wants to pass his neighbours. Now it is a great comfort to have your dinner to the minit, as you do at a boardin'-hotise, when your are in a hurry, only you must look sharp after the dishes, or you won't get nothin'. Things vanish like wink. I recollect once, when quails first came in that season, there was an old chap at Pup's boardin'-house that used to take the whole dish of 'em, empty it on his plate, and gobble 'em up like a turkey-cock,—no one else ever got none. We were all a good deal ryled at it, seem' that he didn't pay no more for his dinner than us, so I nicknamed him 'Old Quail,' and it cured him: he always left half after that for a scramb."

Nathaniel Hawthorne (*b.* 1804, *d.* 1864) a classmate of Longfellow's, is one of the best of American novelists. He was, during seven years of his life, engaged in business, now as Surveyor of Customs at Boston, and again as United States Consul at Liverpool. His principal novels are the *Scarlet Letter*, the *House of the Seven Gables*, the *Blithedale Romance*, and *Transformation*, which last is considered his best production. Hawthorne's writings are intensely interesting, although the tone of the *Scarlet Letter* is somewhat objectionable on account of its weird and unnatural character. His style is exceedingly fresh and beautiful.

Other Novelists. Of these the most eminent are **Mrs. H. B. Stowe**, the talented author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and other novels; **Robert M. Bird**, the author of that exciting, but very unlikely story, *Nick of the Woods*; **Samuel Goodrich**, better known as *Peter Parley*, whose annuals were for many a year the joy of boys and girls; **Miss Warner**, the author of the *Wide, Wide World and Queechy*; **William Dean Howells, F. Marion Crawford**, and **Bret Harte**.

Essayists, etc.

Dr. William Ellery Channing (*b.* 1780, *d.* 1842), was a Unitarian minister more remarkable for his essays than for his preaching. He was a lover of peace and a hater of slavery, which was in his time the curse of America. His more important essays are those entitled *National Literature*, the *Character and Writings of Milton*, the *Life and Character of Napoleon*, *Negro Slavery*, and *Self-Culture*. Channing was a man of the most kindly disposition, and an earnest truth-seeker. His good qualities shine out in his essays, which

are pure, eloquent, and lofty in tone.

Great Ideas.

"What is needed to elevate the soul is, not that a man should know all that has been thought and written in regard to the spiritual nature—not that a man should become an encyclopædia; but that the great ideas, in which all discoveries terminate, which sum up all sciences, which the philosopher extracts from infinite details, may be comprehended and felt. It is not the quantity, but the quality of knowledge, which determines the mind's dignity. A man of immense information may, through the want of large and comprehensive ideas, be far inferior in intellect to a labourer, who, with little knowledge, has yet seized on great truths. For example, I do not expect the labourer to study theology in the ancient languages, in the writings of the Fathers, in the history of sects, etc.; nor is this needful. All theology, scattered as it is through countless volumes, is summed up in the idea of God; and let this idea shine bright and clear in the labourer's soul, and he has the essence of theological libraries, and a far higher light than has visited thousands of renowned divines. A great mind is formed by a few great ideas, not by an infinity of loose details. I have known very learned men, who seemed to me very poor in intellect, because they had no grand thoughts. What avails it that a man has studied ever so minutely the histories of Greece and Rome, if the great ideas of freedom, and beauty, and valour, and spiritual energy, have not been kindled by those records into living fires in his soul?"

Edward Everett (*b.* 1794, *d.* 1865) was at one time a Unitarian minister, and remarkable for the eloquence and pathos of his preaching. He was afterwards Professor of Greek in Harvard College; but, before he entered upon his duties he visited Europe, and numbered among his friends some of the greatest men of the time—Scott, Byron, Jeffrey, etc. Later, he became a member of the American Congress, and in 1841 was sent to England as the representative of the United States. His works consist of essays and speeches on a vast variety of subjects. They are published under the name of *Orations*, and display great learning and genius. His elder brother, Alexander, was also an essayist of note.

Ralph Waldo Emerson (*b.* 1803, *d.* 1882) began his career as a Unitarian minister at Boston, but on account of certain changes in his religious opinions he left his charge and devoted himself to study. He published many essays, lectures, and orations, all exhibiting his greatness as a thinker. He occupied a position in American society somewhat similar to that held by Carlyle in this country; but he was dreamier and much less sagacious than the English sage. His principal works, in addition to his

Essays, were *Representative Men, English Traits*, and the *Conduct of Life*.

Writers on Religious Subjects.

Jonathan Edwards (*b.* 1703, *d.* 1785), according to Hall, was one of the greatest men that ever wrote on the subject of theology. He was born at Connecticut, and educated at Yale College. In 1727 he began his career as a preacher in a church at Northampton, and continued to labour amongst his people for twenty-three years. At the end of that time he was dismissed by his congregation on account of the stern character of his teaching. He was afterwards elected to the high office of President of Princeton College, New Jersey; but he only lived a few months after his appointment. It was after his dismissal that he published the great works which have rendered him so famous. Principal among these was that on the *Freedom of the Will*, a work which is considered one of the grandest in the whole range of religious literature. It is worthy of remark that Edwards' son lived a life almost identical with that of his father. He also was a clergyman, was dismissed by his congregation, wrote religious works, was made president of a college, and died shortly afterwards at nearly the same age as his father.

Other Writers on Religious Subjects. Dr. Timothy Dwight was the author of 173 sermons, which he published under the title of *Theology Explained and Defended*; **Professor Charles Hodge** wrote able *Commentaries* on several books of the New Testament; **Albert Barnes** wrote the well-known *Notes on the Gospels*; and the **Rev. Henry Ward Beecher** wrote his suggestive and popular *Life Thoughts*.

Miscellaneous Writers.

Benjamin Franklin (*b.* 1706, *d.* 1790) was the son of a tallow chandler, who emigrated from England to America in 1685. Early in life he was apprenticed to his brother as a printer; and, by dint of great energy and perseverance, he was not only successful in business, but gained for himself a position of the highest importance among the American people. He was the proprietor and editor of a newspaper; and, adopting the name of "Richard Saunders," he commenced an Almanac, in which he sought to teach many excellent lessons. This became very widely known, and was commonly called

Poor Richard's Almanac. In consequence of his great talents and uprightness of character, he was often employed in the management of disputes which arose between America and England. While in Britain, he spent several years endeavouring to prevent the war which ended in the separation of the States from the mother country. Franklin was, indeed, the principal means of securing the independence of the American colonies; and his name appears among the signatures to the famous Declaration, which he had assisted in framing. He was the author of a great number of *Essays* on various subjects, and of a most interesting and valuable autobiography. His style is not brilliant; for he was so eager to impress upon his readers the wise and useful lessons which he himself had learned, that he was heedless of the manner, so long as the matter was good. Benjamin Franklin, besides his other works, wrote a book on the subject of *Electricity*; and it was he who was first to discover that lightning and electricity were one and the same thing.

The Evil of Discontent.

"All human situations have their inconveniences. We *feel* those that we find in the present; and we neither *feel* nor *see* those that exist in another. Hence we make frequent and troublesome changes without amendment, and often for the worse. In my youth I was passenger in a little sloop descending the river Delaware. There being no wind we were obliged, when the ebb was spent, to cast anchor and wait for the next. The heat of the sun on the vessel was excessive, the company strangers to me, and not very agreeable. Near the river side I saw what I took to be a pleasant green meadow, in the middle of which was a large shady tree, where it struck my fancy I could sit and read—having a book in my pocket—and pass the time agreeably till the tide turned. I therefore prevailed with the captain to put me ashore. Being landed, I found the greatest part of my meadow was really a marsh, in crossing which to come at my tree I was up to my knees in mire; and I had not placed myself under its shade five minutes before the mosquitoes in swarms found me out, attacked my legs, hands, and face, and made my reading and my rest impossible; so that I returned to the beach and called for the boat to come and take me on board again, where I was obliged to bear the heat I had striven to quit, and also the laugh of the company. Similar cases in the affairs of life have since frequently fallen under my observation."

Washington Irving (*b.* 1783, *d.* 1859) was descended from an old Orkney family, and was born at New York. He intended to follow a business career, but he found himself unfit for it, and betook himself to literature. He was patronised by Sir Walter Scott and in this way was brought into public notice. His *History of New York*, the *Sketch Book*, and *Bracebridge Hall*, contain exquisite pictures of life in America in the olden time and in his own;

his *Tales of a Traveller* were the product of a tour on the Continent, and his *Tales of the Alhambra*, the *Conquest of Granada*, the *Life of Columbus*, and the *Companions of Columbus*, were the result of a lengthened stay at Madrid. Irving's novels remind us of Goldsmith in the purity of their English as well as in the geniality of their style. His historical works are also held in high repute, insomuch that their author received from George the Fourth one of two gold medals which were awarded for historical eminence. Hallam received the other.

A Rainy Sunday in an Inn.

"It was a rainy Sunday in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained in the course of a journey by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering; but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! Whoever has had the luck to experience one can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements, the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bedroom looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw, that, had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit, his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half-dozing cow chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered something every now and then between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself; everything, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled like boon companions, round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor."—*Bracebridge Hall.*

Walt Whitman (*b.* 1819, *d.* 1892) is the author of *Leaves of Grass* and *November Boughs*, both books of poems. His descriptions of scenery are very beautiful, and his thoughts regarding the future of our race are ennobling.

Other Miscellaneous Writers. Among these are **Theodore Parker**, author of various papers on *German Literature*, the *Labouring Classes*, etc.;

Henry Carey, author of the *Credit System*, the *Slave Trade*, etc.; **Dr. Cheever**, author of the *Wanderings of a Pilgrim*; **Joel Chandler Harris**, famous among children as the author of *Uncle Remus* and other delightful books; and **Samuel S. Clemens** ("Mark Twain"), the American humorist, born in 1835, author of *Innocents Abroad, The New Pilgrims Progress*, etc.

Scientific Writers.

John James Audubon (*b.* 1780, *d.* 1851) is notable as an ornithologist. His father was a great student of nature, and from him he early learned those lessons which had such an influence on his life and writings. In his boyhood he was passionately fond of birds, and he spent much of his time in travel and study, in order to produce his great book on the subject, the *Birds of America*—a work which was highly praised by the principal scientific men in this country. He afterwards wrote an *American Ornithological Biography*, and the *Quadrupeds of America*.

Matthew F. Maury (*b.* 1806, *d.* 1872) was well known as a writer on subjects connected with the science of the sea. In 1825 he entered the American Navy as a midshipman. During his voyages he showed such excellent powers of observation that he was speedily promoted to a lieutenancy, and sent on an exploring expedition to the South Sea. In consequence of an accident he retired from active service, and was appointed superintendent of the National Observatory. His great book is entitled the *Physical Geography of the Sea*, which is not only a valuable contribution to literature, but the best work which has ever appeared on the subject.

Writers of Travel.

Edward Robinson, Professor of Biblical Literature, New York, published a learned work entitled *Biblical Researches in Palestine, Mount Sinai*, etc.; and **John Lloyd Stephens** contributed *Incidents of Travel* in Africa, Asia, and America. But the list of writers on this subject is almost innumerable.

Great literature is simply language charged with meaning to the utmost possible degree.

Ezra Pound
ABC of Reading, 1934

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